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ITALY AS IT IS;

OR

NARRATIVE

OF AN

ENGLISH FAMILY'S RESIDENCE

FOR THREE YEARS

IN THAT COUNTRY.

84399

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"FOUR YEARS IN FRANCE."

Henry Best

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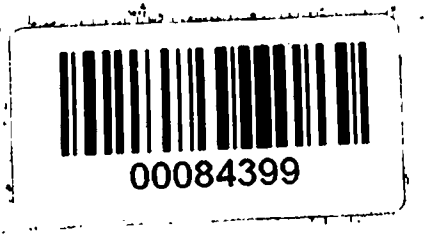

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INTRODUCTION.

A NARRATIVE of a residence in a foreign country, will differ from a tour: the tourist may see and observe; the resident will reflect and compare.

A narrative of the residence of a family, will differ from a narrative of the residence of an individual: the one records the impressions made on himself; the members of a family communicate to each other in conversation, the varied and multiplied impressions which each severally receives.

A narrative of a residence in Italy, by one well acquainted with the religions, both of Italy and England, will differ from the narrative of one who knows little more of the religion of the former country, than that he protests against it.

A narrative of a residence in countries not possessing free political constitutions, by an Englishman, relieved from all extravagant admiration of the government of his own country, by being refused all share in it, will differ from a narrative by one who, proud of his own rights and privileges, is inclined to express hatred of all governments, and contempt for all countries not possessing institutions similar to those of England.

I am as sensible, as the injustice of my country towards Catholics will permit me to be, of the glory and dignity of belonging to a great nation: but is it therefore reasonable or decorous, for an Englishman to despise and laugh at petty states? True it is, that in Italy the traveller will find Piemont, Lombardy, Tuscany, the Ecclesiastical States, and the Kingdom of Naples; but Italy nowhere. Yet, were England still a Heptarchy, would its people be less intelligent, less industrious, less virtuous than they are now, or less worthy of the admiration of a sage, or of the benevolence of the philanthropist?

The Italians are well aware of the manner in which their religion and their political situation are spoken of by English travellers;

and it is wonderful, and a proof of the amenity of disposition of that people, that the tone of these reports has produced no greater alienation than what in fact exists. This insolence, indulged in with such wanton and unfeeling gaiety, does no honour to the English people in the judgment of wise and good men, of whatever nation.

Are these travelling theologians incapable of comprehending that when, using an expression so common as to have become a cant phrase, they talk of "the mummery of the mass," they ridicule, with more than boyish petulance, the most venerable tenet of the faith, not of Catholics only, but of many great nations separated from catholic unity? Do they reflect that, unless the bulk and great extent of the Christian world has in all ages been in the wrong, they are insulting the Majesty of GOD himself, on his throne amongst men?

The spectacle of a learned, polished, ingenious and amiable people, for the greater part subjected to a foreign yoke, or parcelled out in *appanages* to the younger branches of sovereign families, deprived of all the glory that union and force in former times obtained for

them,—such a spectacle is calculated to excite other emotions than those of scorn, in generous minds.

It may be tauntingly said by those who are free by no efforts of their own, that he who submits to be a slave deserves to be one: it may be asked, with a calm indifference to all the horrors of a revolution at a distance, why do not the Italians unite in force? In the following pages this question will be answered, and placed in a new point of view. Other political topics will also be discussed, as occasions may offer, with a reference to England: for no one can forget his country but he who can forget his own infancy, and if he be a father, the infancy of his children: the heart is still untravelled; it may be chilled by neglect, may be lacerated by insult and injustice, yet it turns fondly to the country where its first pulses beat, and its first feelings were expanded. Those who were once most dear to us are there interred: those in whom our tenderest affections are centered, were born there.

It has been said, and said with reason, that the public has had enough of Italy: but the cause of satiety is in the writers themselves: the writers repeat each other, and the public

is tired of repetition. The same prejudiced notions concerning the people, the same descriptions of the monuments of Italy, are to be found in all our tourists, and Italy is yet unknown to the English public.

I recommended to a Florentine, a man of learning and good sense, the journey of Eustace. He replied: "I have read some of your tourists, and have been so much disgusted, that I am determined to read no more: you do not know us, and you see every thing in a false light; and nothing can equal the ignorance displayed in these books, but the arrogant and contemptuous tone assumed by the writers of them." I represented to him that Eustace was a Catholic priest: he admitted that this circumstance was likely to remove much of his objections; but I perceived that much still remained behind: but I hope he read Eustace.

A Catholic inquired of an author who has given to the world a very pleasing and *readable* account of his travels in Italy, why he took upon himself to abuse and ridicule the country as he had done? "Why, you know," said the author, "that when one writes about Italy, one always talks in that way." It seems, then, that the public will have it so. I will endeavour to

set the public right. I obtrude my religious opinions on no one; they are good for nothing if they are my opinions only. The Catholic Church has its teachers and doctors, with whose province I presume not to interfere; but I will occasionally avail myself of an opportunity to correct the misapprehensions of my countrymen on this matter; for it is this that gives a false colouring to the representations of our tourists; it is this that dictates a false estimate of the morality of the people, and deprives even their virtues of honourable mention; it is this bigotry that is the parent of all injustice. My friend and early instructor, Richard Paget of Magdalen College, Oxford, declared that none but a Catholic could be a good English antiquary: I hazard the assertion that none but an English Catholic, of all Englishmen, can give a fair and rational account of Italy.

In politics, I maintain it as an axiom that the true principle of government is to be discovered, by a consideration of the purposes for which men unite in civil societies; and that these purposes are the defence of each nation from external attack, and the protection of each individual from force or fraud, within the limits of each state. Thus, all wars but those that are strictly defensive would cease, and the

earth might be at peace; and were this principle in respect to internal government once established, in the conviction both of rulers and people, it would become almost a matter of indifference what form of civil polity subsisted: revolutions would become superfluous, since all grounds of complaint of the undue exercise of power would be removed; for no one would regard it as a grievance that he was secured by the power of the state from violence, and injustice, and the principle would create an administration analogous to itself. Of all matters whatever, the religious faith of its citizens is that in which the civil power has the least right or reason to interfere: of two differing religions, one must teach false dogmas: but a false dogma is no more an affair of state than an erroneous proposition in geometry, or a mistake in an algebraical calculation. All religions, though some may teach a bad personal, teach a good relative morality; the dissolute gods of paganism were "memores fandi atque nefandi," and he who rejects all revelation, has the moral law written in his heart: nay, he who renounces all moral sanctions, may be coerced by the power of the state, as well as he who sets at defiance those which he acknowledges; for long and fatal experience has

taught the world that religious establishments are no security against crime, nor even efficient to persuade men of the truth of the doctrines they teach.

All unjust war being renounced, wars would cease, for every war is unjust at least on one side; the union of the nations of the earth would then have happy progress, not towards the cosmopolitical scheme of uniting the world in one polity or civil state, (a scheme visionary though philanthropic,) but by the diffusion of knowledge, of civilization, by the intercourse of unrestricted commerce, by the interchange of good offices, by mutual good intelligence, benevolence, and charity.

In the introduction to "Four Years in France," I declared that it should be independent of anything I might thereafter write on Italy. "Three Years in Italy," is also independent of "Four Years in France," and he who shall think the one or the other worthy his perusal, will find each volume to be a distinct and separate work. In one respect, however, they are so intimately connected that I cannot help expressing a wish that the book first published may first be read: it will make the reader acquainted with the character and mode of thinking of the author, with his plan

of foreign residence and the objects he proposed to himself in that no very easy enterprize: it relates that a family, consisting of the parents, and six children of different ages, from three to seventeen years old, left England in the spring of the year 1818, and after some stay at Paris, went to Avignon, where they resided forty months. The talents and virtues, the malady and early death of the eldest son, will interest the sensibility of the reader: he will sympathise with the affliction of the family, and rejoice in their consolation: he will contemplate them leaving this scene of terror and the grave of their dear relative in a foreign land, and proceeding to Nice for the purpose of re-establishing the health of the surviving son, whose illness, the same as that of his brother, had long kept them in agonizing suspense. After four months spent at Nice, they pursue their long-projected journey to Italy.

This summary recapitulation of domestic events, will not be tedious to those who have read that narrative, and will be of use to those who, without having met with it, may take up the one now presented to the public. Of the observations and opinions contained in the one and the other volume, that public must be

the judge: the author has only to request that he may not be judged of by criticism dictated by party-spirit, by garbled extracts and captious misrepresentations. In all events, even under that worst of evils to an author, the neglect of the public, which from the attention paid to "Four Years in France," he has no reason to anticipate, he will console himself by reflecting that he has endeavoured to be the advocate of the cause of good morals, of civil and religious freedom, of the best interests of mankind.

THREE YEARS IN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Methods of travelling.—Feluccas.—Road from Nice to Genoa.—Passage of the Alps.—Escarene.—Sospello.—Giandola.—Olive gathering.—Pass of Saorgio.—Tenda.—Advice to visitors at Nice.—Ascent of the Col de Tenda.—Descent into Italy.—Sardinian Custom-house.—Cuneo.—The Po.—Prince of Carignan.

THERE are three ways of going from Nice to Italy; for that Nice is in Italy I will never allow, so long as the Alps stand there to aver the contrary. You may go by sea—you may pass along the *corniche*, or cliffs, to Genoa—you may climb the Col de Tende, or Colle di Tenda.

An Irish gentleman offered me the use of his yacht, the trimmest vessel that ever cut the waves. To Leghorn was a voyage, wind and weather permitting, of about three days, and I should then be within fifty miles of Florence, my first intended place of residence. The yacht was known to be an excellent sailer, and the accommodation on board was as good as the narrowness of the space permitted. Still the space was narrow, and we feared the stifling heat of the night, and the necessity of keeping the deck all day. Forty pounds too, were to be paid to the crew, as they could not be hired for less than a month. This sum, I was aware, was not above a third of what my journey by land would cost me; but then in a voyage by sea there was nothing to be seen: the disproportion also, between the service to be paid for and the service to be received, had the appearance of an arithmetical absurdity, though in itself not unreasonable, as the sailors would have done for me all I wanted or required of them.

I examined the feluccas with a purpose of coasting in one of them, as far as Genoa. "You need not be delicate with the masters of these vessels," said my landlord to me: "if they ask you twelve Louis for the voyage, you may

offer them six." Involuntarily I looked at him, and thought I perceived in his face a consciousness that I might have offered six hundred francs instead of twelve hundred, for the four months' rent of my house. But why should not a brave General-officer *en retraite*, profit by English generosity as well as other folk?

I found the feluccas horribly dirty and inconvenient: the interior measure, from the deck to the keel, was not quite three feet; beds were placed on a part of the hold of the boat, for a felucca deserves not a more dignified title; in these beds, the sleepers were to take their turns, and to be defended from the weather as well as circumstances might permit: to cover them with the boards of the decks, would have been not simply stifling, but absolute suffocation. I renounced this plan also, and refused to subject my family to be so considerably incommoded as we must have been in a felucca. To sea, who will, or who must: dry land for me.

The road from Nice to Genoa, begun by the French in the time of their dominion, is now left, and to be left incomplete, lest the entrance of an enemy into the Genoese territory

should be thereby facilitated. But by this route many travellers pass on foot or on horseback. It is highly picturesque and beautiful, and at this season the orange trees were in full blossom, of which we should have had the benefit even in a felucca, as they perfumed the air for some distance out at sea. I had some conversation with a muleteer, who offered to convey us to Genoa on mules, by five days' easy journey; and, but that I feared that the fatigue would be too great for my younger children, I should have adopted this project, full of pleasure and variety.

At length, I resorted to my ancient mode of travelling, and looked out for a Berline, having determined to encounter the difficulties of this tremendous passage of the Alps. I narrowly escaped engaging a voiture from Marseilles, with horses that, not having before performed this journey, would probably have tumbled themselves and us down some precipice. *Chapeau vert* was a civil, careful coachman, and his horses were accustomed to the zig-zag line in which the road is conducted up and down the mountain, forming a succession of oblique terraces, in turning from one of which to the next, if the horses swerve but a few feet, the carriage is thrown down into the terrace below. We set

out, as I have said elsewhere, on the 6th of May, 1822.

After a few miles along a hot and dusty road by the bank of the waterless Paion, we came to an ascent, which, for the Alps, must be considered as an easy one, since it permitted the road to proceed in a straight line. This brought us to Escarene, where we had a plentiful *dejeuné à la fourchette*, our "ghost of a breakfast" taken at Nice, having long since vanished. The *aubergiste* complained that his profits had vanished also, by the discontinuance of that intercourse which, *du tems des François*, subsisted between France and Italy; then there was a constant passage of military, of couriers and *employés* of all kinds; now he was reduced to the ordinary traffic between Nice and Turin, and the occasional entertainment of some chance *voyageurs* like ourselves: but no doubt he found, in his loyalty to the house of Savoy, a compensation for his diminished gains.

In the evening we climbed that ridge of mountains which separated us from the valley of Sospello. The slow advance of our carriage, and our first experience of a zig-zag road, on which one seems not to advance at all, we found to be excessively tiresome. Arrived at the summit of the ridge, one of my daugh-

ters and myself determined to walk to Sospello: it lay close beneath us, seemingly at so little distance, that, from the top of the hill, I thought I could have thrown a stone into the town. We were curiously deceived by the turning of the road upon itself, in the regular involution by which it led into the valley. After an hour and half hard walking, hastened, towards the conclusion of the evening, by the beginning of a thunderstorm, we joined our party at the inn.

The hills around Sospello form to the view so entire an amphitheatre, that I could not perceive where the fine stream that waters this valley had its entrance or its exit. The olive tree flourished here, though not the orange tree; but the former sufficiently proves the mildness of the climate. The ridge of the mountains over which Sospello is approached from Nice, is called Bruis; that by which it is quitted, is called Brous: each is equal to Mont Cenis. But the difficulties experienced in passing these, were not to be compared with those we were to expect in crossing the Tenda itself: there, as we might look for *tormenti*, or violent storms, or gusts of wind with snow, a captain of the Royal *Carabinieri* was so kind as to give an order for a *sous-officier* of his *corps*

stationed at Tenda, to afford us help and protection "*en cas de besoin.*"

The next morning we traversed Brous, and descended to Giandola. This place seemed completely out of the reach of the world. I could willingly have passed there, at least, the four approaching months of summer: in truth, so high are the mountains that overshadow it, that except during the summer months, the sun cannot reach to the bottom of the vale. Yet there are olive trees here. I observe that the English, both in talking and writing, when mentioning this tree, call it the olive; a proof that they are not quite so familiar with this tree, as with the apple tree, for example, which no one ever yet thought of designating by the name of the apple.

They were clearing away the dead wood and branches from an orchard, as it might be called, of this favourite of Minerva, this symbol of peace, this synonyme of fatness aud prosperity. A full, clear, and rapid brook, descending from Tenda, formed one of the boundaries of the orchard, and flowed under the windows of our apartment, situated at the furthest extremity of the house, which supplied us well with all that we demanded. The other bank of the brook was formed by a mountain,

so lofty and so near to us, that had it been winter, I should have dreaded an avalanche: as it was summer, the association of this idea with the place, served to make it more Alpine, more novel; and came in aid of the rest of its character.

We prolonged our stay here as long as we could. While we were at dinner, I saw some people spreading large white linen cloths beneath the olive trees: I expected that they were going to dinner also; that these were preparations for a rural repast; and I hoped to witness the humours of a *fête champêtre* in the Alps. I saw them climb up into the olive trees, and begin to shake the branches; I thought this must be the beginning of some rustic sport, and was surprised that the fiddles and the village maids delayed so long. They were, however, seriously and soberly engaged in the work of gathering the olives, which are here suffered to hang on the trees all winter: in Provence, they are gathered late in the autumn.

We followed upwards the course of the brook, and by no steeper an acclivity than was necessary to give to it a rapid current, arrived at the Pass of Saorgio, a position which six hundred men might defend against an army;

which French valour, animated by Republican fervour, could not force; and which was rendered unavailing to the protection of the country, only by the irruption into the Genoese territory, and the invasion of Piemont on that side. The pass required no hostile artillery to make its appearance dreadful to us: the mighty rocks rose on either hand, and seemed to threaten to overwhelm us, or to close before us and bar our passage; the brook, however, ceased not to promise that we might be able to penetrate where its waters had found a way: we crossed it several times, as it afforded on its right or on its left bank a broader space between itself and the rock: the bridges thrown over the stream, of but just sufficient width for our carriage, and of but just sufficient height to clear the noisy current, seemed, perhaps really were, insecure: we could not go over them without an apprehension of danger. Sometimes a torrent, seen at a distance before us, rushed down the rock: sometimes a small fountain pierced the hard mass.

We alighted from our carriage, and drank of one of these fountains; the pure element cooled not only our parched palates but our heated imaginations, and fancy descended from the altitudes to which it had been elevated by the

semblance of danger, which we could neither escape nor oppose, and by the real sublimity of the scene. Terror is a source of the sublime.

At length, we emerged from the gorge into a small plain. Tenda, on a hill that projected into the plain, rose before us, and behind it rose the mountain which, after all that we had done, was to be our real, proper, and definitive passage of the Alps. We arrived at the inn, after once more crossing the brook by a good bridge, and soon took possession of the apartment which the King of Sardinia, with his Queen, had occupied a twelvemonth before, when he quitted his capital and his troops in insurrection, and took refuge at Nice till the storm should blow over. The preparation for the grand passage had consisted in a journey of two days over heights such as I had never seen before, and equal to any that I since have seen. Fatigue, and a feeling almost approaching to dismay, induced me to remain a whole day at Tenda.

But how to employ ourselves during a whole day at Tenda? The beauties of the landscape were soon exhausted: a plain covered with short grass, that fed some excellent *Southdown* mutton, the bare hills that surrounded this plain, could not long amuse. We went to see the

town, the dirty streets of which we should, in other circumstances, have foreborne to enter. I remarked in the church, which is large and well-built, a very offensive accumulation of air that had already served the purposes of respiration; owing, no doubt, to the necessity of excluding early in the morning, the external atmosphere; a necessity which I believe to be the cause of half the diseases of England and other cold countries. Yet towards mid-day the weather was warmer than in England at the same season.

Children are very inventive, and easily contented, in matters of sportive occupation, with that which their own ingenuity presents to them: to have sketched the town, or the outline of the enclosing hills from a window, or from any place on dry ground, would have been but dull and ordinary work; but to get, by means of stepping-stones, to large portions of rock lying in the middle of the rapid and roaring brook, and there seated, to scrawl upon paper what they called "Views in the Alps," —this was romantic in the extreme, or what pleased equally, a burlesque of the romantic.

Carriers who, on very low waggons, with wheels of very small diameter, convey goods between Piemont and Nice, pass the Col de

Tende every day when the road is open. Of these carriers I made anxious inquiries, and was informed that all was safe and easy; that no snow remained, except a few patches in retired spots, to which the sun had not yet reached. As the weather was serene, and no threats appeared of wind or storm, I thanked the guard of Carabinieri, who, in conformity with the command of their superior, had offered their service, and declined giving them any trouble on my account.

It may be good advice to those who mean to spend a winter at Nice, and return by way of Piemont, when they engage a house for the season from the 1st of November to the 1st of May, to bargain that they shall have the power of retaining it for a fortnight longer. This may be obtained without an increase of price, as the lodging has, at that time, lost all its value, and the delay of a few days may be of great benefit, if the season should chance to be later than usual. A family that preceded me at the very end of April, passed the Col de Tende in safety indeed, but they were obliged to alight from their carriage and walk for some distance, exposed to a violent rain, in the higher region of the mountain, for fear of an overturn by the force of the wind. The snow too was

then not quite dissolved. The *bottom* of the road is perfectly good; it is very sufficiently broad, but there are no parapet walls or railing, nothing to prevent a horse from swerving, if unwilling to face a storm.

I complained of the extravagance of my bill at this inn, and was told that, besides that every article of consumption was of necessity brought from a great distance, people ought to be paid for living in such a horrible situation.

On the 9th of May, at the rising of the sun, which cast upon us the shade of the mountains, as if to make still more tremendous the frowning heights that we were to surmount, we began our journey by winding round the foot of the hill on which the town of Tenda is built. Arrived at the back of this hill, we saw the whole of the road before us at once: it looked like a ladder reared against the side of the Col, at an angle of about seventy-five or eighty degrees: towards the summit it was steeper than near the base. This resemblance to a ladder is the more perfect, as the steps or the zig-zag road, do not occupy the whole front of the mountain, but a small proportion only of that front. The engineers had their reasons, as usual, for making as much road as possible; for if the line of ascent, instead of turning

after a short reach to ascend again in the opposite direction, had been carried along the whole breadth of the mountain, turning from right to left, or from left to right, then only when the purpose of gaining the summit by climbing obliquely could not be obtained without a change in the direction of the line, much labour would have been saved in the construction of the work, and to each individual traveller, whether man or beast, who has since passed this way. The danger of the descent would also have been less, by having a smaller number of those angular points at which a turn is made from the bottom of one traversing line to the top of the next.

This road is however a laudable, beneficial, and, on the whole, a well-conducted enterprise, reflecting much credit on the sovereigns under whose auspices it was begun and is still maintained, and showing the importance they attached to that small portion of their continental dominion by which only they had access to the sea. I had feared that the possessors of Genoa would be less careful than before this acquisition of the communication between their capital and the county of Nice, and was pleased to read in an Italian gazette, an order

of the present King of Sardinia, for repairing and improving this road of the Col de Tende.

Slowly and painfully we crept up. When we had attained some little height, the sun was seen to throw his rays athwart the distant country, for we continued still in shade; the scene presented nothing but bare ridges of hills, the valleys being concealed by their own depth. Rising still higher, and feeling myself detached from the lower ground, and moving on the side of the mountain, I was struck with the comparative insignificance of my own bulk, and that of all who were near me. I have seen a mite crawling up the side of a vast Cheshire cheese: it is by THOUGHT only that man is greater than the insect on which he looks down with giant pride; he is not greater corporeally, for his bulk is relative to the masses that are near him; the excrescences of his own globe confound him; on a widely-extended unbroken plain he feels as if he were lost; on the boundless ocean he clings to the frail fabric that sustains him on the outside of his planet.

That we might spare our horses, some of our party got out of the carriage; but instead of proceeding along the road, they climbed across from the bottom of one stave or step of the lad-

der to the top of the next step; across, in respect of the road, but in a direct line towards the top of the hill. This line I, however, found too steep and fatiguing, and followed the carriage; but I could not bear to look at it; to see it hanging over the precipice terrified and agitated me: I was obliged to walk before it. One or more of my children kept me company: but though I could bear to walk near the edge of the precipice myself, a nervous sensation made me require them to keep on that side of me that was furthest from it.

After two hours, we came to the half-way house, a miserable hovel, or collection of hovels, in which was found a fire and black bread and brandy. Here we stayed nearly an hour. A *commis*, or commercial traveller, had accompanied us thus far. He had walked after his one-horse carriage to relieve his horse, which was so well practised as to need no hint or guidance of his master to ascend the steep at a regular pace, and take all the turnings in the most perfect safety. Here the *commis* left us; his horse, thus kindly indulged, and thus worthily trusted, not wanting so long a rest as our more heavily laden cattle.

We resumed our march, which was to last for two more hours: the view presented no-

thing that can afford materials for a description: we were at a great elevation,—that was all: the mountains on each side allowed us to see only the narrow green valley beneath; and in the form of these mounds there was nothing peculiarly striking. We were at no great distance from the summit when a thick fog came on. A carriage approached us: it contained some of our acquaintance at Nice, who were returning from a short excursion into Italy; and thus, in a fog at the top of the Alps, two parties of English took a hasty leave of each other.

This little occurrence had occupied my attention: on looking round, I perceived that my children were not on the road, but clambering, as before related, from one reach of it to another. The fog thickened every minute; they were out of sight of me, of our carriage, and, perhaps of each other: concealed springs and quagmires were not unfrequent on the side of the mountain. I called aloud, and was answered by the voice of one of the children, whom I could see at a little distance on the road: this was not enough; I called again, and suffered some moments of anxiety from their not apprehending the necessity that each one should answer in order, that I might be assured

of the safety of all. At length I had the satisfaction of seeing them all at the edge of the road. "Here we are," said the one who headed this young troop of Alpine wanderers; "here we are, all the little papies in the clouts."

John Baptist Malchair was a teacher of drawing and music in the University of Oxford, a man of strong mind, correct taste, and of the most agreeable conversation: he was much respected by my friend Richard Paget, and frequently in his company. I was with them one day, when Malchair, who was a native of Cologne, and talked English with the accent of his country, was criticising the *heavenly* part of some painting that he did not very much admire, "and those little papies in the clouts!" said he. This had become a sort of family jest, as may be supposed in a family of seven children; and my daughter's cheerful allusion to it chased away all alarm.

In the clouds we continued, babies and all, till we arrived at the plateau, or summit plain of the Alps. I looked round for *glacieres*, which, I had been told, were to be seen at no great distance, but all was obscured. A sort of military post and barrier was here established. Poles were set at short distances by

the side of the road, to mark its line when covered by the snow.

By the treaty between the French Republic and the King of Sardinia, by which Savoy and the county of Nice were yielded to the former power, the plateaus or levels at the topmost ridge of the Alps were to have a line traced in the middle of them, which was to be the boundary line of the two states. This limit was perfectly natural; geographically, there could be no mistake; all the sources of streams that flowed towards the Po, were Italian; those that took an opposite course were French. But if a French army could march unmolested up to the top of the Alps on its own side of the mountain, a superior force only could prevent them from marching down into Italy. To the security of the King of Sardinia, as the weaker power, the possession of the passes on the outside of the Alps was indispensable. But all Europe was at this time armed against France, which might itself, under such circumstances, with such an army against it, become the weaker power.

It is pleasing to those who love and admire justice, to perceive that without this moral barrier, all defences, even the Alps, are insufficient. Yet to require of any state to trust for

its defence to the justice of its neighbours, would be to repeat the ingenious device of the revolutionists of Paris, who defended the Palace of the Tuileries and the imprisoned royal family, by stretching across the garden a ribbon of three colours, red, purple, and white: the red prevailed.

The plateau sloped downwards to the edge of the mountain: when we arrived here, the fog began to disperse; and before we had descended many steps of the ladder-road, the smiling and flowery plain, watered by a hundred streams, opened on our view: to the left-hand and in front, were seen the towering Alps, whose huge masses, covered towards their summits with snow that reflected the bright sun of the month of May, formed a most striking contrast with the plain that they bounded. The whole spectacle is to the eye of a northern man, novel and surprising. It was the Arctic zone encircling the temperate. The southern side of the Alps towards the sea, had parted from its wintry mantle: but the interior inland Alps of the same exposure, exhibited a continuous line of snow, at different heights, but still unbroken.

Still less was the snow dissolved on the northern side, down which we descended: the

road, however, was clear of it as the plateau had also been, and it lay only where the temperature of the air had not yet been affected by the vernal breeze. My children soon found all free for their direct course down into Italy.

Into Italy! Well might it be said—"*pereunt vestigia mille ante fugam.*" And they arrived at the bottom, half an hour before the carriage, that was obliged to follow the tortuosities of the road. This feat of walking in a straight line up one side of the mountain, and down the other, is very often performed by young and stout people, and is the work of three or four hours only. The hill on the Italian side, is steeper than on that towards Nice, but the road is conducted with less declivity.

A slight shower of rain made our children petition to be admitted again into the berline. We congratulated each other on our safe passage, and I applauded the spirit which had urged their rapid downward flight, to take possession of the country whence had issued the conquerors and civilizers of the world. We were looking up to Monte Viso, which we had descried from above; that mountain whence issues the favoured stream, which, augmented by a thousand tributaries, bears from the western Alps to the Adriatic, the name of the Po,

—*fluviorum rex Eridanus,*—when, as if to convince us of the incompatibility of enthusiasm with the actual state of things, the carriage stopped at the door of a custom-house.

Nice is a free port, and here at the foot of the interior Alps is the first Sardinian *dogana.* During the half hour that we were detained, we had leisure to contemplate the almost perpendicular precipice that we had descended, as by shelves placed under each other. It is evident that the steepness of the zig-zag road, is according to the inclination which the engineer may have chosen to give it, and is quite independent of the steepness of the mountain. The former we had found equal throughout, the latter we now saw to be much less abrupt towards the bottom, than towards the top. It will be observed that the descent from the top to the bottom is made, *within* the Alps, at one tract or reach; whereas, *without,* two mountains are passed before one arrives at the upright bare cone of Tenda on the outside of Italy; Sospello and Giandola are what the more gentle slope of the bottom of the single descent is on the inside: this slope is cultivated upwards, as high as the temperature of the air or the depth of the soil permit. Above, are summer pastures, while the snowy mantle

thrown on the shoulders of the mountain, seems to make ingress impossible, and egress anything but desirable.

We proceeded to the inn at Limone, to repose ourselves after our fatigue, and in the evening arrived at Cuneo, by the French called Coni: here we felt ourselves restored to all the resources, as the French say—to all the comforts, as the English say,—of civilized life; our inn even exhibited what might be regarded as some of its splendors. Cuneo is a clean, airy, pleasant town, with several large houses, called, no doubt, palaces; of which the ground-floors were occupied as shops, and the *entresols* by the family of the shopkeeper: so that the true palace began up two pair of stairs, while probably each story was the habitation of one or more separate families. This plan is common in Italian town-houses: the first or lowest of those floors that are inhabited by those who are regarded as gentry, being called *il primo piano nobile:* the rooms of the second, and sometimes of the third noble *flat*, being as lofty as those of the first. We assisted at mass at the cathedral, with an intention of referring both to our past and future journey.

We made two easy days to Turin: the inns are good throughout the north of Italy. We

passed the Po by a ferry: I do not know that there is any bridge over the Po through the whole of its course, except at Turin. Twenty miles from this capital, is Carignano, a palace of the prince of that title, the next heir to the crown of Sardinia, which, on the demise of its present wearer, passes to this remote branch of the house of Savoy.

The Prince of Carignan, it is well known, first joined and then deserted the Revolutionists of the preceding year. He was absent on a visit to his father-in-law, the Grand Duke of Tuscany. I saw him soon afterwards at Florence: he is six feet high. His palace of Carignan is large and convenient, and situated in a country as flat, as fertile, and as verdant, as the plains of Lincolnshire.

Had this prince been such a man as the occasion demanded, had he been one of the master-spirits of the age, the crisis was a most pregnant one. The fire was already lighted at the two ends of Italy; he had only to carry it into the centre, to unite them by a connecting conflagration, into one continuous and irresistible blaze of insurrection. I contemplate the affair theoretically and historically merely, without any other purport than to show how much in politics depends on individual charac-

ter. If he who set himself at the head of the revolution of Piemont, had proclaimed the kingdom of Italy, had appealed to the Italian people, and made the war national, a result might have followed very different from that which was witnessed. Austria had been obliged for a time to treat Lombardy as a conquered, or, what was worse, as a reconquered people; the French were regretted throughout Italy, and that national personality and importance which, under their dominion, Italy had begun to acquire, was regretted still more.

As it is, Italy may be tranquil under the protection of Austria, a government which has treated its allies in that country with as much moderation and justice as can be looked for or hoped for by dependents. The Prince of Carignan, though he has proved himself not to be fitted to "ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm," may, in his due time, contribute to the happiness of those whom he will rule over, uncontrolled by the obligations of the Spanish constitution. The King of Sardinia will not then forget that the Prince de Carignan was the patron of liberal principles. Meantime let him intercede for those who for his fault are in exile.

CHAPTER II.

Turin.—Cathedral there.—Holy napkin.—The Superga.—King's palace.—Princes of Savoy.—Vigna della Regina.—Culture of the Vine.—Italian wines.—Exportation of Wine from Italy.—Keeping of Wine.—Wine in England. Dr. Paley.—Theatres of Turin.—Royal Military Academy.—President of the Academy.—The University at Turin.—The Egyptian Museum.—Monte Viso.—The Corso.—Genoa.—Commercial prohibitions.—Climate of Genoa.

I PASSED six days at Turin, in the *Hotel de l'Univers*, situated opposite to the King's palace. Turin is a town in which our travellers do not usually make a sufficiently long stay: it is by no means wanting in those objects which attract the notice of strangers, and form the glory and ornament of a capital. A curious public library and museum, a valu-

able and improving museum of natural history, a well-situated observatory, above all, its Museum Egyptiacum:—such are its possessions, over and above the usual furniture of a great city, churches, palaces, and theatres.

The Cathedral is well deserving of attention, at least, as much so as the chapel situated between it and the King's Palace;—a chapel much visited by Protestants, because in it is kept the "holy napkin," (*sindone santo.*) This relic is shown only on an appointed day yearly: at other times, it may be exhibited on especial application, a mass being said on the occasion. It is not to be supposed that Protestants ever become applicants for a view to which such a condition is annexed; but they go into this chapel for the sake of saying in their "Tour!" something *about* relics, as the Colonel put sticking-plaister on his shoulder, that he might in his dispatches report himself wounded. Fortunately for the mockers, there is somewhere in Flanders, another "holy napkin:" it follows therefore, that no veneration is to be paid to relics, and that popery is a cheat throughout. Q. E. D.

There are in Turin some grand and spacious churches of modern Grecian architecture: as

these are always open and may be seen at any time, and free of expense, a traveller may do well to take them in this way. This sort of building may be judged of by one *coup d'œil;* a most convenient circumstance. I did not go to see the interior of the Superga; a distance of four or five miles and a steep ascent deterred me. Why should this monument be blamed for its uselessness? In London we have built a Superga upon a stone quarry raised for the purpose: is not the outside of St. Paul's found to be extremely edifying? Architecture is as well employed in rearing edifices that do homage to religion, as in setting up triumphant arches and columns and obelisks, in memorial of actions of very ambiguous merit, or of men whose power alone compelled mankind to call them benefactors. Let us be consistent:—reduce human life to the simply necessary, or hail with due welcome every innocuous attempt to embellish and adorn it.

The Palace of the King would present a handsome façade, but that the two sides of the square at right angles with it, are built up against it at each end. I thought it to be rather too gaudy within: "this," said I, "is the Italian taste—the luxury of a southern clime."

I was unjust: nowhere is taste more severe than in Italy. Nor have the princes of the house of Savoy been men likely to take pleasure in finical apartments: they had something else to do; their position called for men of political talent, and the call was answered. Squeezed in between great contending potentates, they have proceeded for ages with continually increasing dignity and dominion.

The King who had just resigned his place, was a man of mild and gentle temper; his brother was thought to possess qualities better fitted to struggle with insurrection: he appeared, the Prince of Carignan disappeared, and the storm was appeased.

It is not creditable to those attempts to ameliorate the condition of mankind, called *revolutions*, that the arm of the people should be raised against unresisting benevolence. Kings are not always the greatest enemies to the liberties of their people, nor most violently opposed to a just distribution of the benefits of the social compact. Privileged, incorporated, monopolizing combinations interpose, and demand that the good of the whole should be sacrificed to their own partial interests. In the West Indian colonies more immediately under the

control of the crown of Great Britain, measures have been enforced for bettering the condition of the slaves, the adoption of which has been resisted by the assemblies of the other colonies. It was to the late King, that his catholic subjects considered themselves indebted for the repeal of the penal statutes, and his present Majesty is said not to be adverse to the restitution of those civil rights which are still withheld. It is not the interest of the crown to oppose the equal representation of the people in Parliament; so far from it, that it was the work of the long reign of George III. to deliver the royal authority from the influence of a borough-trading faction. Of all those from whom, in 1789, France expected its regeneration, and Europe an example of wisdom, no one was more intimately imbued with principles of equity and the love of general freedom, than was Louis XVI. In the infinite variety of the characters of moral agents, and complication of human interests, the prudent friends of liberty will act according to circumstances, and not be led astray by names and sounds.

On a very lofty elevation to the southward of Turin, and by consequence, with a northern exposure, stands a very pretty summer palace belonging to the Queen, called Vigna della

Regina, on account of the vineyard attached to it. A vine-yard and a country-house are pretty playthings for a lady; but a queen would not choose to live apart from her consort, and there is not room here for all the court. What use then can be made of it? Her Majesty may come here sometimes, and inspect her vines: a pattern-vineyard, a dairy that may serve as a model to other dairies, an experimental farm,—these are schools of useful arts: nay, they not only afford instruction, but when such enterprises are undertaken by the great ones of the world, they give animation and encouragement; to say all in one powerful word,—they set the fashion. Francis Duke of Bedford was a real benefactor to his country, and deserved that the statue raised near the site of his ancient palace should have been dedicated to his memory by public gratitude. While one half of the poorer country gentlemen of England were driven by taxes and high prices into Bath and Cheltenham, the other half were not ashamed to turn farmers, because the Duke of Bedford was one. Other great names followed the example: George III. was a farmer. Science and capital were brought to the aid of agriculture; and though, as I know to my cost, the farming

gentleman was a loser, the land gained from its owner, who chose expense without profit, what it never would have received from a tenant, who chooses profit without expense.

The culture of the vine, or the making or keeping of wine, does not appear to be so well understood in Italy as in France: in no part of Italy did I meet with such fine grapes as I had eaten at Avignon. The classical mode of marrying the vine to the elm, overshadows too much its fruit. Yet the wine of Asti in Piemont, of Orvieto in the Roman territory, and that of Naples,—which I would rather call Vesuvian, than continue to it a name indecent and irreverent,—these wines prove that the Italian peninsula, through the whole length of it, produces wine of excellent quality, and of a flavour which will be approved of by every taste that is not spoiled by brandy-mingled adulterations. I do not mean to say that these wines are light or weak; on the contrary, they bear to be mingled with an equal or more than equal quantity of water, and are in that state a very pleasant beverage.

Here in Bath, I provide for my family a very decent sort of table-beer at the price of five shillings and sixpence for a barrel of nine gallons: which is, allowance being made for sedi-

ment thrown away, about twopence a quart. At Naples I had tolerable *nostrale* or *vin du pays* for five *grani*, worth, at the course of exchange at that time, twopence. An Austrian officer of the army quartered at or *on* Naples, told me on his return from an excursion into Calabria, that he had drunk there very good wine at two *grani* the bottle, less than one penny; not one of those diminutive bottles, which are known in England to run fifteen or eighteen to the dozen, but a fair, honest quart, the quarter of a gallon. Let not the incautious reader be misled by the phrase, *vin du pays:* claret, burgundy, and champagne, are *vins du pays* in Champagne and Burgundy, and on the banks of the Garonne. In the cities, wine is dearer than in the country, on account of the expenses of transport and cellarage, and duties paid at the entrance of towns; but in Rome and Florence I had wine generally at from threepence to fourpence a bottle: so much for the quality and price of Italian wines.

The whole of Italy is much more conveniently situated for the exportation of wine, than are the ancient provinces of Champagne and Burgundy, whence the wine must be sent by some land carriage and a long tract of in-

land water carriage, to the sea port: no part of Italy is far from the sea, except a part of Lombardy and Piemont; which, however, are watered by the Po and its tributaries. At Avignon, I was in treaty for some wine of an excellent vineyard and good vintage; I did not buy it because the quantity was more than I could want during my stay there: the agent of the proprietor who thus realized his rents from his land, told me that he should send the wine to Paris. "By what route?" "Up the Rhone and Saone, and by the canal that unites the Saone and the Seine." "At how much will it be sold at Paris?" "About a franc a bottle." This *portage*, almost from one end of France to the other, this carriage by water, for a great part of it against an adverse and strong current, did not much more than double the price of a cheap and heavy article,—for I had the offer of the wine at eight sous the bottle: but had it been destined for London, it would have been sent down the Rhone and to Marseilles. This port and the ports of Italy are further from England than Oporto or Bordeaux; but distance would add very little to the expense of the transport of wine once shipped.

As a protecting duty for *our nostrale*—strong beer, (for as a coal fire is the sun of England,

so ale is our *vin du pays*),—let a hundred per cent *ad valorem*, be paid by every gallon of foreign wine imported into England; or less, if it shall so please those who regulate such matters, and I believe we might get good wine into our cellars at little more than the price of ale. The price of wine is much increased by keeping it so long as it is our custom to do: this practice, as far as my experience and observation go, proceeds on a mistake, or is rendered necessary by the materials used in adulteration. A family man who drinks his own wine in France, generally begins to drink in the spring, the wine of the preceding vintage. I speak of what may be called household wine, of the same quality as that usually exported. Wine is sometimes kept for one or more years, when intended to be drunk pure or unmixed with water, and thus becomes less crude and heady; but the custom of so keeping it is rare as the emergence.

In Italy, wine is pretty generally drunk "without a drop of allaying Tyber in it." The juice of the grape does not require much time to prepare it for its use; nor is new wine, if made of that juice, and of nothing but that juice, by any means unwholesome: indeed, Ludovico Cornaro, the noble Venetian who so

wonderfully prolonged his life by temperance, always found himself somewhat unwell during the two months preceding the vintage, which he attributes to the necessity of drinking wine too old for his constitution, as he always recovered his usual health when able to procure wine just pressed from the grape.

However, as to the age of his wine each one may judge for himself; the time that it is kept adds nothing to the price but the interest of the capital. My object is to point out to the English public, that, at the price at which we now drink a muddy, ill-tasted, unwholesome, inflating wash, we might have a genial, generous, nectareous, inspiring beverage; that our soil might produce more food; that instead of barley, oats might be produced; that instead of a tax on malt and hops, the drinkers of this foreign liquor,—unhappily for us a foreign liquor,—would pay into the royal treasury a sum equal to the price of all that they should drink, with cheerful and grateful acknowledgment to that kind and protecting government, which at so cheap a rate should hold out to them, though not to all of them, the inestimable benefit of our glorious constitution.

That a nation by no means indifferent to the pleasure of drinking, should be contented

to be deprived by mere fiscal regulations, of almost all that would best supply that pleasure, makes it extremely probable that the cook was in the right, in saying that eels did not feel the pain of being flayed alive because they were used to it. That instead of bringing home the wines that gladdened the heart and inspired the genius of Anacreon, and the wines produced on the island that was the very cradle of the jolly god, the wines of Chios and of Naxos; instead of the wines of Italy, which contented the masters of the world; instead of searching along all the shores of the Mediterranean for what might gratify our taste,—we should confine ourselves to one country, which, in this respect has no advantage over other countries but a treaty of commerce, that instead of encouraging competition, and, by consequence, cheapness, we should give almost the monopoly of our market to Portugal alone, a strip of land in which, though any quantity of wine may be *made*, yet of which it is sometimes said, the natural product would be insufficient to the supply of London only,—all this serves to prove the benign influence of habit or custom, which in this as in many other instances, conceals from us the stupidity, and reconciles us to the evils of

political measures and financial regulations. Of the drinkers in England, not one in a hundred drinks wine; of the wine-drinkers not one in a hundred drinks any wine but port. In this as in other instances, proof is furnished that the world is governed by very little wisdom; but it is because very little wisdom is possessed by those who are governed. I once quoted to Dr. Paley the passage in Cowper, "War is a game which, were their subjects wise, kings should not play at;"—"but," said I, "it seems that their subjects are not wise?" I could get no answer from Paley but a groan—and with a groan I take leave of this business. The Vigna della Regina at Turin, recalled the proposal mentioned in the "Four Years in France," of a duty *ad valorem* on wine, and the discussion of all the beneficial results which I believe would follow from its adoption.

The two theatres of Turin are extremely pretty, not inconveniently large, with music and acting worthy of high praise; although it was late in the season, and several of the best performers were dispersed, or retired to their summer abodes. No doubt the countrymen of Alfieri will cultivate the drama with taste and success: to call in the aid of music to theatrical representations, whether tragic or comic,

must remain, perhaps, the exclusive privilege of Italy: the people, whose language is music, may, with greater felicity than others, make music their language.

Napoleon who, though he had not seen the Téatro di San Carlo of Naples, had enjoyed multiplied opportunities of forming a good taste, said of the San Carlo of Turin, that it had but one fault—namely, that it was not at Paris. So Eustace says of the Lakes of Switzerland,—that they are on the wrong side of the Alps. It has been said that truth and justice are geographical; and that they must be so, on account of the interests bound up with them: but, surely, taste might be recognised as independent of locality.

The Chevalier, to whom I had an introduction, was so obliging as to conduct me over the royal military academy, of which he is president. In the distribution and uses of the several parts of the house, there was much that reminded us of Stoneyhurst. When, however, we came to the refectory, where the tables were prepared for dinner, my son observed what, as he said, Stoneyhurst never exhibited: and he pointed to a small decanter of wine at the side of every plate. In the study-room, the names of all the dukes of Savoy, with the dates of

their succession, were inscribed in large letters on the wall. So far Lancaster is here also.

The number of the *élèves* is about sixty. They become officers in the Sardinian army when their education is completed, which is, of course, directed to qualify them for their profession. In the summer they make excursions among the Alps, to draw plans and charts, and study military positions and tactics.

The Chevalier offered to my son a place among these *élèves:* he was now become an only son, and I could not spare him; but, for this mark of the President's friendly disposition towards me, I am anxious to express my gratitude, and my thanks for all his obliging attentions. It was a great advantage to me to enjoy the company of a man of polished manners, and of high talents and attainments, and of a moral character which renders him peculiarly worthy of the confidence of his sovereign. Since the restoration of legitimacy, every courtier is devout; but men of sincere religious faith and enlightened minds are rare.

The Chevalier accompanied me to the university, and introduced me to some of the professors. One of these, on showing me the Egyptian calendar, said, "For this we are obliged to Messieurs *les Anglois.*" It had been

taken to Paris, and restored at the Peace of 1815, by that article which, if really dictated by the English, proves that a sentiment of justice or of jealousy may prevail over a sense of convenience and utility.

Habituated to the contemplation of the glories of Oxford and of Cambridge, I could hardly conceive an idea of an university without colleges. That of Turin comprises what is wanted for the uses of study; but no lock-up courts for young men of twenty, no societies with married heads and unmarried bodies of men, who superinduce on a monastic rule a life of ease and pleasure. The northern part of our Island possesses universities like those of the Continent, and sends forth men who prove, that it is there not forgotten that the word *University* has a reference to the universality of the studies there pursued.

On my return through Turin, in 1825, I saw the Egyptian museum, a collection of monuments, already celebrated throughout Europe. Important discoveries are expected concerning the earliest state of that country, the cradle and nursery of civilization, of arts and of civil policy. I said to the Chevalier St. Quentin, who conducts this establishment with taste and zeal, "You will be able to arrange a complete

history of Egypt before the Persians." "*On travaille à celà*"* was his reply: may their success be as splendid as they deserve! The establishment of the Egyptian museum, so honourable to the government of Piemont, is a favourable augury for the prosperity and improvement of the museum of natural history, which, though begun under French auspices, is carried on with spirit, in contempt of that petty jealousy which dictated the rejection even of wise and beneficial schemes on account of their hostile origin,—a jealousy but too manifest in other quarters.

The possession of an observatory, by no means a common establishment, shows no common ardour for science. Indeed, the human mind seems more free and more awake here than in any other parts of Italy. Its government is a native government. This has a great influence on the feelings of subjects, and makes them one with the sovereign, who, in his turn, is one with them. The newspaper of Genoa is the best of all Italian gazettes, and least given to make its rulers ridiculous by excessive flattery, or to let spite pierce through servility,—a purpose of which I have sometimes

* They are employed on this matter.

suspected the journalists of Naples, during the reign of their *adored* sovereign, Ferdinand the Fourth, or the First.

We walked under the arcades of the street that leads to the Po, which here assumes the port and majesty of a king of rivers. From this bridge Monte Viso is seen, distinguished and standing forth in the range of mountains, proud of giving birth to the flood which makes all the other Alpine torrents its tributaries.

Immediately beyond the bridge is the *Corso*, or drive for carriages, with walks at the sides of it for those on foot. There is also an admirable walk on the ridge of the dike, or raised bank of the river: this is not planted with trees; the view is therefore uninterrupted, and hence is seen the proud Superga crowning the whole in a manner that fully justifies the taste of its founder from the censure thrown upon it by a pleasing writer of novels.

That the streets of a town should be laid out in right lines and at right angles, is a practice so conducive to health and convenience, that it is adopted whenever the right of property does not interfere. The result is, monotonous, it is said: be it so: I cannot discover the picturesque of a crooked lane, nor in what

point of architectural beauty a regular square is excelled by a regular trapezium.

Turin, though still the capital, is but the second city of the Sardinian dominions: the King has obtained Genoa, once the rival of Venice, for the empire of the Mediterranean, and still a great and flourishing city; he has obtained a *littoral*, or sea-coast, stretching along the whole of his continental territory. With great prudence, he is endeavouring to reconcile the leading members of the ancient republic to their new master; the Piemontese are even jealous of the favour he shows to his new subjects. In time all will be well, let but commerce be free. This is not an idle hint: both at Genoa and Savoy much complaint was uttered respecting the shackles to which ill-understood regulations had subjected it, and the French were regretted, because, after their expulsion, trade with them was cut off. Every prohibition of this kind is an odious and galling tax, which, without bringing any thing into the treasury of the sovereign, diminishes the general prosperity of the people. The corn laws of England can only be excused, but by no means justified, by the consideration that the maintenance of the poor and of the

churches, and, in a great degree, the expense of the local administration of justice are thrown upon the land. If there were no poor laws, of which the abolition might be secured by the admission of no new names on the overseer's list—if the churches were supported by all his Majesty's subjects, as they are by half of them, at the cost of those who want them; and if the prison expenses were defrayed by the state, then, and in that case, there would not be a shadow of a pretence, in reason or in justice, for making our poor buy their bread exclusively of the proprietors of English land. But the two questions, of the charges upon the land, and its claim to a monopoly, ought to be agitated together.

A Genoese lady expressed to me her wonder that the English should flock to Nice, when at Genoa they might have the same advantage of climate, and, in addition, the resources of a great city. The remark deserves attention. There is sometimes rough weather at Genoa in the winter; but the orange-trees prove its climate and that of Nice to be similar. It is no farther from England than Nice, and the passage of Mont Cenis and of the Appenines can be terrible only to those who have not tried it.

Genoa is a splendid and a curious city: it would afford better means than feluccas of passing to the ports of Italy; and sea-bathing might be had, not indeed in the dirty waters of its harbour, but in the very pretty towns along the *riviera*.

CHAPTER III.

Journey to Milan.—Vines.—Shade in Italy.—Rice-grounds.—Novarra.—Occupation of Piemont and Naples, by an Austrian Army.—Austria undeservedly reproached by England.—Austrian domination over Italy.—Congress at Genoa.—Effects of the unjust representation by English Travellers. Royal remarks.

I HAD arrived at Turin on the eve of the Sunday before the feast of the Ascension; the two days between that festival and the Sunday following I employed in my journey to Milan. I hired for this purpose a *voiture* with four horses for one hundred-and-twenty francs; the price was high, but the distance was considered as more than ordinary for the time allowed; and for this cause, too, I thought it advisable to have four horses; though in Italy,

as in France, three is the favourite number. The *voitures* are equally good in both countries.

The remarkable feature of the landscape through which we passed, was the near neighbourhood of the snow-covered Alps on our left hand. I cannot say that they were a pleasing object; but contrast and novelty excite and occupy the mind; so that, when afterwards on leaving Milan we turned our backs on this scene, we seemed to have lost something that had engaged at least, if it had not entirely pleased us. For two whole days we were unable to overcome our surprise at having winter within our view,—almost within our reach; while the road was bordered with vine-branches drawn in festoons from elm to elm, full of leaf, and budding with the promise of the vintage.

These rows of pollard elms, with the vine thus trained along them, not only bounded the inclosures, but traversed them in lines so near to each other, that in England nothing could grow beneath but rank and rushy grass. Here, however, are sown grain and artificial grasses, and various sorts of garden vegetables: the shade of Italy is as productive as the sunshine

of England ;—a sentence which I venture, notwithstanding the anger of my countrymen, as a *pendant* to the well-known answer of the Neapolitan ambassador to George III. *La lune du roi mon maître vaut bien le soleil de votre Majesté.**

What has here been said may serve as a description of the whole fertile and monotonous plain of Lombardy as far as Bologna. In those districts where, as in the neighbourhood of Lodi particularly, the Parmesan cheese is made, no cattle appear in the fields; no cow, or she-goat, or living creature that gives milk: but the carts laden with freshly cut lucerne, and the drills of lucerne growing most luxuriantly "in the chequered shade," explained how this might be.

The rice-grounds of the Milanais were matter of curiosity; but at this season the plants were covered with water, and these fields had the appearance of an ill-drained swamp, the sight of which could give, as I thought, neither pleasure nor instruction. Not so, however, thought my youngest daughter, then under

* The moon of the King my master is as good as the sun of your Majesty.

her seventh year: she learned from it a lesson which she did not soon forget. Though not so circumstanced as to be able to apply it to any practical purpose of extensive utility, she did what was in her power: she filled a gallipot with mould, purloined some grains of rice from the cook, who was preparing a *gateau au ris*, planted them in the mould, and immersed the gallipot in water; and when her grand experiment was laughed at, asked very indignantly, "Do you think I do not know how rice is grown?" Let this be an instance of the advantage of foreign travel to children both of less and of larger growth.

The first night after leaving Turin we slept at Verceil, a respectable old town. The next day we were to make three stages. At Novarra we submitted our passport to the *visa* of the Austrian commander of the garrison of this fortress, the bulwark of Piemont, for Piemont was at this time occupied by an Austrian army of observation; a strong Austrian garrison held also Alexandria, of which the General, my landlord at Nice, said, "*Qui a Alexandrie a le Piemont.*"*

* He who is in possession of Alexandria has Piemont in his power.

In the same manner was held the kingdom of Naples, where, as well as in Piemont, the constitution of the Spanish Cortes had been declared, and was to be suppressed. Much jealousy was entertained lest Austria should not be contented with its recovered hereditary and its recently acquired portion of "fair Italy." On my return through Turin, three years afterwards, Piemont was evacuated by the Austrian troops; and ere I shall have arrived at the last ill-scribbled page of my MS. the Neapolitan territory will be evacuated also.

Much abuse has been heaped on the Austrian government by our orators, both in and out of Parliament. With the coarseness of a purse-proud creditor, we have reproached it with the non-payment of the Imperial loan. It was forgotten, at least not called to mind, by the orators, how much more Austria had done and suffered, during the war with France, than any subsidies could compensate. That she had not only done what had been engaged for, but that "*toto certatum est corpore regni*;"—that her capital was twice taken, after destructive and dreadful battles. The cause of Austria was the same as ours. This

does not lessen its merit towards us, nor its claims, if not on our generosity, at least on our delicacy.

Austria was reproached with misgoverning its dependencies. To this reproach, in the mouth of an Englishman, a single word is a sufficient answer; and that word is IRELAND. That the Austrian government is not beloved in the countries annexed to it by conquest, is unfortunately but too true. In Poland, the rule even of Russia is preferred to that of Austria. In Italy the French are more regretted in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, than in the other parts of that country. This unpopularity of Austrian domination, instead of being matter of triumph, ought to be regarded by English statesmen as pernicious to the interests of Europe, and especially of England, whose only ally is Austria.

A barrier is wanted against northern inundation; but on what line is this dike, this rampart to be traced? Germany, however brave, however free in spirit, can oppose with its five or six kings, and its fifty or sixty dukes and margraves, no united resistance to Russian invasion: indeed it may be questioned, whether Russia be not already on the Elbe. Poland

alone can be that barrier. Napoleon tried to make it such: in 1812, in the month of August, he was at Witepsk, on the neck of land between the Dwina and the Borysthenes: these rivers were become the western limit of Russia: for the moment, the scheme was accomplished, and Napoleon perceived that it was so. Returning into his tent, he laid down his sword on a table covered with maps and plans: "The campaign of 1812 is terminated," said he: but his restlessness impelled him to Moscow, and —*Expende Annibalem.*

Were Austria popular in Poland, that country would rather be united under Austria than shared between Austria and Russia. To a people of patriots, partition aggravates beyond all measure the evil of subjugation. Poland would rather be subjected to a Catholic than to a schismatic; would rather be a grand and important portion of the Austrian empire, than be swallowed up, like a mouthful, in that of Russia.

There was also at this time, 1822, an outcry against Austrian domination in Italy, and remonstrances were made against the employment of diplomatic ministers in that country. "All

Italy is Austrian from Milan to Girgente; our Ambassador at Vienna may suffice," said the journalist.

I will venture to assert, that it would be better for Italy to be united under Austrian protection, than to be divided among many sovereigns, for the more part of foreign origin, on the sole and simple condition that Austria shall be kind and parental towards Italy, and conciliate its benevolence. But the Austrian government is not to be schooled by a people who treat humble petitions with neglect, and regard patriotic claims of rights as insolence not to be endured; who sacrifice justice to partial interests, and the good of the whole to the fancy of a few.

When England shall have *looked at home*, she may then look abroad, and refrain from alienating her sole friend on the Continent by uncivil language. As circumstances have enabled Austria to assume a preponderance in Italy, it was perfectly in the true course of politic proceeding that Austria should avail herself of the advantages which events had thrown within her reach. Italy will enrich, and thus strengthen Austria: so much the better for England!

That Italy should be united and independent is another alternative, on which benevolent and wise men, friends of the human race, have delighted to indulge their hopes and speculations. Nothing, however, that may happen in the future history of the world, appears now more improbable, than this independence and union: a Massaniello, a Rienzi, may accomplish it to-morrow; but it must be by the agency of a political convulsive movement that may be assimilated to the most violent phenomena of nature,—storms, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions. Such things may happen, but cannot be calculated upon, nor are their effects durable.

Meantime, Austria should receive due praise for her moderation. She did not, on the expulsion of the French, appropriate the three legations which had made part of the kingdom of Italy, although she had precisely the same right to them, that Russia had to the Saxon, or Prussian share of Poland. An arrangement was made, by which Parma too was to pass from the imperial family of Austria, as a compensation for Tuscany restored to it. Venice was merged into the Austrian empire; the government of Venice had survived not only its former glory, but even the respect paid to the

memory of former glory. But the British statesman cannot reproach Austria with this acquisition, since the Netherlands had been yielded to Holland, that Britain might receive, on the balance of account, the Cape of Good Hope, and Trincomalé. What a circle of truck and barter is here described! Russia goes to work more directly. "My lord," Alexander is reported to have said to the English minister, at the Congress of Vienna, in answer to appeals to those sentiments which as a Liberator he might be supposed to entertain,—"my lord, I have 500,000 men in Poland."

The Czar Peter the Great, was perhaps of all sovereigns, that one who has most benefited the people submitted to his sway; but it is for preparing the civilization of Tartary and Siberia that he will receive the thanks of the friend of mankind: whatever his successors may have done to prepare the inundation of civilized Europe, must be resisted in its consequences. The military dominion of all Italy, is not more than sufficient to enable Austria to do this: the maintenance of the political balance, in the present juncture of affairs, requires that Austria should be strong: if Italy cannot be independent, it is at least good that she should be united; union may remotely prepare, and

hereafter facilitate that independence, which without union will never be obtained; while union, though cemented by externally impressed force, will procure for her people that consideration to which their intellectual and moral qualities eminently entitle them, while the dominant nation, as most benefited, will be the first to praise, to reward, and to cherish them, and will regard its presidency over this fair peninsula, as the most splendid circumstance in the "pride and pomp," of wide extended rule.

That the authors of leading articles in the newspapers, composed on momentary requisition, should exercise more ingenuity than reflexion on subjects which, though but occasionally agitated, are of mighty and permanent interest; that travelling and tour-writing English should endeavour to amuse thoughtless and prejudiced readers, by frivolous anecdotes of the Emperor of Austria, and by personal reflections, such as if made on our own gracious Sovereign, every Englishman would feel as an insult;—this is in order, and to be expected: but that practical and philosophical statesmen should fail to see what the well-being, perhaps the safety of England requires, and what is essential to that balance of power by which the independence of the few remaining states of

Europe may be provided for, this can only be explained by supposing some strong prepossession of unaccountable origin.

That Russia should land its forces on the eastern coast of England, is not within the scope of probability; but would England be contented to see Russia on the western shores of the German Ocean, united perhaps with France to humble this country? In the War of the Succession, we united with Austria to wrest Spain from the grasp of France. The arms and the policy of Louis XIV. prevailed, and his successors have ever since availed themselves of the influence thus obtained. Some few years ago an opportunity offered itself, of rendering Spain independent of France, and the ally of England. For reasons not necessary to be here discussed, the occasion was allowed to pass by. In fact, a compromise was made; it is glorious for this country to have set the seal to the liberation of the southern American continent; but Spain, near at hand, continues hostile.

Italy, too, had made some ill-combined and ill-supported efforts, unaided by England, and quickly suppressed by Austria. The result of this interference must have been foreseen: whatever may be in other respects the character of

this interference, its consequences need not be disadvantageous to England, if our politicians will abstain from the exercise of that childish petulance which avenges itself in words for deeds that could not be prevented.

I will anticipate and relate here, that in the year 1825, on my return into France, I arrived at Genoa, at the time of the assembling there of all the Sovereigns of Italy, under the auspices of the Emperor. He had fixed this congress at Milan:—the King of Sardinia had replied to the invitation that he could not come to Milan, because he was going to Genoa. "Then," said the Emperor, "I will visit you at Genoa;" and thither he went, accompanied by Prince Metternich, and followed or met by all the lay rulers, for the Pope was not there, of the fair Peninsula. The Italian Proverb says,

"Princeponi, forti e cannoni: Principini, palazzi e giardini."*

We will hope that these "little princes," (let them not be offended by the phrase, great and little are relative terms,) will not make the expense of "palaces and gardens" bear too hea-

* Great princes—forts and cannons: little princes—palaces and gardens.

vily on their subjects; and that he who is strong in "forts and cannons," will allow mercy to take its course in a general amnesty of all political offences, and will so temper and manage his strength, as to make the Italians pleased with and proud of their new political existence. The task is not difficult: power always secures the favour of those in whose favour it is exerted.

English travellers, or travelling English, as Lord Byron called them, are ordinarily but little aware how much evil work they may do in their travels, and by their reports of them, when "crowing like cocks on their own middin," they vituperate the countries they have visited, and insult their rulers. The miseries of war are aggravated, by the hostile mind, into tenfold exacerbation: alliances are inefficient; amity is impossible when the spirit of the people with whom we ought to stand in such relation is alienated by contempt, and the sovereign disgusted by indecorous raillery.

In my opinion of the Austrian alliance with England, and its domination over Italy, I oppose the present,—I hope they may be, the passing,—feelings of the Italians; I oppose also men of more grave and statesmanlike authority, than superficial and prejudiced travellers have the

hardihood to pretend to be. A periodical work, the most influential because the most able of any at this time published in Europe, has taken more than one occasion to decry the Austrian government, and ridicule its head. It introduces him as remarking, on the presentation to his Imperial Majesty of a man of science, who had written "on the constitution of the atmosphere." "Constitution!" said the Emperor; "ah! that is the word that has done so much mischief." Now I really do not believe that he imagined oxygen to mean seditious citizens, nor hydrogen to represent a mutinous military, nor carbon to be *carbonari*; but his mind was full of the history of his own time, and he talked of that which occupied his thought. Compare this diversion of the use of a word from the sense in which it was used at the time, with the *bon mot* of Joseph XI. He affected philosophy, and in his time was popular. Posterity has done him justice. His *bons mots* in his own time were favourably received. He refused to look at the flag of the United States of America, floating in the harbour of Brest, because, said he, "*Mon metier à moi, c'est d'être royaliste.*" *

* My trade, for me, is to be a royalist.

The justice of the American cause was out of the question: he saw only the fact that resistance was opposed to royal authority; it was in the wrong, of course.

This pretext of "*Mon metier à moi,*" has not the merit of originality. Falstaff defends highway robbery, on the plea of its being his vocation. A Spanish inquisitor of the sixteenth century, a slave-driver or an orangeman of the nineteenth, may offer in excuse of cruelty, oppression, and tyranny, "*C'est mon metier à moi,*" and "Tis no harm for a man to labour in his vocation!"

CHAPTER IV.

Custom-houses.—The Ticino.—Language of the people at Buffalora.—Examination of the Author's effects at the Dogana.—Jealousy as to the admission of engravings into the Austrian Dominions.—Ridiculous precaution adopted with regard to some prints and drawings belonging to the Author.—Rudeness of the Custom-house officers at Milan.—Regulations of the Police respecting strangers.—Resemblance of Milan to Paris.—Anecdote.—Corso at Milan.—The Corsos of other Italian cities.—Pavements of Milan.—Cathedral.—Salutary threat of Bonaparte.—Interior of the Cathedral.—Comparison with that of Amiens.—Shrine of St. Charles Borromeo.—Statue of St. Bartholomew.—Palace of the Viceroy.—Anecdote of Bonaparte.—Comparison between La Scala and St. Carlo.—Italian Theatres and their Audiences.—The Academy of Arts and Sciences.—The Siesta.—St. Ambrose.—The Ambrosian Library.—Professor Mai.—Amphitheatre and Triumphal Arch of Milan.—Da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper.—Churches of Milan.—The Milan Commission.—Majochi.—Commercial Decrees.

I HAVE not been bribed to indite what I have written for the glory and extension of the Austrian empire, by the remembrance of a peaceful and hospitable reception within its

limits: its doganas, or custom-houses, had been represented to me as terrible by several travellers; by one especially, who had been compelled to pay a duty on half a pound of tea—a deed not quite so cruel as the taking from an old lady embarking at Southampton her pound of cotton-thread, while her knitting-needles were left to her, to make her still more disconsolate by their idle, uncovered, unprofitable state. The *douane* of Buffalora I found sufficiently frivolous and vexatious, but it is of that of Milan that I complain. At Milan, however, we were not yet arrived: our fears centered themselves on Buffalora. The very name appeared as of ill omen; buffalos and other ferocious animals became present to the imagination. The wardrobe of the whole family scattered on the floor of the custom-house; the labour of replacing and repacking, all this addition to the fatigue of our journey; the night falling upon us before the end of our journey, in consequence of this delay; Alpine torrents to be crossed in the dark; an unknown country, people, and language; with such pleasing pictures did we amuse our minds during our route from Novarra to Buffalora.

We came to the Ticino: it was but a branch

of the river, but on this branch was stationed a soldier. The carriage stopped, the soldier approached, and enquired if we had any thing for the dogana. No building was near: instinctively I gave him what seemed to surpass his expectations. He was a Sardinian soldier; his government, like other governments, having learned one-half of the lessons of common sense in these matters, and being hindered by the cupidity of manufacturers from learning, or at least from giving effect to the other half, watches over importation and leaves exportation free. Such was my interpretation of this farcical demand, which was however sufficiently profitable to those who made it to be once more repeated at another military station on the confine of the continental dominions of the King of Sardinia.

The Ticino is not like many other streams that we had crossed, a torrent rapid or a channel without water in a bed of white stones; but, having its reservoir in the Lake of Como, it is a full and deep and gently flowing river. When the carriage stopped, Antoine asked of the people who had come out to look at us, with the idle curiosity of inhabitants of a petty town, what language they were talking: "*Parlez-vous*

François?"* said he: he was answered by a clear, distinct and somewhat indignant tone. "*Non parlo Francèse; parlo Italiano, e parlo bene.*"* The respondent was evidently proud that his country had not been united to France, like that from which we came. In that country, however, so completely had they been formed to French habitudes, that I was asked at Turin by a Piemontese, if I was going into Italy: and the French language may be said to be as common in Piemont as in Provence. The countries to the west of the Ticino were united to France during thirteen years only. Ireland has been united to England as "a sister island," or "a sister kingdom," for centuries; the two islands have been fused into one kingdom for more than twice thirteen years; but the stronger the legal attraction, the stronger is the moral and political repulsion. The fate of that brave, generous, ingenious, affectionate people is pitied by all the world.

The custom-house of Buffalora is opposite the inn: I ordered dinner, and then went to look after my effects. The large trunks were allowed to remain in the street: this looked

* "Are you talking French?"—"I am not talking French: I speak Italian, and I speak it well."

well, as implying that the examination would not be very minute. Every lock, indeed, was opened, and every package dived into by hands at every corner; but I should have had nothing to complain of, had it not been for a small deal case which contained the infant Jesus, drawn by my departed son, as mentioned in the "Four Years in France," a studio from the "School of Athens," drawn as a pendant by his brother, and a landscape by one of my daughters: these having been framed and glazed, that we might have them, especially the infant Jesus, continually in view, a case had been made to fit them, in which had been put also a few engravings for copies.

"What is in that case?" said one of the custom-house officers, for there were two, an Italian and a German, of whom the latter spoke French. The German seemed to have been sent to watch the Italian, and much jealousy evidently subsisted between them: I had some indifferent conversation with the Italian, which the German not understanding, asked me precipitately, what I had been saying to Monsieur *le chef*, and what I reported to him hardly satisfied him as to the innocent nature of our intercommunion.

To the question, "What is in that case?"

my son answered: "Drawings and engravings." "*Des gravures!*" was echoed with an alarmed voice. "Open the box!" The box was nailed down with little tacks. There were found in it, besides the drawings, which seemed to excite no sensation, a head of St. John the Baptist, and a "*Vue d'une ferme en Normandie!*" These were engravings; and particular instructions had been given to watch over the introduction of engravings into the Austrian dominions. Whether through fear of caricatures, or to encourage the Imperial engravers, by the ingenious device of relieving them from all rival merit, I know not. I was required to deposit a caution of twenty francs, to be repaid at the last custom-house on the frontier, by which I was to leave Lombardy. On my arrival at any town or place where there should be a custom-house, it was imperative on me to deposit at such custom-house the mysterious deal case. As a security for my obedience to this injunction, the receipt for the twenty francs was to be countersigned at every custom-house on the road. Leaden seals, hanging by *red* strings, were appended to the other portions of my luggage; but the seal of the CASE was attached by a *blue* string, that it might not pass muster with the rest. So that had I been

inclined, for the sake of saving trouble, to abandon my twenty francs, the blue string might have brought to light my treasonable tergiversation. My deposit was expended, before it was returned to me, in presents to porters; and when we arrived at the southern frontier, the douanier, on seeing the contents of the case, cried out, "*Est-ce celà tout? quelle betise que d'y faire attention!*" *

The financiers of Buffalora were very civil, and seemed anxious that I should perfectly apprehend the conditions on which my caution-money was to be restored to me. They seemed to think this the only business in life that could now concern me; whereas I wanted to get to Milan. It was also a slight evil to have been obliged to wait two hours for dinner, after a fatiguing journey, to persons unused to fasting or to phlegm.

At Milan we arrived, and as the grand *dogana* was in the way to our inn, we called to deposit the *case*. The chiefs of the custom-house had retired: the faquins or porters were loitering about the gate, and, wanting a job, they insisted that all my luggage should be left at the custom-house for the night. I re-

* Is that all? What stupidity to pay attention to it.

presented that it had been visited and sealed at Buffalora; they said there was no officer on the spot to verify the seals. I ordered my coachman to drive on to the inn: this from fear or collusion he refused to do, and two faquins placed themselves at the heads of the fore-horses. One of them, more civil than the rest, told me the principal officer lived hard by.

Accompanied by my friendly faquin, I mounted four pair of stairs to the apartment of the chief: he was from home: his wife refused to send to him, and turned a deaf ear to my complaints that my children should be subjected to the inconvenience, and even to the danger to their health that would follow on their being deprived of their accustomed night-clothing: she shut the door in my face; which I the more regretted, as she was a very fine woman.

I returned to the voiture, the faquins had not lost their hold. My bad Italian, and the contraction of my demand to the night-clothes only, for I abandoned the rest, increased their triumph. A stranger took pity on us: he found an under-officer, who had probably been hitherto afraid to show himself, and procured for us leave to make up a *sac-de-nuit*. The stranger, who spoke very good French, said to

me, "You English have no right to complain: they kept me a whole day at Dover, and examined my wife's dress in a most indecent manner." "Is this mutual vexation never to have an end?" said I. He agreed with me, and received my thanks with a satisfaction that bespoke the goodness of his heart.

The next morning I returned to the dogana to recover my goods, and saw two sulky chiefs, who were much too good subjects to utter a word of apology, or excuse, or consolation.

I have thought it right to recount this "revenue adventure" somewhat in detail, since it is by minute circumstances only that petty vexations operate. We arrived at the dogana at sunset; we should have arrived two hours sooner but for the literal punctiliousness of the financiers of Buffalora. If such as I have described be the regular or irregular practices of Austrian *douaniers* none can travel in that empire with tolerable convenience, but pedlars who may deposit their packs at the custom-house, and sleep without night-caps; men to whom combs and tooth-brushes are luxuries unknown.

We were lodged at Milan in the apartment once inhabited by the family of that counsel learned in the law, who was sent into Italy for

the purpose of an investigation, the results of which it unfortunately became necessary to make public, to the scandal of all Europe, and to the discredit of English delicacy. It is unfair to blame the whole English people for the notoriety given to what ought to have been concealed for the sake of good morals and decency; yet the reproach is just, that while on the Continent there was but one opinion on this matter, in the country most concerned, mens' minds were divided.

A printed paper was put into my hands containing the regulations of the police respecting strangers; if they desired to remain more than three days in Milan, they were to procure two housholders as sponsors for their conduct; other minute formalities were pointed out, and the state paper concluded with a gentle intimation, that foreigners would have only themselves to blame for the consequence of non-compliance with what was here required of them.

"I wish to stay here a week," said I to the commissary of police. "You know some one at Milan? Some banker?" "Not a soul; not even a banker, as I have funds with me for my journey to Florence: if you insist upon it, I will leave the town at the end of three

days." The commissary uttered something in excuse of the vigilance of the police: the sense of his words I can now put into very good Latin for him:

> "Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri."

He saw the reasonableness of some discretion, and by reckoning Sunday as a *dies non*, and leaving out of the account of the three days, the day of depositing and of resuming my passport, as well as the days of my arrival and departure, I contrived to stay a week at Milan, secured from arrest by the police receipt for my passport, on which my place of abode was carefully designated:

"Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease!"

A friend at Avignon, who had been for many years an emigrant in Italy, told me that Milan was the only Italian town that reminded him of Paris. He proceeded to relate a trifling anecdote which seemed to amuse him, and which perhaps may not displease my reader. "I wanted some wax-candles, and not knowing that these are called *candele di cera*. I translated the French word *bougies* into *bugie*. Unfortunately, this word in Italian means *lies*: "*Queste non se vendono, Signore:*" "These are not sold, Sir," said the shopman; "they may

be had without paying for." There is not the least reason to suppose, however, that they are more plentiful in Milan, than elsewhere. The resemblance of this town to Paris was, no doubt, a great recommendation of it in the eyes of my emigrant, and this opinion will be confirmed by all who have seen Paris. His remark too is just: "the other great cities of Italy—Venice, the queen of the Adriatic; Genoa, with its streets of palaces; Florence, eminently entitled to the epithet of *la bella*, the beautiful; Rome, with its recollections and its monuments; Naples, with its delicious bay and its volcanic region;—these have all of them features which distinguish them from each other, and from all other cities in Europe."

Milan is a splendid and flourishing capital, with an active and intelligent population. Paris has no street that can be compared to its great eastern street: this leads to the *Corso*, a wide raised road, on which the carriages drive to and fro, backwards and forwards, up and down, to the great benefit and entertainment of those who are seated in them, while the foot people, from broad walks on each side shaded by lofty trees, amuse themselves by viewing the show.

These *Corsos* are admirable contrivances for

seeing and being seen, and much preferable to a solitary airing on a road, perhaps without shade, subject to the inconvenience of turning aside to pass by carts or other undignified vehicles. In England, shade is but little wanted, and Hyde Park with its ring is superior in the beauties of its situation to any *Corso* I have seen. That of Genoa is in a very narrow space, for Genoa is squeezed in between rocks and sea; but its *Corso* has a sea view. That of Florence is extensive and well laid out; there is a large open space where the carriages stop and rest, while their several inmates give signs of recognition, or join in converse; sometimes they descend from their voitures, and walk with the walkers in the fields into which this park, belonging to the Grand-duke, is divided. Ices too are here supplied to those who call for them; many, however, prefer taking this refreshment, on their return from their drive, in the street, at the door of a *café;* and strange as it may seem, in the Piazza del Duomo I have seen, in a summer evening, when it was quite dark, a file of carriages waiting for this purpose.

The *Corso* at Rome is still held in the street of that name, a long, damp, ill-built street, but the finest at Rome. The *Corso* laid out under

French auspices on Monte Pincio enjoying a fine air, and on three sides a beautiful view, will in due time entirely supersede the other, but in 1824 the trees were not sufficiently grown.

The *Corso* of Naples is the paved road, or *Riviera* as it is called *di Chiaia.* In the evening, the sun descends behind Monte Posilipo, and the carriages come forth: the houses of the Chiaia on the one side, and the plantations of the Villa Reale on the other, intercept the fresh air and confine the clouds of dust, which in spite of the water-carts of the morning annoy the well-drest crowds. The space between the two lines of carriages is reserved for those of the royal family; when any one of these appears, every carriage that meets it must stop short, and seeing that when one carriage stops, all behind it must come to a stand still, long and frequent are the pauses during which this august spectacle is enjoyed—the sight, I mean, of some members of the royal family of the King of the Two Sicilies: the King himself does not here take his airing. A lady was asked in a particularly windy and dusty evening, why she did not prefer a walk in the garden to the *Corso?* She did not allege any inability to walk, she did not deny that the *Corso* was disagreeable, but said

she "*è più grandioso.*" She very honestly avowed that sentiment of *grandiosity*, the gratification of which is the main object of the *Corso*.

The *Corso* of Venice will be established when the Doge shall have found a successor to Geoffry Gambado, deceased. That of Milan displays a show of splendid equipages unrivalled by any other in Italy, a proof of the wealth derived from a fertile and well-cultivated territory. We saw there the wife of the Archduke Regnier, the viceroy, in a carriage drawn by four beautiful bays. I observed that most of the horses had their tails docked, nicked, and cropped, after the English fashion; a fashion repugnant equally to humanity and good taste.

I have brought together the principal *Corsos* of Italy, for the sake of comparison; a method I may hereafter follow in regard to other objects. Nothing assists the judgment so much as distinguishing the differences among things that are alike, or of the same sort. It is by this exercise that a travelled man is, *ceteris paribus*, wiser than an untravelled one. If he make no comparisons, he may know more, but he is not wiser; if his comparisons lead to false results, he has gained by his travels a certain number of mistaken notions: and

such, in consequence of his prejudices, is in many instances the whole gain of the English traveller.

Milan is well paved, though there are no *trottoirs*, or foot passengers' pavements. In almost every street are laid two lines of slabs, a quarter of a yard wide each line, at a distance, to take the wheels of the carriages on both sides: in fact, a rail-way of flat stones. This is a well contrived and useful plan. By this help, the carriages go much more lightly and easily than they would without it. People on foot are assured of the line in which carriages will proceed; and, in the language of my state paper, they have only themselves to blame if they are run over. When no carriage is near, they can walk on these slabs, and relieve their feet from the sharpness of the pebbles. Where the breadth of the street permits, there are four ranges of slabs, or two rail-ways. Every carriage takes the railway on its right hand; for in Italy, and I believe in France, carriages make way for each other by deviating to the right hand. So that "if you go right," you do not, as in England, "go wrong." This hint may be of use to some of my driving compatriots. Foot walkers, spreading over the whole, have not

found that necessity for a rule to prevent *shocking* which we experience on our crowded *trottoirs.*

There are very few large open *places* or squares in Milan; that before the west front of the cathedral church is irregular, and its irregularity consists in the projection of houses where one would most wish them to retire; that is, in part before the front, so that to obtain a more distant view of the church one must look at it obliquely: on the other three sides the usual complaint, in respect to such edifices in great cities, may here be made, that it is built upon too closely. A cathedral ranking among the first and largest of Christian churches, yet constructed of white marble, presents a magnificent idea to the mind: the beholder will not be disappointed, yet he will find that its being built of marble adds nothing to its architectural beauty; nay, the marble being unequally discoloured, according to the different exposure of its several parts, the whole tint does not harmonize so well, is not so pleasing to the eye, as the mellow and time-subdued exterior of other ancient churches, built of a less vaunted, less precious material. It has, besides, the disadvantage that a great part of it is of very recent construction, and looks

abundantly whiter and fresher than the rest. Large funds were at the disposition of the Chapter for the purpose of finishing the building.

It is not uncommon in Italy for palaces and churches to be *in hand* during many generations, and to be left incomplete at last. It is proverbial in Italy, that great people never finish any thing; and the proverb may be applied in other countries: an English Baronet being asked when he should finish his house, very ingenuously answered, "Sir, it is a question whether I shall finish my house or my house finish me." The Chapter of Milan might find it convenient to have funds at their disposal not disposed of. Buonaparte, however, threatened them that if they did not apply these funds to their appropriate use, he would take them away for the service of the state. The threat had its effect; the church is finished, except about one-fourth of the pavement, which is still, provisionally, of brick. Thus did Bonaparte make himself popular at Milan.

There was, however, a reason for building this church of marble: its outside is covered with niches, having statues in them, surmounted by beautiful canopies; there are arches and

windows of the florid or most ornamented Gothic, and tracery and pinnacles, all sculptured with as much care and nicety as if intended to adorn the interior of a *salon;* all this carved work could not so well have maintained its sharp edge, or its defined outline, had the chisel been employed on a softer subtance. That the whole is in such good preservation, is indeed a proof of the mildness of the climate, or of the good quality of the marble, for the winters of Milan are sometimes severe enough.

At Florence, I observed that a Venus and some other copies of the antique, that ornamented the garden of the Palazzo Niccolini, which I inhabited, were carefully boarded up on the approach of winter; but then the statues in the Piazza del Gran Duca show no sign of suffering from the cold. At Clermont, in Auvergne, indeed, the Hotel de la Paix had for its sign a marble personification of Peace; but the goddess was so scathed and chipped, and cracked and broken, that she could typify no peace but the peace of Amiens, and was replaced by gold letters.

The richness of the work on the outside of the church of Milan, reminded me of the altar-piece of New College, Oxford. What this

must have been before its destruction, may be judged of since it has been restored, all but the *images:* these images had provoked the reformers to break down not merely the images, but "all the carved work thereof, with axes and hammers." In this state the late King saw it, and turning to the President of the College, who attended his Majesty, he remarked, "This is what they call reformation, Doctor!"

For a Gothic church, that of Milan is not high enough in proportion to its base; it covers so large an extent of ground, that it ought to have been more aspiring. I am unwilling to use an irreverent term, but it seems to be squatting on the ground, or to be in a position in which modern belles never place themselves except perhaps at court,—to be making a courtesy.

On entering the cathedral, I thought it somewhat too low and too short for its breadth. The Gothic of our northern climes, runs out into all its beautiful extravagance of length and height: the Italians of the age of the foundation of this cathedral, were more accustomed than the northern nations to the models and proportions of Grecian architecture, and were by them, it may be unconsciously, re-

pressed from following the Gothic into all its vagaries. Antoine was with me: "*Ce n'est pas encore la Cathedrale d'Amiens,*" said he. I have since been able to institute that comparison which forced itself upon him, of this church with that of the capital of his native department and province.

The four rows of pillars, two on each side, are at Milan too near each other, and by consequence the aisles are too narrow; this fault does not appear at Amiens, and that church, though much smaller, is proportionably loftier and longer. I thought indeed, that one broad aisle on each side would have been better than two, and that the great number of pillars gave to the building an appearance of wanting support; but on approaching the transept, I was struck with the grandeur of these avenues going off to the right and left in fine perspective, at the termination of which were seen the fine painted windows at the northern and southern ends of the transept.

The centre of the roof is not a dome or cupola, nor yet a tower, but an elevated, arched, or vaulted cieling, beautifully finished. The tomb or shrine of St. Charles Borromeo is placed, like the Confession of St. Peter at Rome, under the most elevated part of the

roof. We descended into this little chapel, the walls of which we found glittering with gold and precious stones. These testimonies of respect to eminent virtue are not thrown away; they serve for edification and encouragement: but the chief ornament of the place is the memory of this excellent man, who, by the sanctity of his life, his prudent government of his archiepiscopal province, and his munificent benefactions, acquired, at the age of forty-six, at which early age he died, a reputation unequalled by that of any Anglican prelate since the change of religion: before that epoch many of our bishops had trodden the path of St. Charles Borromeo.

The body of the Saint was shown to us: it is laid on the altar, or rather in the space between the altar and the wall, in a coffin, one side of which, glazed within, was let down. On another part of the wall, is inscribed an account of his largesses, amounting to a sum almost incredible: as they were given in the spirit of humility and charity, they are, no doubt, registered there, where a cup of cold water given in the same spirit shall by no means lose its reward. On a small tablet, is read the epitaph of the saint, written by himself, for the purpose of recommending his soul

to the frequent prayers of the people. To this brief and modest and pious appeal, some dates only are added. See Butler's "Saints' Lives."

The admired statue of St. Bartholomew is placed where there is not sufficient light for it to be seen to advantage. It seemed to me to have a great fault: the skin of the upper part of the body falling down on every side of it, is too solid: skin recently flayed from a living body ought not indeed to be as light as drapery; but this skin, resting on the pedestal, not only supports the statue—this is allowable—but is seen to support it. It is by no means a pleasing work of art, though it has great merit both as a sculptural and anatomical study. Napoleon wished to convey this statue to Paris, but feared a tumult of the Milanese in consequence. This fear has not hindered the Emperor of Austria from ordering the removal to Vienna of a valuable museum of natural history. Why act thus? He has a thousand ways of securing the benevolence of the capital he inhabits—his presence is sufficient—why provoke the ill-will of the people of Milan? Whether at Milan or at Vienna, the Museum was still within his dominions.

The palace of the government, occupied by

the viceroy, is magnificent and in very good modern taste. The *custode* pointed out, in the hall of the throne, two steps by which that seat is raised above the level of the floor, and said, "*Violà des marches dont l'ascente est très penible.*"—"*Je n'ai pas la moindre envie d'y monter.*"—"*Ni moi, non plus!*"* with a receding shrug. In truth and sober sadness, I think mankind are very much obliged to those who take the trouble of being kings and sovereigns over them, and wonder how any men can be so silly as to endeavour to take their places.

Bonaparte, however, thought otherwise. In this country, by a campaign conducted with an ability hitherto unheard-of, he so dazzled the minds of men, that, according to their but too common way of judging, he was regarded already as worthy of empire, and it was suggested to him, that of the Duchy of Milan and of some other portions of northern Italy, he might form to himself a kingdom. "*Il y a un plus beau trône que celà vacant;*"† he replied. The story

* "There are two steps of very difficult ascent."—"I have not the least wish to mount them."—"Nor I, neither."

† "There is a finer throne than that vacant!" See *Transalpine Memoirs.*

is current: if not true, it is well invented; *si non è vero è ben trovato*; perhaps after the event. Is it likely that he so soon had formed his ambitious designs, or if formed, would so soon have announced them? Probably he had, and thought audacity the best way of encouraging his partizans; or it may be that he, like other men, was not wise at all times.

It is marvellously strange that there should be a dispute about a matter that is subject to admeasurement, but the glory of possessing the largest theatre in Europe is contested by the Milanese and Neapolitans; of both that of La Scala and San Carlo it may be affirmed that they are too vast for human eyes and ears: lorgnettes may indeed assist the eyes, but it is not yet the mode to wear ear-trumpets at a theatre. The boxes furthest from the stage are at such a distance at San Carlo, that I could see nothing, and lost all the finer notes of Madame Fodor's voice; yet this is the station of the King's state box at Naples, and this inconvenience compelled her Majesty the Queen to make such frequent use of her opera-glass in order that she might behold the duplicate of herself and her august spouse on the evening of their theatrical coronation, a singular instance of the scenical inauguration, in paste-board, of

real sovereigns present in flesh and blood. For his ordinary and more frequent occasions, and when he goes to see and hear, and not for state, the King has a box near the stage.

San Carlo appears to be longer than La Scala, and this latter appears to be wider than the former: and as the difference between them is only of a few feet, I believe, in favour of San Carlo, it is hoped both parties may be satisfied with this decision of this most important question. When I attended La Scala, the season was passed; very little company was there, and the opera was not well performed. The house was lighted by a hoop, or circle of lamps, suspended from the middle of the ceiling, and by a very strong blaze in front of the stage. Such is the usage in all Italian theatres that I have seen. The contrast of the obscurity of the part lighted only by the circle of lamps, and the vivid effulgence thrown upon the actors, is very favourable to them, and brings out the scenical decorations very advantageously. On great fêtes, however, the boxes are illuminated by bougies.

The appearance of an Italian theatre is not so splendid as that of an English one. Instead of that bright display of beauty and jewels along several ranges of seats, raised above each

other, which we see at times in London, the company is inclosed in boxes partitioned off from each other: two or three persons only in front of each box can be seen, and as all who choose it can be unseen, the ladies spare themselves the trouble of putting on a profusion of ornament. The pit or parterre of the opera even is filled by men, with a few women, who having, from their rank in life, renounced all aspiring hopes of ever entering a *loge* or box, are contented to go with their husbands to see the play. The best Italian singers too are to be found in London: having made their *début* and acquired a reputation in their own country, they are persuaded by extravagant English prices to warble the sweet notes of their native tongue amidst fen-fogs and smoke of sea coal.

There is also at Milan a theatre called *Del Re*, of what King I know not: it is not unmanageably vast, and dramatic pieces are represented there.

This plan of assembling the society of the town in one vast inclosure, and there shutting them up in pigeon-holes raised tier above tier against the walls, supplying them with an excuse for meeting there by making people dance and sing before them on a floor called

the stage, while the little doors in the narrow passage behind are perpetually opening and shutting for the reception and dismissal of visitors: all this may be a commodious plan, but does not bespeak much love of the drama. Though music may be heard, a tragedy or comedy could not be seen; nay, the human voice, unaided by an exaltation into musical notes, could not be heard in these boxes, not improperly so called, of which one-eighth part only is open in front—nay, not an eighth, since the depth is greater than the width.

Theatres thus constructed are not fit Temples of the comic or tragic muse; they are sets of boudoirs only, to which the mistress of the box invites her female friends, and treats them with the song of the *prima donna*, and the sight of the ballet instead of cakes and ices, while her male acquaintance are supremely happy in the opportunity of paying their respects and catching so much of the spectacle as may be seen through an half-inch deal board.

In the box of an Italian at Florence, to which my family was invited, ices were given; but this was a solitary instance, as far as my knowledge reaches, of the introduction of refreshments into an Italian theatre: ordinarily

they sit with all the abstemiousness of the south, without even an orange or a sugar-plum wherewith to resist the approaches of thirst and hunger, although in the obscure retreat of each *loge*, they might satisfy their cravings uncensured because unseen.

In attention to public decorum, our moral and sabbath-keeping nation is much surpassed by those whom it is the fashion of our wise and unprejudiced tourists to represent as abandoned to unprincipled profligacy. Those females who in England have a denomination from the streets, in which on the Continent they do *not* walk,—who ought never to be seen but by those who wilfully seek them at their own homes, are carefully excluded, not only from the interior, but from the precincts and avenues of an Italian theatre. Mr. Peters, the painter, who studied in Italy that art, for his proficiency in which he was *analogously* rewarded by a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Lincoln,—Peters, indeed, told me that a lady at Venice, behind whom he was seated in her box at the theatre, expressed great indignation at the appearance in the box opposite of a woman of bad repute. Peters endeavoured to sooth her anger by representing to her, more like a man of gallantry than a divine,

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which it is to be supposed he yet was not, "*le signore Veneziane non sono crudele.*"* The lady replied with more ingenuity than reserve, "*noi siamo dilettanti, ella è professore.*" *

I shall be reproached for blaming my brother tourists for asserting a profligacy of manners which this Venetian lady admits to exist. Notwithstanding her authority, I may hereafter return to this subject. I have brought forward the story in proof of the rarity of that occurrence which excited her surprise. Would it were as rare in our metropolis!

The Beira, formerly the Jesuits' college of Milan, is now the *locale* of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. I went with my family and met two Englishmen at the door, one of whom spoke Italian very well, and by his communication with a little boy who came out to speak to us, we learned that we had arrived during the two hours allotted to the dinner and afternoon nap of the *custode*. The British Museum is shut up during two months of the summer. Westminster Abbey cannot be seen on a Sunday—its curiosities, I mean —because on that day no money is taken: if you go to see any church during divine

* "The Venetian ladies are not cruel." "We are dilettanti—she is a professor."

service, you are forbidden to walk about: if at any other time, the church is locked up, and you have to hunt for the sexton. We therefore, belonging to a nation which thus treats both natives and foreigners, had no right to complain any more than of custom-house vexations.

This practice of taking repose after mid-day is moreover so common in Italy, that in some instances at Florence, and very generally at Naples, we could not gain admission even into the shops during the hours of the *siesta*. The duration of the nap I found also to be proportioned to the heat of the climate; it lasted longer at Naples than at Florence. The *siesta* is not resorted to in winter time, so that at Rome we were not incommoded by it. The practice is not a proof of slothfulness: the labouring part of the Italian people, all whose amusements do not trench upon the night, rise early and redeem in the morning what they take from the mid-day.

The rooms of the Beira are sufficiently splendid, containing a large collection of paintings, many of them the works of the first masters. There is also a superb collection of engravings. All scientific and literary institutions, all academies for the encouragement of the fine arts, ought to avail themselves to

the utmost of this excellent, and, comparatively, cheap and easy method of conveying instruction, and of placing before the eye all, except colour, that the eye can judge of. A valuable assortment of modern books is supplemental to the antient treasures accumulated at the celebrated Ambrosian library, founded by the Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, cousin of the Saint, and deriving its name from the courageous, the orthodox, and pious Ambrose, doctor of the church; and, when Archbishop of Milan, inflexibly opposed to the tyranny of sovereigns and the perversity of heretics; a man whose virtues and talents excited the admiration of that luminary of his own and succeeding ages, Augustin, even before his conversion, while yet immersed in false opinions and dissipation, and a vicious course of life, before he had heard "*tolle lege.*" Both he and St. Ambrose are Anglican saints, and this short eulogy on them will, no doubt, be well received by our compatriots.

In a large hall, forming part of the building in which is the library, are to be seen many curious objects. Among the paintings, is the cartoon of the school of Athens. I was surprised to find the library *proper*, or room in which are the books, so small. There are,

however, some smaller rooms, as *auctuaria*, and many scarce and valuable books are contained in it, besides a treasure of 14,000 manuscripts.

Of these MSS. some were discovered by Professor Mai, to bear upon them, besides the writing which obviously met the eye on the surface of the parchment, a still more ancient character. He has published a very well arranged work, in which are given, not only the substance of what he had then deciphered, but fac-similes of the first characters, and of the more modern writing inscribed upon them in their actual position. The nature of the professor's discovery, and of the labour to which he submitted himself, in order to profit by it, will be readily apprehended by all who have had the happiness of reading a lady's letter written across; a device resorted to in our days, on account of the high rate of postage, (for I abhor the vulgar notion of imputing it to female loquacity,) as in former ages it was suggested by the dearness of parchment.

We must forgive the monks for what they have destroyed, in consideration of what they have preserved. What is now to be regretted, for the past is past all cure, is, that the search seems to be abandoned. Other libraries, besides the Ambrosian, probably contain manu-

scripts that have been abused in a similar manner. Yet the literary world rests contented with a correspondence between a tutor and his Imperial pupil, which does not seem to be read with much avidity. Perhaps even the decades of Livy would be neglected if recovered.

In the manner of Burke it may be said, that the age of Greek and Latin is gone; that of reviews, magazines, and newspapers has succeeded, and the dominion of pedagogues is subverted for ever. So let it be: let Lancaster and Hamilton be the instructors of youth, and let there be an end of misery too long inflicted. The remembrance of his sufferings at school repelled Lord Byron from ever after reading Horace.

There are no Roman antiquities of the ancient Mediolanum: the city has been destroyed by war, and the plough has passed over its foundations: that it should have arisen in undiminished splendour from its ruined state, bespeaks the advantages of its situation and the fertility of its territory. The most ancient structure in Milan is what remains of a palace of its Gothic kings. I knew I should find at Rome the Flavian amphitheatre and triumphal arches; but I expected nothing of the kind at

Milan, having read no modern tours, but one volume of a work, which having been forbidden by the government, had been smuggled into Nice, in the pocket of a traveller. Yet at Milan is an amphitheatre larger than the Coliseum, and a triumphal arch, certainly the most beautiful in the world when it shall be completed. It will be completed: a jealous feeling that these works are the result of French dominion, will not induce the Austrian government to lead the people to regret that very dominion. The arch is in part finished: it is built up to the spring of its curve, with its fine bas-reliefs of white marble: the blocks hewn for what remains to be done lie near; the roses nicely sculptured in white marble for its inside, and two horses of ten feet in height, to stand one on each side, are all prepared: the work is suspended, but soon all will be in its place, and the people of Milan will be gratified.

The arena, for that is the modest name of the amphitheatre, has twice been used for the exhibition of grand fêtes: once on occasion of the marriage of Napoleon, and since under the Austrians. Fêtes for the amusement of between thirty and forty thousand people, for this amphitheatre can contain so many, placed

around an area larger than that of the Coliseum, are expensive things, and cannot be expected to be given frequently. The seats are of turf; it was intended that they should be of marble; this part of the original plan may be omitted without inconvenience. The Romans, indeed, required solid seats in their amphitheatres, as they sat in them so long and so frequently; but turf may suffice for occasional assemblies. The place is well adapted for shows, for military exercises, fireworks, or races of horses: I do not say *horse-races*, that would mean races of horses rode by jockies, which require a greater measure of space. The area may also be covered with water, in eight minutes time, to a sufficient depth for boat-races, or even for the exhibition of the more classical and dignified naumachia. There is a little palace near the entrance, with *salons* for the reception of the exalted personages who may honour these sports by their presence.

The arena is not far distant from the arch, at about half a mile from Milan. Napoleon purposed to make his road from the Simplon pass under his arch of triumph, and thence to be conducted through a projected street to the place in front of the Dome.

The celebrated "Last Supper" of Leonardo

da Vinci is one of those productions of the imitative art of painting which are studied by the connoisseur and felt by the man of common observation who, though ignorant of the rules of the art, can judge of the design of a picture and of its effect. By the sentiment of the common observer, the merit of a picture, as of a poem, is to be definitively judged—whether one or the other has produced that result which it is the end of the rules of art to attain. Thus, then, I presume to say, ought the Saviour to have borne himself, while bequeathing his precious legacy to the world; with such expression ought the disciples to have received the mysterious bequest. All is natural and easy: the sublime charity of our blessed Lord; the humble gratitude and admiration of his followers, varied in their several countenances, yet uniting to form a scene of love and peace and joy. Here is no effort, no blaze or affectation; all is simplicity and repose. I will add, that the view of the landscape through the window of the "upper chamber" gives to this picture an air of truth, and a charm of variety, that make it superior to any other equally well executed, if any such there be on the same subject, where the good taste of the painter has not suggested this

pleasing feature. Time is fast doing its ravages on this work; the colours are more than mellowed, they are fading; let no profane hand retouch it.

Some marks of bullets are seen above the heads of the personages represented. The French reproach the Austrians, and the Austrians retort on the French the charge of this outrage. The refectory of the convent was used at times, during the war, as a guard-house. It is happy that no greater damage was done; but what was done is too much. Had Francis the First cut away the portion of wall on which is the picture, and conveyed it to Paris, would it have been safe from all harm? Fanaticism and violence appear in all climes and ages.

The last day of our stay at Milan was passed in a course to be recommended to those who visit this city, as enabling them, besides seeing the objects of their curiosity at the time, to form an idea of its extent and grandeur. We went to the church of St. Ambrose, where is the episcopal chair of that undaunted prelate, and his history carved on the doors of cypress wood: to the church of St. Alessandro, where is a highly-ornamented dome of bad effect: to

the church of St. Lorenzo, where is a row of columns, said to be the remains of a temple of Bacchus: to that of St. Victor, and others worthy of being visited.

We returned to our inn, situated most conveniently for the purposes of the Milan commission, opposite the Albergo Reale, in which Queen Caroline lived at the time. The brother of Majochi, a baker, supplied bread to the house; he himself had taken up the employment of vetturino. A waiter in our inn said, that at the time when the enquiries were carried on, he could have settled the question, as he knew more of the business than any one. While it was the subject of every one's conversation, in spite of every one's good taste, an anecdote was related to me by a general officer, bearing with it some palliative of the conduct of one of the parties alluded to; the lady took from her neck a gold chain and threw it over the shoulders of the other person most concerned; he returned it, saying, "*Madame, je vous la rends, puisque vous l'avez porte vous-même.*"*

I heard at Milan much complain' of decrees

* Madam, I return it to you, as you have worn it yourself.

and ordinances prohibiting or rendering difficult the introduction of foreign merchandize: consequent, it was said, upon the commercial principles adopted by the Emperor himself. He may be pardoned, since the parliament of England, in very late days, laid a heavy duty on Norway deals, not foreseeing that the Birmingham cutlers would soon complain that the Norwegians no longer bought goods for which they had no means of payment. Whatever is imported from abroad, into whatever country, secures a corresponding export; importation, therefore, so far from injuring, in fact encourages the sale of the produce of the importing country. Nothing is brought from abroad that can be had better at home; the state acts unjustly when it insists on its subjects making bad bargains with each other. Nothing will be sent abroad that can be sold for a better price at home; yet in England are very severe regulations to hinder any one from sending wool abroad to sell it at a great loss; and England is the wisest nation in the world, except the French, who are trying to be their own razor-makers; by which they will lose the sale of those products of their soils and industry, which we could pay for with our cutlery.

CHAPTER V.

Melchior the coachman, and his namesake.—Amount of coach-hire for the family, per day.—A breakfast near Lodi.—Use of tea.—Custom in Italy and Germany, of addressing individuals in the third person.—Journey resumed.—Bridge of boats across the Pô.—Piacenza.—Advantages and disadvantages of "thinking for yourself" in travelling.—Italian currency and method of calculation.—Borgo San Domnino.—Arrival at Parma.—Blind musicians.—Modena: assassination of one of the chiefs of the tribunal.—Day at Bologna; its Academy and picture-galleries.—Coin stamped with the figures of the Saints.—Pillars of Bologna.—Hindrances to the union of Italy.—Bad Italian spoken at Bologna.—Ascent of the Apennines. Halt at a cabaret.—English travellers.—Conigliano and Tagliaferro.—Wine-flasks.—View of Florence and the surrounding scenery.—Inn of the Four Nations.—Estimate of travelling expenses from Nice to Florence

I PROCURED a very good and roomy berline with three horses, and a civil attentive coachman, who boasted much of his name of Melchior; averring it to be the name of one of the

three Magi, or Kings, who came to worship at Bethlehem; the name of the second, he said, was Balthazar; of the third ——; but as that honourable ancient Briton, Llewellen, forgets the name of the river that runs through the town in which Alexander the *pig* was born, I hope to be pardoned for forgetting the name of the third king of Cologne. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have sought for it in the few books which my wandering life has permitted me to retain, but have not found it: I believe, however, it was Gaspar. Butler tells, in his Lives of the Saints, how the bodies of these wise men, which had been brought from the East to Constantinople, and thence transported to Milan, were, in the twelfth century, carried off to Cologne by Frederic Barbarossa, just as in the eighteenth the statues of Italy were sent to Paris by Bonaparte. The right was the same, the right of conquest; but the lapse of six hundred years had produced some change in the taste of men, the love of plunder being still the same.

The usual price, I do not say demanded, but accepted by a *voiturier*, is about two guineas a-day. I purposed to stay one day at Parma, and another at Bologna; for these days of rest, a separate price was agreed on, about

sixteen shillings. I made Melchior observe that my journeys on each day were very short, but that he was not to travel the slower on that account: he promised that he would, for this reason, even push on the faster, and, what is still more strange, he kept his word. I have said the carriage was spacious, and my son, preferring the cabriolet, left it still more so: there was a sixth place vacant, which, from the heat of the weather, was filled by cast-off hats, shawls, and gloves, thrown upon the already accumulated books, biscuits, and sugar-plums. The plains of Lombardy and the Apennines were before, and Florence was the wished-for town.

The difficulty of conveying engravings through the Lombardo-Veneto kingdom was explained to Melchior, and the yellow thread by which suspicion had appended the seal to the mischievous casket was shown to him: he regarded it with due awe, and at least to save the trouble of an interview with the *doganieri* of Lodi, he proposed that we should not enter that town, but take our mid-day meal at a large inn at some distance with out the walls.

Even in Lodi, an English breakfast would have been hardly intelligible: at this inn it

was incomprehensible. If we had asked for a *fricandeau* and *vin du pays*, all would have been well: but we wanted water—boiling water to make tea withal: they brought it up in a large soup tureen. We wished to eat some eggs; now the Italians never eat eggs: *mangiar un uovo* is bad Italian; *bever un uovo** is the phrase: accordingly, they merely heat them through, and serve them in as liquid a state as that in which the hen had left them. Let me not be understood to deny that they use hard eggs for sallads and other dishes, or that they may not have as many modes of dressing eggs as Bob Fudge reports to the honour of the Parisians: eggs, *à la coque*, to be taken alone, are here spoken of.

We put our eggs into the tureen, and I went into the kitchen to point out some vessel that might serve the use of a tea-kettle, a machine for which the Italians had not yet invented a name. A lady at Rome calling upon us during tea-time, was invited to take some; she declined; "*Grazie; non sono ammalata.*"† A Roman matron drinking tea, presents an incongruous idea to those who have not visited modern Rome; but custom is every thing.

* To eat an egg—to drink an egg. † Thank you; I am not ill.

I was looking about, in the yard of the inn, for my son, to propose to him a walk to the bridge of Lodi, when a stable-boy saw me, and asked, "*Cosa cerca?*" I told him. "*Il signor suo figlio?*"* said he. There is something very flattering in being thus addressed in the third person; at least, so it is felt when heard for the first time. The Germans improve on the adulatory practice, both of Italy and other countries, by combining the use of the third person with the plural number. "How do they find themselves?" meaning, "How dost thou do."

My son and I set out, but the heat and reflected light of the sun's rays on the white road made us recollect that we should see no remains of the carnage at Lodi, and that a bridge was only a road raised on one or more arches over a river; that as the French and Austrians were now in the shade, we had better be so too. The scene of a battle is worth nothing but for its associations.

We resumed our journey. The Pô was to be passed by a bridge of boats. This sort of bridge is adapted to the mean breadth of the river. When the water is high, the bridge is too short: when the stream is low, the ends of

* What is he, (*i. e.* you) looking for? The Signor, his son?

the bridge, unsupported by water, present some little embarrassment; the bridge is safe to those who are upon it. The Pô did not look so magnificent here as at Turin; its bed was broader, but a wide waste of white stones covered half the space between its banks.

Piacenza is a fine ancient town, but has the air of being deserted. One of my daughters feeling herself unwell, we stopped here one day, to be redeemed by not passing a day at Parma. We passed the morning of that day in visiting churches, and the evening in walking on the fortifications commanding a view of the Pô and the plain.

In this journey, as in that from Avignon to Nice, I "thought for myself"—a phrase which the untravelled and unpractised cannot understand: it means, ordering and paying for your own accommodation and food at the inns, instead of agreeing with the *voiturier* for a certain sum to "think for you." I have tried both plans, and really do not find much reason for recommending the one in preference to the other, so learned are the *voituriers* in the art of thinking, and so accustomed are the innkeepers to *thoughtless* travellers. I fancied, however, that, by a parity of reasoning in other cases, they

would think less of me if I could not think for myself, and indeed the innkeepers seldom show themselves to those who are thought for by the *voiturier*, having nothing to settle with them: the servants only appear, to earn a gratuity by their attentions. At Piacenza, and there only between Nice and Florence, I found some difficulty in settling with my host in Louis d'or; in all other places, French money as well as French words passed current: he saw, however, that what glittered was really gold; and he made a calculation by which he was *at least* saved harmless. The calculation by *lire, soldi, denari*, prevails over northern and middle Italy; and they who have learned the *l. s. d.* of the English pence-table will find their lesson applicable; the only difference is, that the penny has disappeared by minute division and depreciation; three of them are put together in that pretty Italian coin called a *quattrino* from being the fourth of a *soldo*; yet even to this little sum, their pretty language allows them to apply a diminutive by calling it a *quattrinello*. It is indeed quite a pet coin; it stands for money in general; he who means to say he has no money, says he has no *quattrini*. In one of Goldoni's dramas, one of the persons

is asked, "Have you any friends at Florence?" He answers, "Yes."—"Whom, if you please?" "*I miei quattrini.*"

We came to Borgo San Domnino. In the persecution of Dioclesian, Domninus fled from Milan; availing himself of the evangelical permission, "When they persecute you in one city, flee to another." He was overtaken and beheaded on this spot. It was pleasing to see with what veneration the people regarded the tomb of the martyr: the church was opposite to our inn; the architecture resembles Saxon very much.

We arrived early at Parma: that we might see as much of the town as possible, and lose no time in inquiring our way from place to place, we sent for a *valet de place:* we waited for him half an hour, and he made us lose another half hour by taking us to, what he must have known was shut at that time of the evening, the palace of the Archduchess and the gallery of paintings. We passed by the public walks; we visited the cathedral; it is very grand, but the closing day prevented its being seen by us in any detail of examination. The Baptistery, of the tenth century, is a cylinder, showing, on the outside, a lofty tower: the effect within is surprising, but not pleasing.

Our return to the inn was waited for by some blind musicians, about half a dozen, well dressed, and of good manners, and good performers; they were thankful for a small gratuity, and still more pleased when requested to play, a second time, one of the tunes they had given us. It is usual in Italy, as at the Blind Asylum at Liverpool, to teach music to the blind as a means both of consolation and support of life. We had afterwards a concert of the same sort at Bologna.

The Parmegians seemed proud of having the widow of Napoleon for their sovereign, and to be more contented than their neighbours to the north and south.

I arrived at Modena not many days after the assassination of one of the chiefs of the tribunal, who had been stabbed in the day-time at his own door as he was entering the house: many arrests had taken place in consequence, and my informant opined that the government would find it prudent to imprison every honest man in Modena. I have heard of a madman, who accounted for the durance in which himself and his companions were detained, by affirming that the madmen were the great majority, and, that they might have the world to themselves, they had overpowered the few wise men, and

shut them up in confinement. Far be it from me to draw any conclusion unfavourable to my Modenese patriot. Oppression makes madmen both of the oppressed and the oppressor.

We left Parma late in the evening, that we might see something more of a city which may rank among the finest in Italy. In consequence, I saw Modena only by moonlight, but it was an Italian moonlight. A young man on the point of setting out for the West Indies, by way of beginning his astronomical studies, asked if it was the same moon in Jamaica as in England. I am sure he would not have believed that it is the same moon in England and in Italy: the Italian moon is more spherical and brighter, and much smaller and nearer; so that I saw Modena to great advantage, and am qualified to determine that it is a very pretty, clean, airy, well-built town. Deny it who will.

We passed a whole day very agreeably at Bologna: it is rich in pictures both of its own and other schools. Fourscore of these pictures had made the journey to Paris—a sure proof of their merit. At the Academia delle Belle Arti is a collection which has its superior perhaps only at Florence. We saw also four private galleries, any one of which might be the pride and ornament of a great city. It

was the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, by Raphael, that drew from Correggio the exclamation, "*ed io anche sono pittore.*" There is a picture by this master, in a private gallery, which I gazed at with delight and quitted unwillingly, representing the ascension of Christ; it is a blaze of glory.

Here are many very fine paintings by Guido Reni. The Bolognese school appears in the splendour to which it is entitled. But to those who shall not go to Bologna, a description of the pictures it contains would be tedious; those who shall go there will judge for themselves. For the religious and political opinions of our celebrated female Tourist in Italy, one ought to have that respect which is due to a Lady, when she writes on what she does not understand: but I had so much deference for her taste in the fine arts, as to pay especial attention to a picture by Guercino, of which she speaks with rapture, of the sending away of Agar. If Abraham had a wig on instead of a turban, he might be a justice of the peace committing a frail female to the house of correction: he looks severe; this is not the expression required by the story. Ishmael, too, at fourteen years of age, might show some sense of his own situation, instead of thrusting his

fists into his eyes like a great lubberly boy. The precedent of veiling the face of Agamemnon has been too often followed by lazy artists.

Bologna is a fine old town: most of the streets have arcades, or what are improperly called piazzas, on both sides—a shelter in this climate rather from the sun than from the rain, but in all cases a most useful and agreeable arrangement, which would be oftener followed, but for the difficulty of reconciling the interest of the proprietors of the houses and that of the public. In the grand piazza, or square, are seen the admirable statues in bronze, by John of Bologna, which adorn the fountain. The cathedral is under the invocation of St. Petronius, patron of the city; he is in great veneration. I have seen money bearing his *effigies*. It is not uncommon in Italy to stamp current coin with the figures of saints: but, besides St. Petronius, I have met only with those of the Blessed Virgin, Sts. Peter and Paul, St. Andrew, and at Genoa, St. John the Baptist. The cathedral, and other churches which we saw, are worthy of the town. I spare the description of them.

The two towers or pillars of Bologna, one of which is so very tall, and the other stands

awry, though remarked by every one, are remarkable only from their awkward look. They are of brick, and were they near a malt-kiln, or a smithy, they would not seem out of their places. It is, perhaps, more to be wondered at, that the inclined tower of Bologna does not fall, than that the tower of Pisa yet stands, being of larger bulk, of a circular form, and built of stone, all contributing to greater stability.

Among the many hindrances to the union of Italy, under a national government, is the jealousy of its great cities: no one of them would willingly abandon the prerogative of being the capital of a petty sovereignty. Bologna is in the very centre of the peninsula, and on that side of the Apennines on which lies its main extent of territory, and its ready communication with foreign nations. The other cities might more easily yield the superiority to one which, though important, may be ranked as of the second order. This dread of the falling off of a great town by the removal of the seat of government, its natural advantages remaining, is moreover chimerical. We all remember the reply of the merchant of London to a threat of this sort, on the part of James II., "Will his Majesty take the

Thames with him?" Should New Madrid become the capital of the United States—I love to anticipate the future glory of the great Anglo-American nation—Washington, so well chosen is its situation, would still be flourishing. The opposers of the Irish union told that unhappy people that they would, as a consequence of the measure, see the national colour in the streets of Dublin. The reverse of the prophecy is true: we do indeed keep a Viceroy on purpose to prevent the grass from growing in the streets of Dublin. This is unnecessary at Edinburgh.

They talk an excessively bad Italian at Bologna: the speeches of a national assembly would correct this failing, and we should soon see the *lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*—a phrase I the rather quote, because it is always set down incorrectly; the purest Italian and its best pronunciation pervade united Italy. "'Tis of such stuff our dreams are made of."

We had travelled for so many days over the monotonous luxuriance of the plain, that we were pleased to find ourselves, immediately on leaving Bologna, ascending the Apennines. These are the children of the Alps, smiling and gentle and happy, as children should

be; they are cultivated to the very summits, in this tract of them, at least; and, running lengthways between the two seas, "*mare quod supra, quodque alluit infra,*" present to the view, stretching to right and left, a series of valleys watered by the many streams which here begin their course towards these seas: the region is well wooded also, and I was convinced it is not necessary to have read Homer, nor to call him to mind at the time, to feel the poetic delight with which he dedicated πολυπιδακος Ιδης or his more sonorous Νηριτον ειναοσιφυλλον. Such is the general appearance of the Apennines; such I saw them here, and in the passage from Genoa to the plain of Piemont, and in my journey to Vallambrosa. Some portions of them, however, rise in savage and rugged sterility.

We stopped for our mid-day rest on the top of one of the highest ridges of our traverse, at a miserable cabaret; no better could be expected. The means of making a meal were wanting, but wine, unadulterated except by being weak and sour,—and bread, unblanched by baker's art, were to be had; our voiture supplied the rest. For want of an easy-chair, or, indeed, any chair at all,—for there were only benches,—I went to repose myself, *allongé*, on a bed in the next room. One of the English

prejudices is, that every other people is dirty; here, under most unfavourable circumstances, I saw the coarsest sheets perfectly clean. The beds, (there were several in the room,) were all, in the housewife's phrase, turned down, waiting for their tenants, with whom it is not unusual fairly to go to bed during the heat of the day. I will describe no more cabarets; this may suffice for half a dozen such that will occur to every one on his tour through Italy.

We met several English companies bound on their northward flight, and at Conigliano, where we stopped in the evening, there were three parties of us. This is a decent half-way-house; food was in plenty, and the first arrived were not ill-lodged; *our* beds were hard; but, as a punster once told me in such a case, it would have been harder to have had none, so we acquiesced in the excuses of our hostess.

Tagliaferro, the place of our next noon-tide rest, was at the bottom of a valley; the sequestered situation of the house and the good-natured attentions of its inhabitants pleased me much; we pleased them in our turn. The maid of the inn was very anxious to go with us to Florence, "*per servir le signorine*," to wait upon the young ladies, and to buy some shoes, which the *signorine*, refusing her ser-

vices, promised to bring her on their return. To hear this pretty language spoken has all the charm of music. They brought us wine in a large flask, containing about three quarts, with a neck so long and slender that I wondered how, when lifted up, it supported the weight of its round belly. In such flasks, wine is kept; the flask being filled up to the neck, a small quantity of oil is poured in, which completely prevents all communication with the air; when the wine is wanted, a little bit of tow is inserted to draw off the oil by capillary attraction.

We were now on the Tuscan side of the ridge, and found again the olive-tree, which we had not seen since we left Giandola. We passed by Pratolino, a large country palace belonging to the Grand-duke, adorned by the labours of John of Bologna. At length we arrived at the last ridge, from which we looked down upon a beautiful scenery, olive groves, lofty cypresses, ornamented villas, and Florence.

We stopped at an ugly triumphal arch, which, luckily for the epithet, "*la bella*," is without the gate. We caught a glimpse of the Duomo in passing, and were contented in the

assurance of future opportunities of lengthened visits.

We arrived at our inn, the *Quatre Nations*—what four nations, unless all its customers be of one of the four, I know not. The Ponte della Trinità, the most gracefully curved bridge in the world, the Arno, and an Italian sunset, on the first of June, filled us with pleasing anticipation.

Pounds, shillings, and pence, are important to all but those who have too much money, or none at all; my readers are of neither of these classes: it may be of use, therefore, to state that I find in an old pocket-book, a note of the expense of this journey from Nice to Florence, which amounted to the sum of 2161 francs, or about 90*l.* sterling, as English money is called abroad: in this charge is included the hire of berlines, and our stay at Turin and Milan. The whole time was twenty-six days: we arrived on the twenty-seventh. Sixteen days we had passed at inns, and eleven days in travelling. Our expenses, therefore, for eight persons, were something less than three pounds a-day.

The carriage was, as I have stated, a little more than two additional pounds a-day. We

travelled short days' journeys, as so much was to be seen on the road, and by no means repented having foregone a voyage by sea.

CHAPTER VI.

Plan of proceeding southwards.—Climate of Florence.—Allusion to the death of the Author's eldest son.—Hire of Apartments.—Description of those engaged by the Author.—Magnificent effect of the Piazza del Gran Duca.—Venus de Medicis, and Venus of Canova.—Statues of the Tribune.—The Hall of Niobe.—Paintings of the Tribune.—English School of Art.—Want of attraction in England for foreign Visitors.—Further description of the Pictures, Bronzes, Mosaics, and other works of art in the Tribune.—Gallery of Florence.—Palazzo Pitti.—Country Palace of the Grand Duke.—Accademia delle Belle Arti.—Paintings in the Churches and in private Collections.—Via de' Calzajoli.—Duomo, or Cathedral of Florence.—Miracle of Saint Zenobio.—The Annunziata.—Picture of the Blessed Virgin.—Church of Santa Croce.—Church of San Lorenzo and Capello de' Medici.—Other churches of Florence.

My plan of proceeding southwards, at the beginning of the summer, had been censured, as contrary to the reason of the thing, and to the practice of my countrymen. Switzerland,

or a journey to the Italian lakes, and some stay in their neighbourhood, had been recommended in preference; and I should have preferred it, but that I could not wander and loiter in an unsettled state, with my family, during the summer months.

Of the climate of Florence, it is said, that one should never leave it in summer, nor go to it in winter. On this proverb I will remark, that Florence lies very low; so low, that parts of it are sometimes overflowed by the Arno, and that it is almost surrounded by mountains, insomuch that it is difficult to perceive where the Arno has its exit and its entrance into the valley. The heat is therefore excessive during the summer, and the rains of winter most heavy and abundant. With the intention of passing a whole year or more at Florence, it was indifferent in what month that year should begin. I did not wish the education of my children to stand still.

He, for whom, in the first place, this Italian journey and residence had been projected, was no longer with us. Every striking object, whether of art or nature, that we met with on our route, recalled him to our minds, and excited our regret that he did not partake of our enjoyment. Even the assurance that had

been vouchsafed to us of his beatitude, could not entirely repress this natural feeling. In truth, an early death, considered apart from other circumstances, is a misfortune; an evil, in that it is early. Would any man tell a parent that it would be better that his living son should die young? Had the life of Henry Kenelm been prolonged to the term usually granted to man, would not his merit, the same disposition of soul continuing, have been greater? and if his merit, his reward also. But let me forbear to search into the inscrutable ways of Providence. The great First and Last disposes of all things in time that they may be, in his wise order, according to his foreknowledge, resolved into eternity. He gives his talents, the means of serving him, in number as seemeth good to him, and rewards his servants according to the use made of them.

My first care was to look out for an apartment or house. I took a *valet de place*, and went out at seven in the morning; at ten, the heat would have been intolerable. After two or three days' search, I found almost all the lodgings were too small: all had their *salon* and *salle-à-manger*, but few had a sufficient number of bed-rooms. I found that the letters of these

lodgings did not well know what price to ask: as the English generally gave what was demanded, the demand of every year had risen upon that of the preceding one, so that within the last four years the price of lodgings had been doubled. There was, too, at this time, a pretty generally credited report, that the Congress, held during the ensuing winter at Verona, was to be held at Florence: this circumstance, and the extravagant hopes it excited in owners of lodgings, made them more inflexible. I was aware of the inconvenience of being on the left bank of the Arno, which, though the Grand-duke's palace is there, is but a large suburb: on the right bank, there was no house and but two apartments that would suit me. The owner of one of these refused any abatement, on account of my proposal for a whole year, and my supplying my own plate and household linen: the other had been occupied for six months by a distinguished family from North Britain, at a rent of forty sequins a-month. After the usual debate, I obtained this at thirty sequins, or a little more than 160*l* for the year.

It was situated in the Palazzo Nicolini, *Via de' Servi*, the street that leads from the Duomo to the square of the Annunziata, so called from

the order of Serviles, to whom that convent belongs. It consisted of a lofty entrance-room forty feet square, furnished as a servants' hall; a beautiful gallery sixty feet long, two vast chambers lighted from this gallery, and that there might be enough of useless space, three handsome rooms, almost without furniture, on the ground-floor. The habitable part was a large dining-room, two sitting-rooms, a bed-room and cabinet; over these, four bed-rooms, and, beyond the dining-room, a very pretty separate apartment for a single man, of a sitting-room and chamber. Besides these, a kitchen apart up-stairs, a large laundry with presses, and other servants' rooms. Such details as these are not usual in "tours," but my book relates not a tour, but a family residence, and my reader will acquiesce in this interior view of our domicile.

I required a stove to be put in the *salle-à-manger;* this was done. "After all," said the *maestro di casa,* or house-steward, the man of affairs in this business, "you will be obliged in winter to give up the dining-room to your servants, and dine in one of your sitting-rooms, as the Cavaliere did who preceded you; for the Devil himself could not stay in the great hall in winter-time."

Sir Isaac Newton made a ball of iron of two inches diameter, and heated it red-hot, and from the time it took in cooling, calculated how long a certain comet, ignited by the sun, would require to part from the heat acquired in its perihelion. I presume the *maestro di casa* took into account the warmth his Satanic majesty would bring with him from his usual abode, and allowed for his gradual refrigeration accordingly. Sir Isaac supposes, rather gratuitously, that a comet and a ball of iron are conductors of heat of the same sort. In what degree this quality appertains to the Devil, may be left to the speculation of the Tuscan philosopher, Major-domo, of the Palazzo Nicolini, a very clever diplomatist, a man who wanted nothing but rank and education to make him a more able minister of state than many who govern the world with so little wisdom.

The furniture of this apartment was shabby in the extreme: such was the case with almost all the lodgings prepared for foreigners at Florence: they seemed to be furnished in contempt of the lodgers; excepting the beds, which were good, and some superb consols of verd-antique marble, the whole of the furniture of this quarter of the palace might have been bought by one month's rent. I have

been told at Bath, "Sir, this is not good furniture, but it is good lodging-house furniture:" but such was not the case here; it was not merely relatively, but absolutely mean. While waiting for the washing of coarse curtains, and the varnishing and glueing of cracked chairs and tables, we were permitted to occupy, without any increase of price, the largest *salon*, and a handsome one it is, of the *Hotel des Quatre Nations:* the master of the inn knew by his list that all who had gone southwards were returned and passed away to the north, and, besides the pleasure of being civil to us, he had the advantage that the windows of his grand *salon* were seen on the *Lung'arno* to be every evening lighted by our *bougies*. A due regard for my reputation for fidelity in matters of importance, makes it incumbent on me to add, that this lodging in my palace, and probably others in Florence, have since been furnished in a style better proportioned to the price demanded for them.

Mean time, my heavy luggage had arrived by sea from Nice, and by the Arno from Leghorn to Florence. By the help of my banker, it was taken from the custom-house to the inn to be examined, an indulgence similar to the "*lascia passare*" at Rome, which, however, is

there never granted for goods landed at the *Dogana di Marc.* The examination was not vexatious, and the fees were not excessive. The whole, with the freight from Nice, was about four pounds.

I went into my lodging on the 20th of June, and was to have it for "*tutto il giorno*" the whole of the day of the 19th of the next year, that is, I was to quit it before midnight; an ingenious mode of reducing a year to three hundred and sixty-four nights. It was a delicious summer residence: its situation between two gardens, the odour of the orange-trees while in blossom, the superbly painted gallery, and the cool rooms on the ground-floor, all was delightful: but from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, not a ray of sunshine descended into the smaller garden, of which we had the *jouissance;* and in winter, all but our long strip of rooms on the south-west breathed chilliness, and threatened agues. In English habitations, we can calculate on winter for the whole year, and can endure our summer heat with very little more of management than the simple precaution of not lighting a coal-fire, and arranging the poker, tongs, and fire-shovel, at an angle of seventy-five degrees, against the bars of the grate; but in Italy, it is most dif-

ficult to combine in one dwelling what the two seasons so pronounced, so strongly contrasted, require for the appropriate accommodation of each in its turn.

Let an Englishman walk into the great square, the Piazza del Gran Duca at Florence, he will be immediately struck with the conviction that he is in a town of a character at once novel, foreign, and magnificent. The colossal statues, the fountains, the arcades under the public buildings, and that frowning fortress of the middle ages, the Palazzo Vecchio, occupying a canton of the square, all is at once strange and imposing. His curiosity prompts him to mount the staircase of the gallery. What a sight to him, who has not yet seen Rome, is this staircase and the entrance-room! He hastens to the Tribune, and however high his expectation may have been raised, he is not disappointed: he sees the statue of Venus, called de Medicis, the *beau ideal* of human beauty in the fairer sex, modest in nudity, graceful in attitude, and absolute in the perfection of its form.

At the Palazzo Pitti is the rival statue, the Venus of Canova; for however presumptuous the thought, it must have been intended by the artist as a rival statue. It is placed in the cen-

tre of a very pretty octagon room, the right sides of which are four windows and four mirrors. The sculpture of this statue is perfect, at least I have not the skill to find a fault in it; but though in an attitude of shrinking from the view and gathering up some drapery, it is the more naked statue of the two. The nakedness of the Medicean Venus is that of Eve before the fall, that of the Venus of Canova is Eve after the fall, when she knew that she was naked and hid herself.

The other statues or groups of the Tribune are exquisite. I know of nothing but the Laocoon and Dying Gladiator that can be preferred to them. I admire the little Apollo more than the Apollo of Belvedere; but I was most pleased with the statue of the slave whetting his knife, and supposed to be overhearing the conspiracy of Catiline, or of the sons of Brutus: it is nature itself. Harris observes, that painting or sculpture cannot represent motion; here, in the supposed astonishment of the listener, a reason is found for the suspension of all movement, and this consideration will, I think, enter into the satisfaction of him who contemplates this statue, and ratify his admiration.

Of the Hall of Niobe, I observe that the regular arrangement of the statues in their places,

at equal distances round the hall, renders it necessary to look at them as separate statues. The dramatic effect that might have been produced, by grouping them according to the circumstances of the fable, is lost, and it will be felt by the classical visitant as a cause of great disappointment that these statues are in no relation to each other. Yet how the evil was to have been avoided I do not well comprehend; the illusion of fable must be abandoned. When the vindictive children of Latona shot with their arrows the sons and daughters of Niobe, they were not placed on pedestals. The statues are of various degrees of merit, that of Niobe contents both the common observer and the connoisseur.

The gallery is in the form of the Greek Π; the windows of the top of the letter, or the end towards the south, command a view of the Boboli, or Gardens of the Palazzo Pitti, and close below, flows the Arno, the very name of which recalls luxurious and scientific associations. The gallery itself is lined with busts and statues and paintings; at the farther end, is a copy of the Laocoon—it appears somewhat larger than the original; it is well executed, and has the life, if not the soul, of the real one. I know not if I

shall be understood, or, if I understand myself; no uncommon case with connoisseurs.

I have taken the reader from the eastern to the western limb of the gallery, that we might pass from the statues of the Tribune to those of the Hall of Niobe. The *custodi* are at hand, who open the doors of the several rooms on the two sides of the gallery, and explain their contents. This, by an especial order of the government, they do gratuitously, and they do it with all the civility and attention of men expecting a reward. Seats are every where at hand: let any one, even of the robust sex and in good health and strength, pass two or three hours in visiting a museum, and he will be convinced that seats are an accommodation of sufficient importance to excuse the mention of them from the blame of frivolity.

In the Tribune, the Temple of Venus, are some exquisite pictures, that will detain the spectator for some time after he shall have finished paying his homage to the divinity of the place. He then calls for a *custode*, for the Tribune is always open, and is shown into a suite of rooms filled with paintings, arranged according to the different schools. The English school is not there. The Welsh, a brave

and intelligent, and, above all, an ancient people, have produced no poet; this gave occasion to an epigram, which I know not if I can cite correctly, but its sense may be collected from the following:

> Quamvis ap Meredith, quamvis ap Shenkin, ap Owen,
> Nullus in orbe nomen dicit Ap Ollo tuum.

So there is no English school of painting; at least, as yet: it is left for George IV. to accomplish what his father began, after a long night of tasteless Gothicism; a night of more than a century. King Charles I. understood and patronised the fine arts; but the tyranny of Archbishop Laud over men who had as much right as he had to judge for themselves, provoked the civil wars of the puritans. "The church in danger," disturbed the two succeeding reigns of the restored family, and ended in their expulsion; and the glorious deposer of his father-in-law did not bring with him a Dutch painter to console us for the institution of the national debt.

It is to be hoped that even that debt will not hinder George IV. from giving effect to what his good taste and patriotism may suggest for the glory and advantage of the fine arts. To speak a language, moreover, at once

persuasive and intelligible to all, whether amateurs or not, such things pay. Colbert advised Louis XIV. to give a grand fête, insisting that the taxes raised on the money spent by the people on such an occasion would defray the charges. But in the name of good sense and our national reputation, let our collections, made and to be made, be shown to the public with that attention to its convenience which does so much honour to Florence, and in which every people surpasses the English.

Can we wonder that foreigners do not visit England in crowds? It is a country worthy of their curiosity; but they must pass the ordeal of our custom-houses; wine is unattainably dear, malt liquor they would not like even if it were, what it never is but in private houses, unadulterated; our bread is mixed with the powder of ground bones, beans, and allum, and we have no ripe fruit, but baked pears; our churches are locked up six days out of seven; in the greater number of them, indeed, there is nothing to be seen but pews and prayer-books, neither paintings nor architecture; the British Museum is shut up during two summer months; and at all places to which curiosity may attract the foreigner, except the shilling exhibitions and the theatres, he has

something more to do than merely to show his passport and enter. Even the exhibition of the passport is not required at the Florentine gallery. You are civilly requested to deposit at the door your cane or parasol if you carry one, lest in an unguarded moment of enthusiastic admiration you should touch with a hard substance what may by such rude touch be injured, and Venus should lose one of her fingers by a back-hand stroke of a blundering bamboo.

We return through this suite of rooms of the four schools, namely, Italian, French, Flemish and Dutch: again, though all the other sights are yet unseen, we loiter in the Tribune. The painted Venuses of Titian are seen to be conceived in a different spirit from that which imagined the modest and matchless statue. The position of the Wrestlers is so distorted, so uneasy to themselves, that, notwithstanding the anatomical science and the consummate skill with which they are sculptured, the spectator too feels pain; the Listener has a motive for continuing in his posture; but the Wrestlers must wish to be relieved from theirs. Should a statue then, it may be asked, always represent a form in a state of repose? No: the Venus is walking; the Faun, all life and joy, is dancing

with his cymbals, and treading on a musical instrument, the same in principle, though doubtless of greater compass, as the little barking bellows under the dogs and birds which we give to children for playthings. But let a distinction be admitted between attitude and posture: the attitude may be such as the sculptor may choose; no one expects a statue to walk or dance, though represented in the attitude of dancing or walking; the illusion is acquiesced in: but a posture, unless when painful sympathies are intended to be excited, should be such as the object of the statuary's art would have chosen for itself.

A parting look, as we quit the Tribune, at the John Baptist of Raphael, and we follow our *custode*. He takes us to a large room filled with the portraits of eminent painters: Raphael d'Urbino has the place of honour amongst them: he merits this distinction as the most perfect imitator of nature. Yet, though it is not desirable that the art which improves upon nature should appear, it is desirable that nature should be improved upon. I will hazard the avowal, that Carlo Dolce, a painter of the second class, yet in some respects on this account, pleases me more than Raphael: the one satisfies; the other delights:

the one is exact and finished, the other is lovely: one is true to art and nature, the other sometimes snatches a grace beyond the reach of both.

We pass into rooms of vases, bronzes, mosaics, gems, and a variety of objects admirable to the artist and curious to the antiquarian. Baked earth—*terra cotta*—here puts on most precious forms. Our countryman, Wedgwood, has imitated these forms with such delicacy and skill as justifies him in giving to his magnificent works of pottery the ambitious name of Etruria. Among the bronzes it is sufficient to name the Mercury of John of Bologna, to recal to the mind of every one the praise that has been given to this celebrated little statue: it was intended as an ornament for a fountain, and stands on the *breath* of a *zephyr:* this aerial support is perforated, and the spouting water was to have concealed it, so that the god might appear self-balanced. The statue is so perfect that one loses all sense of its merit from the total absence of all appearance of difficulty. I have often experienced this sentiment in contemplating the best works of the first masters: I have forgotten the painter, the sculptor, in the seeming facility of the result of his labour, and have been betrayed, for the moment, into

the persuasion, that the more perfectly nature was represented, the more easy was the representation. The most intellectual and delicate compliment that ever was paid to an artist is that paid by Fielding to that master of the scenic art, Garrick: Fielding makes Partridge say, "As to the man that played Hamlet, any body could have acted like him."

The *coup d'essai*, or first attempt of Michael Angelo, is here shown; a head of a satyr, carved by him at the age of fourteen: here is shown, also, his bust of Brutus, which a verse on the plinth says he left unfinished out of horror at the act of Brutus, while Lord Sandwich opines that he did so out of respect for his virtue: the simple supposition is, that he desisted from his work, dissatisfied, as well he might be, with the execution. Virgil doubts whether the actions of Brutus will be praised or blamed by posterity, and it is curious to observe the question—"*utrumque ferent ea facta minores*," to be, even yet, undetermined. Philip II. of Spain, is supposed to have sacrificed his son to interests of a much higher order than those of the Roman aristocracy. But the Christian religion has introduced just principles of judgment on such matters. Philip II. is condemned by those even who adhere to the faith which

he thus, as it is said, endeavoured to maintain; while the Protestant, the philosopher, and the admirers of the elder Brutus, express their unqualified detestation of his act.

Yet in the present day, why should not the sons of Brutus be pitied as martyrs of legitimacy? and why is it not remembered, that to fall in love with his father's wife, and to purpose the introduction of a new religion, is no trifling peccadillo in an heir-apparent! Many a King's son has been sacrificed for more trifling offences, on less heinous suspicions. We must conclude, however unsatisfactorily, with the Roman moralist—

O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cœca!

The precious cabinet of gems and medals is last exhibited.

Who can stop at the vestibule on entering the gallery of Florence? Impatience to see the great work of Apollodorus the Athenian, and all its other marvels, would render such a delay an offence against taste and sensibility. On going out, we see the reliefs on the pillars of the inner vestibule representing military objects, and deserving the attention of the Roman antiquarian. Here also is the famous boar, of which there is a copy in the garden of the Tuileries, which an Englishman,

having contemplated for some length of time, exclaimed, "Humph! this is what you call pretty pork!" So Bob in the "Fudge Family" wants to coin the gold-fish with a little mint sauce. In the outer vestibule are the busts of the founders and benefactors, very properly placed there, to welcome the visitants on their entrance, and receive their thanks at their departure.

The sovereign of the state which possesses this invaluable gallery, has in his own palace a large collection of paintings, choice pieces, well arranged, well preserved, in a suite of elegant rooms, in which no fire or candle is ever lighted. It is well known how much pictures kept in churches are injured by the tapers and the incense. On coming out of the Palazzo Pitti, after viewing this collection, I expressed a wish that the Grand-duke would pass sentence on me of imprisonment, with bread and water, to subsist on for a week, in the rooms that contain it. Here are many select paintings more precious than those of the public gallery. Here is the Madonna della Seggiola, the most perfect representation of the two chief personages in the infinitely varied Holy Families, since the foster-father and the precursor of our blessed Lord take rank but as accessories.

Many tourists in Italy complain of the perpetual recurrence of this subject; the repetition of the Lord's prayer is fatiguing to those who recite it without sentiment. A Virgin and Child by Carlo Dolce give an entirely different expression. I do not compare Carlo Dolce with Raphael as a master of the art, but his two countenances of the Mother and Infant Jesus pleased me more than those by Raphael, in this the most admired perhaps of his admirable and multifarious works. True: holy families are numerous; but feeling gives variety to that which is still the same, and devout veneration engages the heart in favour of a subject, "Religione patrum multos servata per annos." Here are pictures by Guido, Rubens, and others, whose names are eulogy. It gave me pleasure to meet with the portraits of Charles I. and his Queen Henrietta, by Van Dyke, as also of my ancestor Sir Kenelm Digby.

We went a second time to the Pitti, for at our first visit the Grand-ducal family resided in the palace, and we could not be permitted to see Canova's Venus, kept in the boudoir or dressing-room of the Grand-duchess. When the family of the sovereign was at the Poggio Imperiale, we took the opportunity of renewing our delight, by a review of the whole, end-

ing with the Venus. Canova has not failed; he has not produced the equal of the Venus of Medicis, but both the attempt and the execution do him honour.

By giving to his lately built country palace, about a mile distant from Florence, the name of *Poggio Imperiale*, the Grand-duke announces himself rather as brother of the Emperor than as sovereign of Tuscany. He is always addressed, indeed, as *altezza imperiale*. *Poggio* means a hill. *Puy* has the same meaning in Auvergne: the *Puy de Dôme* is a hill ending in a top of volcanic formation, in the shape of a dome. Πηγὴ, is perhaps a hill in which a fountain has its source, and hence we have the word *Pagan*, and perhaps the French *pays*. The reader will pardon this etymological prolusion.

At the *Accademia delle Belle Arti* is a collection of pictures taken, during the reign of the French, from the churches and convents. These are arranged, very usefully for the purposes of the Academy, in a chronological order; and thus the progress of the art may be traced on the walls of the great hall. In other halls of the building of this institution, is an abundant provision of casts of the most celebrated statues. We saw also the casts of those glorious

relics which Byron, who will be witty when he may, chooses to call

"Phidian freaks,
Mis-shapen monuments and maimed antiques,"

sent by his Majesty when Regent, in return for casts of the statues in the Hall of Niobe, a present from the Grand Duke. One room is set apart to receive those works of the *premiati*, or young artists here educated, which have deserved the premium at the annual exhibition. What emulation must thus be excited! I wished my son to take lessons at this academy, but found the rules too strict for any but a professional man.

In some of the churches, some good paintings still remain: there are also some good private collections, among which may be named those of the Palazzi Mozzi and Corsini.

The greatest blemish of Florence, is the *Via de' Calzajoli*, the street leading from the Piazza del Gran Duca to that del Duomo. It is evident that a street of communication between two principal squares, in the centre of a great city, ought at least to be wide and convenient, if not handsome. This street is so narrow, that if a carriage passes, as sometimes is the case, all persons on foot are compelled to retire for safety within the jambes of the shop

doors: the carriage itself proceeds slowly for fear of mischief. This space is made still narrower by the projection of merchandize from the windows of the shops, and as it is a great thoroughfare, and all cannot walk in the middle, those who go near the sides of it are amused by striking their hats against pendant stockings, parasols, brushes, boots, or even harder and more obnoxious substances.

The French had intended to abate this nuisance, by continuing the line of street at that breadth at which it departs from the Piazza del Gran Duca; and when it is seen how much the French have done for Italy, during a short and troubled domination, it is most unfair to sneer at their unaccomplished projects. The French are not, in any sense of the word, a *designing* people. In all respect for the memory of the late Grand Duke, and for the interest of his glory, I wish he had made a street, such as is wanted here, instead of improving the Pitti, or building on the Poggio Imperiale. He was fond of building, and a *Via* Ferdinand would have spared so many broken heads, bruised shoulders, and sprained ancles! I have spoken especially of this *Via de' Calzajoli*, as it is regarded by the Florentines themselves as the great nuisance

of their city. I have spoken too in the hope of doing good: the reproaches of foreigners have sometimes more influence than the sense of personal inconvenience. It is a pity such a street should be found in a town where every thing but the climate is delightful.

At length, we arrived at the Duomo, or cathedral church of Florence. At the south-west corner, stands, with a sort of gracefulness, as if it were a fine and lofty statue, the *campanile*, that tower so beautiful, that in the opinion of Michael Angelo, it wanted nothing but an *étui* to keep it in: so he expressed his praise. If this belfry were in England, no doubt it would be put into a case, and shown for a shilling. At a suitable distance from the western door of the cathedral is the baptistery, with its three gates, intended, said the same Michael Angelo, for gates of paradise. Near one of them hang, on two porphyry pillars, the chains of the gates of Pisa, trophies of the dependence of a once rival republic. The place of a fourth door is occupied within by the high altar, for this baptistery is itself a great church. It is of course dedicated under the invocation of St. John the Baptist, patron of Florence, on whose festival, the 24th of June, be it known to you, my countrymen, we assisted at

high mass, celebrated here with great pomp and a most powerful choir. In the evening of that day, races of horses, which I have before distinguished from horse-races, were given in the street Borg' Ogni Santi, the longest of the city, and fireworks were displayed from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

The western front of the cathedral ought to be covered with pannels of marble, like all the other sides of the edifice. This is not yet done, and this front presents a bare, unadorned wall. Of the cupola, or dome, so called in a sense different from that in which the whole church is called the Duomo, a part only is adorned with those beautiful pillars and arches which ought to surround the whole: though not necessary as a support, they are wanted as an ornament, and the absence of them is a blemish. We enter, and find a structure, vast, simple, solemn; with little ornament, yet wanting none. The choir is a circular inclosure, immediately beneath the dome; the high altar being in the centre of the eastern part of the circumferential line.

Imagination carries us back to the troubled time when, at the most awful moment in the celebration of the divine mysteries, on a high festival, the immense nave crowded with

people, the sacring bell announcing that the holy host was elevated for their adoration,—at this moment the assassination of Lorenzo de Medici was attempted, and that of his brother accomplished. These later times have exhibited political events that make the histories of former ages sink into insignificance; but Machiavelli, as the historian of Florence, is the equal and compeer of Thucydides—like him, he introduces oratorical discourses, which may rank amongst the finest recorded specimens of human eloquence.

We do not see the painted windows of the dome till we arrive at the point beneath it; they are placed so high within it, that they do not, like those of St. Peter's at Rome, show themselves bit by bit, nor do they shed a broad, garish daylight, nor is their form that of an ordinary sash window. This dome is said to be somewhat larger than that of St. Peter's; it appears to the eye not so lofty, but wider: it is not, like that of St. Peter's, an edifice by itself, reared at a giddy height on pillars of enormous bulk; it is not that to which, in the intention of the architect, the whole was to be subservient, but it combines well with the whole, and to the whole, both in the interior and on the exterior, adds dignity

and grandeur. Such is my opinion, after a comparison of these two domes: yet I will own that, on my return from Rome, the cathedral of Florence appeared bare and desolate; such is the magnificence and the polish, if I may use the word, of the Vatican basilic.

Above the choir, that is in the upper limb of the cross, besides the altar at the end under the eastern window, altars are ranged in chapels or large recesses on each side. The whole of this part of the church is lighted by painted windows, with the fine colours and tints of an art now lost; they shed a light not merely dimly religious, but almost insufficient, were it not for the waxen tapers, to which, of course, this obscurity gives great effect. I have heard preaching in the nave: the echo there is so strong, that a large spread of canvas was stretched above the pulpit or *chaire*, to prevent the voice of the preacher from being lost in its own resoundings.

On the north side of the nave is a fine statue, or image if you please, of Saint Zenobio, sometime bishop of this see. A cross near the baptistery is placed in memorial of a miracle wrought on the spot where the body of the saint was deposited to give a short rest to those who were carrying it to its interment.

This was a Popish miracle, says the Protestant: so are those of the Bible — received through Popery, and by Popery attested. The only difference is, that the Catholic church requires the miracles of the Bible to be believed with a divine faith, since the Bible is divinely inspired, whereas other miracles rest on human testimony: but since it is not necessary to be inspired, in order to have the use of one's senses, other miracles than those of the Bible may have sufficient grounds of credibility, according to all the rules of evidence.

The other churches of Florence are splendid, equal to those of Milan, and inferior only to the principal churches of Rome. That of the Annunziata is the handsomest room I ever beheld: unless indeed I should defer to the opinion of the Emperor of Austria, who declared he had never seen a finer room than the hall of the palace of the Doge at Genoa: but perhaps he had no intention of comparing this secular hall with any sacred edifice, nor would I speak of it in these terms but to give an idea of it. Take away the altars, I mean only suppose them taken away, and it is a vast and superb marble *salon*.

The picture of the Blessed Virgin, said to be by St. Luke, is a relic much venerated, and

kept in a little chapel in this church, which being an inclosure of bars of bronze, looks like an aviary or other large cage. It is enriched with all that looks glittering and precious: a golden lamp, the present of Charles IV. of Spain, hangs from the ceiling. The picture was exposed twice during our stay, once on occasion of prayers for rain, and once during the lying-in of the Archduchess: both times with good success; for the Archduchess recovered, and the rain came *subito*, as a workmen in the Palazzo Nicolini observed to me, immediately on the exposition of the picture. I know not if the conservators of this Madonna had the prudence of the Bishop of Avignon: his clergy waited on him to propose that the image of St. Agricol should be carried through the streets in procession, with prayers for rain: the bishop went to look at his barometer, and seeing the top of the mercury to be quite spherical said,* "*Messieurs, ne compromettons pas le credit du saint: attendons.*" This will be called trickery by those who blame the Catholic clergy for believing in modern miracles, and, at the same time, for not expecting them to be wrought whenever they

* Gentlemen, let us not compromise the credit of the Saint; let us wait.

ask for them. The Church of England has in its prayer-book, prayers for rain and fair weather, which are recited at times, I believe, in the country parishes during haymaking and harvest.

This Madonna I did not see; there is a rough copy of it on the outside of the case in which it is preserved, and this copy, according to what I heard, gives a good idea of the original.

The church of Santa Croce is, in some sort, the Westminster Abbey of Tuscany: there is not however, as at the Abbey aforesaid, that admixture of trumpery which facilitates the passage, so short, from the sublime to the ridiculous: the monuments are few, but they bear names worthy of such memorial; Galileo, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, and others, and he, "of later date though not less fame,"—Vittorio Alfieri.

I will take this opportunity of protesting against this mode of immortalizing even great men, by making of a church a public mausoleum. It is inconsistent with Christian humility that praise, however just, should be recorded on a tomb, where the sinner expects the resurrection and final judgment. Other halls, pantheons, or by whatever name they

may be called, ought to be appropriated to this testimony of the gratitude of a country to its great men; there let their deeds and merits and talents be commemorated, in inscriptions as lasting as brass and marble, but let there be no jactance in an epitaph. On the sepulchral tablet, dates, names and titles ought to be noted; such notification being useful to the history of families and of the country: to this let nothing be added but that ancient, charitable and edifying formula, "*Orate pro anima*," or "*Requiescat in pace*."

Near the church and convent of San Lorenzo, and considered as appertaining to it, is the Capella de' Medici, with its lofty cupola emulating the dome of the cathedral. This building, of an octagon form, is now to be fitted up in a manner which, if it will not add to its architectural beauty, will make it the most rich and splendid mausoleum in the world. It is to be pannelled—the work was in progress, in 1822—with *pietra dura;* the altars, the tombs of the Medici, are of the same material. The pannels are of various shapes and sizes, the whole looks like a lining of precious stones. In a chapel of the church of St. Lorenzo are two tombs adorned with statues by Michael Angelo, and four other sta-

tues, representing day, night, dawn, and twilight. In the sacristy are some sacerdotal vestments, presented to the community by Pope Leo X.

Among the other churches of Florence, that di Santo Spirito is very well worthy of being visited: as it is in a remote quarter, this indication may be of use to direct some traveller's curiosity. For the same purpose, I return to the Annunziata, to mention what I had forgotten, that in a chapel behind the high altar are some bas-reliefs by John of Bologna, and in the cloisters of the convent of the Servites, a fresco called the Madonna del Sacco, by Andrea del Sarto, a tailor, "impatient of tailoring."

CHAPTER VII.

Visits to Florentine Families.—English shops at Florence.—Gardens of the Boboli.—Museum of Natural History.—Anatomical Preparations in Wax. — Advantages of a Journey to Italy.—Pure Italian acquired at Florence.—Guttural sound of the C.—Prevalence of the French language.—Error in the classical education of Youth.—Approach of Winter.—Countess of Albany.—Her lasting affection for Alfieri.—Her Soirées, and manner of receiving her visitors.—Homage paid her by the Jacobites.—Certificate of her marriage with Alfieri.—Brutal behaviour of Charles Edward, the Pretender.—Anecdote of the Chevalier de St. George.—Reply of Louis XVIII. to Bonaparte.—Magnificent Fêtes of the Prince Borghese.—The Grand-duke's Entertainments.—English Country-dance at the Pitti Palace.—Anecdote of Roland and Dumouriez.—Ceremony at the Court during Lent.—Contrast between ancient and modern Costume.—Manner of reception at Court.—Florentine Whist-players.—Club-house at Florence.—Fête given there to the Royal Family and the Foreign Gentry.—Entertainment given by the Russians, at Florence.

We had brought letters of introduction to some Florentine families, who received us at weekly *soirées*, and we were considered by our English acquaintance as passing our summer in great gaiety: they never stirred out, they

said, but to the *Casino* or *Corso* in the evening, and had enough to do to exist; so great was the heat, that to respire and expire seemed the same thing. There is a good and improving subscription library in the Piazza della S. S. Trinità, where English newspapers are taken in. This ought to be particularized, as no such resource is found in Rome or Naples. At Florence, too, are found English shops, where tea and fish sauces, and almanacks, and books of common prayer, and other English luxuries, not usually to be met with on the Continent, are to be purchased.

We walked frequently in the gardens of the Boboli; they are extensive, well laid out, commanding a fine view of the city beneath, and of the surrounding mountains. They occupy the declivity of a steep hill, of which, as usual, the descent is easy: at the bottom, is a large basin, round and inclosed by stone; this, to an English reader, by no means speaks in favour of the *picturesque* of the garden; but it is very pretty, surrounded by a *bosquet*, and about five times the diameter of the largest at the Tuileries.

This garden is open to the public on two days of the week only; a regulation adopted, it was said, in consequence of some malicious persons having done scathe and damage to the statues.

The exclusion is more likely to provoke than to conciliate; but it is to be hoped that the promenaders will show themselves sensible of their imprudence, and worthy of entire as well as of partial confidence.

We were glad to relieve the toil of re-ascending by taking some turns in the level, transverse, well-shaded walks that run at right angles with the main *allée*. This garden has the advantage, in point of situation, over every other garden that I know, except those that overlook the delicious bay of Naples.

The museum of natural history is not far from the Pitti. Its anatomical preparations in wax are celebrated. How far they may supply to the man of science the knowledge acquired by the dissection of the human body, I am unable to judge; but I was assured by a Florentine physician who accompanied us, that they are cast with truth and exactness.

The cemetery, or vaults, representing our mortal frame in every stage of decay, is a spectacle that will excite, at first, horror and then pious sentiments. "It must be thus," we say: and what a lesson ought we to derive from this exhibition! Those who visit it will do well to remain some time, till they shall have familiarized themselves with the contemplation of the view before them. He only is

wise and happy who can look on the dissolution of this "body of our humiliation," not in dismay, but in hope; who can console himself with the expectation of the "resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come."

The collection of fossils in this museum and their arrangement, will please the man of science, and instruct him to whom science is wanting. They are chiefly from the upper Valdarno, and afford some curious specimens of local geology. Here are objects too, which recal the proud times when the Tuscan artist viewed the moon from Fiesole or in Valdarno, and when a journey to Italy was deemed a profitable period in the education even of Milton.

An acquaintance with Italy will improve every well disposed, impartial, and inquiring mind. Before the incursion of the barbarians, it had made a greater progress in arts and civilization than any other people; for it had transplanted into its own soil the arts of Greece. During the confusion of the middle ages it retrograded less, and recovered itself sooner, than any other country. It possesses the memorials of antiquity; and its monuments of later date are more splendid than those which antiquity had to boast of. After having communicated to the invaders of the northern hive, the light of the true faith, Italy pointed

out to the renovated states of Europe, the path of literature, science, and discovery.

Is this nation fallen? No: it still treads, with equal pace to that of other nations, the ways of knowledge in which it once preceded them. Since the discovery of America by the Genoese Columbus, and by another Italian, who gave his name to half the habitable earth, the Mediterranean Sea has lost its importance, and the Atlantic is become the Mediterranean of the globe. Commerce follows other tracks, but it has not quitted Italy: the products of its soil, and of the industry and ingenuity of twenty millions of people, form no mean share in its concerns. The Vatican is no longer appealed to as the arbiter of political disputes; but it still guards the purity and integrity of the Christian faith, and is venerated as the centre of Catholic unity. But Italy is divided and dependent? True; two of the most powerful and warlike States of continental Europe have contended for this fair prize, and Austria has obtained it. But can such a nation be degraded? It will convince its conqueror, that it is for his glory and his interest to welcome it as a friend, and hail it as an equal.

I had made a great blunder in taking my children to learn French on the borders of

Provence, where they talk, that is the common people, a very pretty language, that is neither French nor Italian. In England, it is not permitted to any one, who would be considered as a worthy member of good company, to talk a *patois*. Only a Scotch and Irish accent are no reproach to him who uses either. But France is so extensive, that this rule does not hold; and in remote parts of that country, some well educated persons, who have lived much at home, talk a sort of French that would not be endured at Paris. Determining that my children should have the means of learning Italian in its purity, and that even those conversations which all are obliged to hold with the lower class, should be lessons of language to them, an advantage they lost by being at Avignon,—I took them to Florence, where the best Italian is spoken, with no fault that even a Roman can reprehend, except the guttural sound of the hard *c*. That the Romans are contented with the Tuscan pronunciation, I learned when Cardinal —— complimented my son on talking Italian well, who said,* "*Ma coll' accento Fiorentino, Eminenza. Bisogna cambiare: là.*" "*Non, va bene: così: resti là.*" As to the guttural hard *c*, the

* "But with the Florentine accent, your Eminence: that must be changed."—"No, it is very well. Stop there."

fault was so obvious, that the imitation of it was easily avoided by my children; and when the singing master good-naturedly encouraged one of his scholars, by saying,* "*Fra poho hantara home hanta la Hatalani*," it was a good lesson in the inverse sense. Indeed, I was surprised to observe the fault in one of his station in society, and a man of very good manners. Two years later I saw him again, and perceived he had corrected it.

In my youth, not being able to determine whether I would be a learned man or a polite scholar, I applied to the study of Hebrew and Italian. As might be expected, notwithstanding the "barrenness of the ground," the Italian prevailed, and the classics of that melodious tongue occupied some portion of the time, entirely at my own disposal, between my B.A. and M.A. degrees: but I had since neglected, or but rarely applied to it. I now returned to it with an ardour that was to be repressed by nothing but a conviction that the prevalence of the French rendered the acquisition of the Italian both less useful and more difficult. Had the necessity of talking Italian occurred as often as an Italian presented himself, the faculty of talking Italian would soon

Fra poco cantarà come canta la Catalani. In a little time you will sing as well as Catalani.

have been acquired. It is easier than French, as being nearer to the common source; and as every word is pronounced as it is written, the pronunciation is more attainable in speaking, and more intelligible in hearing. Besides, the Italians are generally more benevolent to the learners of their language than are the French, who seem to consider it as a matter of right, that every foreigner should know French.

Let this observation be made without any impeachment of my gratitude for the help and forbearance I have experienced in this matter from many friends in France. This right has been conceded to the French by the consent of Europe, and they do wisely to insist upon it. It is a source of influence and power. But an Englishman must go into a third country to *feel* that the French language is every where spoken: in England he knows it; in France he finds it, of course; but in Italy, he is made sensible of it by instances such as I am about to relate.

My children's dancing-master at Florence, learned French at St. Petersburgh. A Florentine and a Frenchman called on me one morning: the Frenchman, who had been an emigrant, talked both English and Italian: the Florentine, a man of learning, understood both French and English; our conversation with

me, an Englishman, was carried on in French. At Rome, I received at dinner, a Russian, a German, an Italian, and an Irishman: not one Frenchman was present, yet we conversed in French. In " Une Année de la Vie de Kotzebue," this matter is brought forward in a way that, I will own, affected me even to tears: after relating his vexatious, painful, and tedious journey to Siberia, he tells of the ecstasy of delight with which he heard himself addressed by the Governor of Tobolsk, in the words, " Monsieur, parle-t-il François?" This simple phrase was the first gleam of sunshine, of hope and joy, " ea vox audita laborum prima tulit finem."

An universal language is the grand desideratum of the human race. I could wish that the French were not that language; but as it has, in fact, taken such an immense stride towards universality, it must be acquiesced in—the king, *de facto*, is here the king *de jure*: actual dominion is that which confers the title where the claims of all are equal.

But why do I wish any other than the French to be the universal language? Not on account of its want of merit: to this merit the French themselves do not render justice; they assert it to be the language of epistolary cor-

respondence, of conversation, of light reading and *persiflage;* nay, that its correctness fits it to be the language of diplomacy, and even of science. That it possesses these merits, and they are no light ones, no one will deny. But they lament its poverty, its want of elevation, its unsuitableness to the higher kinds of poetry and eloquence. Yet Corneille and Racine, had they chosen epic instead of dramatic composition, might have been the Homer and Virgil of France; and to prove that in the French tongue, all that is sublime and touching in eloquence may be expressed, I refer, without appealing to Bourdaloue or Massillon, to a single, and that a short work, the "*Histoire Universelle*" of Bossuet.

Neither do I object to the universality of the French, merely because it is not the English language. All nationality is unjust. But I would wish *that* language to be the universal one which is spoken by the most numerous people on the earth, and within the widest territory. Thus the greatest number possible of mankind will be spared the trouble of learning a language in addition to their own; a task accomplished by very few of the many who undertake it. The English and the Spanish languages are spoken, not only in the mother-

countries, but the one throughout the southern, the other throughout the northern continent of the new world. When a very few generations shall have passed, these two will be the languages of a very large portion of the human race, for the Portuguese and Brazilian is but a dialect of the Spanish.

The French, from their position in the centre of Europe and the policy of Louis XIV., have got the start in this race; and they will maintain their advantage till time, "that great innovator," shall have transferred it elsewhere. In comparing the Italian with the other two languages derived from the Latin, it does not appear to be either more copious, more forcible, or more elevated, than French or Spanish: if it be more melodious, it is also more monotonous; and this will be felt as tedious to all who make the experiment of hearing a long discourse in that language. The French mode of softening down the asperities of their language has led them into an infantine enunciation and I will hazard the opinion, though Charles V. has spoken, that Spanish sounds like the language of men, Italian like that of women, and French like that of children: but of "children of a larger growth," who have attained their majority in manners, in literature, and in reason.

How easily might any one become acquainted with the mother and her three daughters, the Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French, in one and the same course of study! Tessaraglossal dictionaraies, grammars constructed on the plan of juxta-position, comparative interlineary versions, these helps will be furnished on demand; and the demand will be made when we shall have abandoned the cruel and stupid system, by which boys are tormented during the learning one of these languages only, and that the dead one, for a greater number of years, than would suffice for the acquisition of all the four; when we shall have exchanged the pedantry of aiming at correctness in what is comparatively useless, for the rational purpose of obtaining a sufficient knowledge of what is useful. The Muse of ancient Latium is unpropitious to our poor boys, who are urged to woo her by the unamiable persuasives of corporal suffering and imprisonment; nor is the Grecian Muse more favourable, knowing that their addresses are compulsory, and will be followed by neglect and infidelity. The experiment has failed generally: it is a reproach to the humanity and good sense of parents, that it should be continued. Let the mass of human misery be diminished, and let the most

sensitive and active portion of life be devoted to the acquisition of what may hereafter enter into its business or amusements. Our travellers may then commence the tour of Italy, with better preparation than that of mere schoolboy attainments and narrow-minded prejudices—with some knowledge of its later history, some acquaintance with the classics of the second Augustan age, and the use of some living tongue, by which, in that country, ideas may be communicated and received.

Winter approached: the *villegiatura* of the Tuscan gentry, usually performed during the vintage, was over; strangers began to flock into Florence, and the Countess of Albany began her weekly *soirées*. This widow of the last of the Stuarts was understood to be in receipt of an annual pension from her cousin, our gracious sovereign, and to be willing to show her gratitude, by giving to his wandering subjects what they much wanted, a point of re-union. A miniature portrait of this lady, taken in her youth, was shown to me by a friend, to whom she had presented it. I found that time had still left remains of the very great beauty, and no small portion of the vivacity of her early age. She had testified to succeeding times, her affection and respect for Alfieri,

by employing Canova to sculpture his monument in Santa Croce: the apartment which he occupied in her house, was left in the state in which it was at his death—the bed, and the clothes he last wore, untouched. In the lesser drawing-room, preceding the salon of reception, was a bust and a portrait of Alfieri.

At this soirée, tea, ices and *petits gateaux* were given; but neither cards, music, nor dancing, except at one ball during the carnival. Seated in her arm-chair near the chimney, but not turned towards the fire, and conversing with those nearest to her, the Countess received her visitors with all due discrimination. When gentlemen approached, she half raised herself on the arms of her chair; when ladies presented themselves, she stood upright on her feet, and then sat down again. Towards persons of high distinction, she advanced two or three steps, and she absolutely went more than half across the room to meet the young Archduke.

The good Jacobites regarded her with reverence and interest, and watched her looks and manners as if she had been "every inch a queen." One of them whispered to me, knowing me as one of the craft, "how cross her

Majesty looks this evening! I hope nothing is the matter."

These *conversazioni* were very agreeable: we seldom missed attending: there was a chess table under the portrait of Alfieri, and I sometimes made a party; though chess-players are not so common on the Continent as I had been taught to expect. Though Madame d'Albany conversed only with those who were especially introduced or known to her, yet the many had reason to feel obliged to her for enabling them to meet each other, to see the newly-arrived, and to pass pleasantly an idle evening hour.

On the death of the Countess of Albany, in the year following that in which I had the honour of assisting at her soirées, the certificate of her marriage with Alfieri was found among her papers. From what motive this marriage was kept secret, whether out of respect to the royal pretensions of her first husband, for he was a pretender as well as Louis XVIII., or lest her claim to her pension should seem to be weakened, cannot now be determined. The publication of it would have stopped the tongues of busy talkers, at least in regard to the latter part of their cohabitation; for the earlier part of it, during the life of her

first husband, an excuse is found in the brutal behaviour of Charles Edward, who, after the failure of all his hopes, sought relief in the excitement and stupidity brought on by excess in drinking. He was, as is usual in such cases, violent when drunk, and sullen when sober: she was adorned with wit and beauty, but does not seem to have had "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." But the charms of the lady, the claims of the sovereign, the genius of the poet, have passed to that "something after death," which must impose on us an awful silence, to be interrupted only by the voice of charity.

Thirty or forty years ago, the Stuarts were not quite forgotten in the University of Oxford and the north of England; and the presence of Madame d'Albany revived the conversation respecting them at a later time and in a foreign land. I repeated to a Jacobite the anecdote of the Chevalier de St. George, that on landing in France after his escape from Scotland in 1746, he took a glass of wine in his hand and said, "Now will I do for the gentlemen of England what they have done for me—I will drink all their good healths." The story was new to my Jacobite, and very much offended him. "I am afraid," said he, "that he had a very short memory." "Nay," said I,

"he could not so soon forget that he had marched to Derby and not one of *you* had joined him." The conversation dropped; but I inferred from it that large supplies of money had been sent in aid of the adventure. The pretender to the throne of a great nation, if "there are many persons who think his pretensions well founded," though failing of more active and efficient helps, seldom is without pecuniary supplies. Louis XVIII. returned a high-minded answer to the offer of money made to him by the First Consul*—"*Je n'ai qu'à étendre la main pour en avoir plus qu'il ne m'en faut.*" Of the six or seven dethroned monarchs who went "*pour passer le carnaval à Venise,*" only the poor King of Corsica is represented by Voltaire as penniless.

The Prince Borghese did the honours of the town which he had chosen for his residence, in a way that manifested at once his magnificence and his benevolence. The propriety of the former of these terms will not be questioned by those who are told that thirty-two rooms were opened and lighted for his balls; but the benevolence of giving *fêtes* to crowds of idle travellers is a phrase that may require some justification. There are persons who confound

* I have only to stretch out my hand to have more money than I have need of.

alms-giving and charity, who think nothing can or need be done for those whose corporal wants are supplied. Now all that can be done, generally and in ordinary cases, for the poor and labouring classes, is to keep in movement the great wheel of circulation, and that this is sometimes done by furnishing to the rich such frivolous luxuries as bougies, fiddles, and ices, is to the poor a matter of indifference. But have the rich no wants? Are they not more oppressed by those which are peculiar to them than even the poor themselves by theirs? To make the rich happy, even in this world, is a more difficult task than to make the poor so; and he who contributes to the happiness of the rich by affording them a gratification, agreeable to that which is innocent in their tastes and blameless in their habitudes, may justly be regarded as benevolent.

Prince Borghese gave a great fête in the beginning of the winter, and then suspended his entertainments while preparing a splendid gallery, which was opened, in addition to the thirty-two places beforementioned, for a masked ball in carnival. The Grand-duke's family attended in the costume of the Medici of former days. Visitants flocked to this ball from various and distant parts of Italy; nearly

two thousand persons were said to be assembled. The Muses and the Virtues graced this ball in masquerade; dignity and terror were added by heroes and brigands, in masquerade also; though the real race of brigands is by no means extinct in Italy, nor that of heroes when occasion shall call them forth.

The Grand-duke condescends also to give balls in his palace during carnival, without insisting on the etiquette of a court-dress, either in respect to the men or ladies invited. Foreigners are presented by their several diplomatic ministers. Assembled in an ante-room, they wait till the entrance of the family of the sovereign into the great *salon* is announced. They are received near the door, and after "reverence due," and, it may be, a few civil phrases, pass on. On one occasion, the dancing began with an English country-dance—the despised kitchen-hop:—such was the pleasure of the Grand-duchess. On the merits of this dance it would ill become a *sexagénare* to take upon himself to decide: its performance at the court of Tuscany was held to be a compliment to the English people, and as they constituted more than one half of the number of strangers at Florence, they had an arithmetical title to consideration.

The permission to appear in the *frac habillé*, was a great accommodation to all who were neither real nor pretended officers in the army. It is neither more nor less than the dress which I wore when a young man, buckles at the knees and shoes; with the addition, however, of a *chapeau bras*. When the patriot Roland attended the Tuileries with strings in his shoes, a courtier went up to Dumouriez, who was then minister, and, with symptoms of excessive astonishment, whispered, "*Monsieur n'a point de boucles!*" Dumouriez answered, "*Ah, Monsieur, tout est perdu!*"* The courtier's anxiety about such a trifle was a subject of pleasantry to Dumouriez, who, on this occasion, without intending it, made a reply at once prophetic and philosophical. The barrier of etiquette broken down, the Swiss guards fought in vain.

This *salon* of the Pitti Palace was lighted by candles, fixed against large gilded pyramids at the four sides of the room. This mode was supposed to be more convenient than suspended lustres or chandeliers, from which the wax sometimes fell upon the dancers. On the

* "That Gentleman has no buckles!"—"Ah, Sir, all is lost!"

first trial of these pyramids, the lights were found to be placed too near, as each lower tier melted and undermined its upper neighbour. The lower candles too were extinguished by the falling wax of the upper. *Ασβεστος δ'αρ' ενωρτο γελως μακαρεσσι θεοισι.*

During Lent, or what ought to be called the forty days of Lent, or spring, the court received on two evenings every week, and this reception was held with due ceremonial. The ladies who presented themselves were not indeed encumbered with trains and lappets, but the gentlemen wore swords, and the court coat of Louis XIV. My oft-quoted friend, Richard Paget, once drew for me two caricatures, which he denominated "Antient and modern Pyramids," to show that the tendency of dress two centuries ago, was to place the human form on the broadest possible basis; whereas, the genius and taste of modern times has inverted the pyramid, pared away the lower parts of the habiliments, and given to the man and woman a swelling dignity and bustle towards the head and shoulders. Thus the skirts of our court coats are made so diminutive, that notwithstanding the complement of buttons on the sleeves and pockets, Louis XIV. would hardly recognize them as legi-

timate copies of those that issued from the *œil de bœuf.** The males of the grand ducal family wore argent and gules, the Austrian colours, a white coat, and red—may I say it? —breeches.

The *circle* was performed, not on the Copernican, but the Ptolemaic system: that is, the sun revolved to seek the stationary planets. More intelligibly, the sovereign's family went round, and addressed the company with much affability and condescension. After this, water-ices, that is, ices without cream, and cakes made without butter, were served to those who chose to take them, by way of collation, and as a part of their Lenten diet. Very few English were present: they are not much in the habit of going to court; and be it observed, the word *habit* is here purposely ambiguous.

We were now at a loss how to occupy ourselves, or, what was of more importance, how to seem to be occupied. The sovereign's family having very handsomely acquitted themselves of the duty imposed on them, of talking to those of whom they knew nothing, were now engaged in conversation, or cards, with

* The ante-room to the presence-chamber, at Versailles.

those who had the honour of being known to them. I walked through the suite of apartments, and observed one of the Archduchesses seated near a card-table, on a *fautueil*, covered with crimson velvet indeed, and having gilded arms, but so large, and with all its supports, except the seat, at such a distance from the person seated upon it, that it afforded no more accommodation than an ordinary joint-stool. So much for the rest enjoyed by sovereigns. Having made this novel and edifying remark, I joined a party of Florentine ladies, who were beginning to play at whist, without knowing any thing of the game. An Englishman is always considered on the Continent as an adept at whist, and I was called on to give them instructions. I expressed my surprise that they should adventure to amuse themselves in so unpromising an undertaking, since the knowledge of whist comes not without labour and difficulty. "*Cosa fare?*"* was the answer. So we all sat down, and looked very busy, though not so wise as beseemeth whist-players.

My spirits had by no means recovered from the distress and affliction that I had endured at

* What can we do?

Avignon. I seemed to have escaped from a scene of terror, and to bear terror and anxiety within me. The first year after my grievous family loss, presents so many anniversaries of recollections! we say—"this day last year we were at such a place, or occupied in such or such a manner." At length time flows on in its equable course.

There is at Florence and other great towns of Italy an institution called Casino de' Nobili, a sort of subscription club-house, to which the gentry of the place resort for the purposes of amusement. At Naples, this association bears the more Attic name of Accademia, without any literary or philosophical pursuit being implied by such title. Indeed, an evening musical party is called an Accademia. I know not if any thing of this kind of Casino exists at Rome: if it does, strangers are not the better for it. That at Florence gave a splendid fête to which were invited all the *nobili forestieri*, foreign gentry, who had been presented at court. The court too attended, that is, the personages of the Grand-duke's family, without any other distinction that could be observed by the company, than that of their arm-chairs at the head of the room, and the respect that was voluntarily paid to them by the whole assem-

bly. Their *quadrille*, or dancing party for those of their family who participated in that amusement, was formed of persons of their own choice. Such is the etiquette: and it was pleasant to see them enjoying the honour of royalty without its restraint. The *appartamenti*, so the evenings of reception during Lent are called, were conducted with ceremonial; they were in fact a *levée*: I attended there as a tribute of thanks due to the sovereign, who so kindly admitted strangers in his quality and character of a host.

The purpose for which idle people crowd together in towns in the winter season, is well accomplished at Florence; I will add only that the Russians assembled on the banks of the Arno, gave an entertainment that did equal credit to their good taste and hospitality. So passed the time till Sol brought back the year.

CHAPTER VIII.

Italian boy in a Somersetshire village.—Leghorn hats.—Manufactory of Pietra-dura, at Florence.—Bust of the Duke of Wellington.—Statue of an English child.—School *all' ignudo*.—Annual Exhibition at the Academy.—Benvenuti's picture of Ugolino.—Ceiling lately painted by him at the Pitti Palace.—His Grand picture at the Palazzo Mozzi.—Portraits in Pietra-dura.—Busts of Marble and Alabaster.—Fiesole.—Recollections excited by the Environs of Florence.—Numerous Palaces of the Grand-duke.—Streets of Florence.—Popularity of the Government.—English gentlemen admitted into high society at Florence.—The King of Prussia, his two Sons, Prince Oscar of Sweden, and the Hospodar of Wallachia.—Madame Catalani.—The Theatres of Florence.—Italian Music.—Scotch Singer at the Pergola.—Ridicule of a French Air.—Drama without Music.

TOWARDS the conclusion of my last chapter, I was interrupted by a well-known musical air from *Robin des Bois*, as the Freyschutz is called by the French, which has very frequently delighted me in the whole course of my travels from Naples to the beautiful and retired vil-

lage in Somersetshire, where I am now writing. I looked out at the window, and saw a boy playing on an instrument, which could have no pretension to be offended if called a hurdy-gurdy. One of the good effects of having been absent from one's own country, is a sympathy with those who are absent from their own country also; especially if they belong to the country in which we have sojourned. From a certain terseness and compactness of his form, I judged the boy to be not a Savoyard, but an Italian. I went down to him, and asked him in English, if he was playing to amuse the monkey; for a monkey there was on a slack-rope above his head. The boy returned no answer: I repeated the question in Italian; he seemed offended at the auditor I had assigned him, and, looking up at the monkey with that disdain with which we regard all *apes*, took refuge in his *crowd*.

I found that he had left Genoa, his native place, two years before, about the time that I had left it; though I then knew no more of his departure than he of mine. He had passed two years in fiddling his way through France and England: he talked English, *poco*, a little: was come from *Bristolli* and going to *Essetere*; that the English did not give him much money, but *poco*; that he was but sixteen years

of age, that his father and mother were living, and that he had brothers and sisters, but that he loved to travel more than to stay at home, *stare in casa.*

With something to meet his travelling expenses according to his equipage, counselling him to be chaste, sober, and honest, and to love his religion, and commending him to the protection of God, I dismissed my Ligurian Oliver Goldsmith, and returned to write of Leghorn hats.

These hats, so called from the port whence they are sent abroad, are the chief manufacture of Tuscany, At Prato, are great establishments of this fabrication, and every where in the country, at the doors of the cottages, women and children are seen picking and plaiting straws. Fields are sown with wheat, which is allowed to grow till ready to burst into ear: the straw is then pulled up by the root, which, as well as the ear, is cut off from every stem; the knots of every straw are also cut out. The straws are dried with more or less care, according to the quality of the hat proposed to be made of them; and for this purpose they are sorted with the greatest exactness. Maria Louisa, Empress of the French, desired to have a hat, for the encouragement of the manufacture, of the greatest possible fineness and

of the best colour and finish: the price, or gratification to the manufacturer, was, if I remember right, 600 francs.

Besides the great consumption of this well-known article in Europe, very great quantities are sent to the North American States. The work produces at every step the pleasing appearance of labour united to amusement,—of a toil in which childish play and childish gains form children to habits of industry, without exhausting their strength or gaiety.

The manufacture of *Pietra dura* is carried on at the expense and for the service of the sovereign. When a sovereign inflicts no hindrance on the endeavours of his subjects in any branch of industry; when he enters into no competition with them; when he has large personal revenues out of which the expenses of such undertakings may be defrayed; then, and on these conditions, it may be permitted to him to be a manufacturer. *Pietra dura* is a trivial or common name to which no scientific character is to be affixed, unless it mean all stone that fire will not calcine, but vitrify. I was surprised to hear the person who conducted us over the establishment of *Pietra dura*, assure me very gravely that marble was not a hard stone. Most beautiful objects are

here wrought and shown. The process of sawing, shaping, and polishing the material by wires and attrition is tedious beyond any preconceived notion, reminding us of the inartificial and patient operations of the Indian savage. But labour is cheap both in overstocked and in uncultivated countries. The results of so much toil employed on such stubborn substances are some ornamental objects destined, like the Gobelin tapestry, or the Sêvre china, to adorn the palaces of the sovereign, or to be presented to those whom he may delight to honour. But as the lady said at the *appartamenti*, "*Cosa fare?*"

Florence is a great workshop of the *Belle Arti*. Statues, casts, bronzes, marble, alabaster, copies of the antique, and busts of modern worthies, meet the eye at every step, and the makers and venders are much flattered if a foreigner steps into their shops to examine their contents. Among the great men of the present day, besides sovereigns and ministers of state, appeared—Nelson, but he was rather out of date; Napoleon, but he was rather in the background; the Duke of Wellington—"his blushing honours still thick upon him." I asked the shopman why the nose was represented awry; he assured me it was so *in nature*.

As I had never the gratification of beholding his Grace, I am unable to verify the fact; but I cannot suppose that any statuary would have the audacity, without being borne out by nature, to exhibit, in a visage so renowned, what, in a face of less fame, would be considered as a blemish.

I saw a statue of a little boy of two or three years old, a child of an English family of distinction, then residing in Florence. The child was represented naked, and playing with an Italian greyhound; this was in good taste: but the ribbon by which the child held the dog, was directed so that one end of it fell over that part of the child's person, which more especially determined his sex. The prudery of the English, for it is a national feeling, is perfectly ridiculous; and one will venture to say that prudery, though it may subsist with chastity, is not a proof of it.

A lady of my acquaintance was standing, with her little son, before a naked bronze cupid, that supported the wax-lights on the side board. The figure was regarded by the child with peculiar complacency; and the lady, for the purpose of correcting the expression of fun that appeared in the eyes of her little one, said, as if addressing the cupid, "naughty little boy."

"No," said the child, "not naughty, Mamma; only no clothes on." I relate this childish story in the hope of inducing all travellers in Italy to imitate this child's simplicity and purity. He "thought no ill."

In the Academia delle Belle Arti, is a school *all' ignudo;* the study of natural models in this state being as necessary to the sculptor or painter as lectures with dissection to the anatomist, or killing sheep to the eaters of mutton. Let us, if possible, be rational and consistent. **Pour faire l'omelette, il faut casser les œufs;* if the omelet is a good thing, and breaking the eggs an innocent act, no more needs to be said about it. Prudes of both sexes would do well to remember, as counsel, what was said to Lucretia as consolation, "Mentem peccare, non corpus."

The annual exhibition at the above academy, took place in the spring. There were a few, and but a few, specimens of genius and talent: it is no easy matter to be a great painter at Florence, and to be worthy of the glory of the Tuscan school. Yet Benvenuti has accomplished this difficult task: all eyes were attracted to his picture, representing Count Ugolino and his sons. This painting may have some faults, but it is worthy of the fame which

* To make the omelet, it is necessary to break the eggs.

Benvenuti has acquired as the first painter in Italy, and the rival of the old masters. The figures were said to be too stiff; but it is the object of the painter to characterize the firmness and sternness of Ugolino, by the rigidity of his attitude. A friend observed to me, "I do not wish Benvenuti to come off with flying colours, like Sir Joshua Reynolds; but I do wish that the greater part of his colours had never been put on." This, however, is the fault of almost all modern painters; their anatomy may, like that of Benvenuti, be exact; but all nature must be hid when covered with such loads of paint: it is the absence of this colouring that makes the charm of Guido's *first* manner. The paints of most of the old masters having faded more or less, this fault is, in some degree, remedied. I would no where put on more colouring than is in Nature, and in Guido's first copies of it.

The Grand-duke was at this time building a fine apartment at the Pitti: the ceiling painted by Benvenuti was finished. The workmen were still employed in the room, but no doubt, when fitted up, it will be shown to strangers with the same liberality as the rest of the palace. I note it, that future travellers may inquire after it.

In the Palazzo Mozzi, is seen, amongst paint-

ings of the first masters, a justly celebrated piece by Benvenuti, representing the oath of the Saxons to Napoleon; the figures are almost all of them portraits: many of them taken from nature. But modern costume is a stumbling-block to modern history-painting. The military coat, with its strongly-contrasted colours and its square cut, may be—but cannot look — heroic; if adorned with orders and ribbons, so much the worse: the cocked-hat is imposing only on parade: even the sword is more like a finical ornament than a poetical weapon. Hardly can a single portrait in modern dress escape from being ridiculous: females, indeed, dressed after the present mode, lose none of their charms on canvass; but how does a *dandy* appear in a gilt frame? Worse than in real life. I may be allowed to add a remark, that the human head is so eminently picturesque, that every thing put upon it takes away from its beauty. The symbols of dignity and authority, however respectable in the actual business of life, destroy the illusion of painting, and detract from the grace of nature: the diadem, the crown and the mitre, are, in a picture, any thing but awful and venerable.

The Romans built for immortality, and the Florentines have a mind to make portraits of

equal durability. Portraits are made of *Pietra dura*, besides the flowers and animals represented in a sort of mosaic of that manufacture: busts of marble and alabaster supersede the more perishable delineations of the "human face divine" by oil-colours or crayons. Many of our travellers had their busts taken: these, though they showed not the complexion, looked all the better for being relieved from the now fashionable, but, ere long, unfashionable costume. This mode of transmitting the likeness of the head of a family to future generations is at once more classical and more permanent. The English minister had in his palace two well-executed busts: to have employed a Florentine artist in the making of these busts was a popular act, and they will be regarded with pleasure by the friends of those whom they resemble.

Machiavelli gives a spirit-stirring narrative of the descent of the founders of Florence, from the height of Fiesole into the plain of the Arno: they felt themselves strong enough, even in quitting this vantage-ground, to defy the barons and their other enemies, and to give a beginning to their republic. Fiesole is still an interesting place, and the hill on which it is built worth the toil of the ascent.

As far as Saint Domenico a carriage may be used: but farther up, the road, following the ancient line, and availing itself very little of the modern invention of zig-zag, is so steep, that to go up on foot is more expeditious, and to go down so more safe, the precipices also being taken into account. Along the road, are villas, formerly possessed by families celebrated in Florentine story. Suppose any one of these modern country-houses to have been heretofore a feudal castle, an ill-disposed lord might have intercepted the subsistence of Fiesole: a powerful motive this for descending into the plain, and leaving a mountain, which, though it afforded security, supplied no food. Modern Fiesole is little more than a village; there is still, however, a Bishop of Fiesole, and an ecclesiastical seminary: and the cathedral, which contains the relics of St. Romolo, is rich in monuments of ancient times. Here are the remains of what is called an amphitheatre; though, as it is placed against the side of a hill, it was probably not more than a theatre, or a segment of a circle. Some vomitories, and about three rows of seats, forming a third of a circle, are to be seen; and some pieces of walls built of loose stones, like those of Cortona, probably of Etrurian antiquity.

The views from every point of the road are most superb, and the excursion may be recommended to all of able bodies and willing minds.

The environs of Florence present many houses and sites that will attract the observation of the stranger and interest his feelings. Here Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici conversed with Picus Mirandola, with Politian, and the other great wits of their age: here Galileo lived in retirement: here Guicciardini wrote his history: here the conspiracy of the Pazzi against Lorenzo and Julian de Medici was, for the moment, disappointed by the absence of Julian, afterwards assassinated in the Duomo; here the novelist of the Decameron retired during the pestilence of the fourteenth century.

There is no end to the palaces of the Grand-duke of Tuscany. Besides that at Pratolino, which we passed by on our journey to Florence, besides houses at Pisa and Sienna, and others that I know not of, he has built, too near to a town for the country-house of an English gentleman, the Poggio Imperiale, on ground formerly belonging to the family of Baroncelli, now settled at Avignon, with the estate and title of Javon, given during the residence of the Popes in France. I did not see the inside of this palace: it is pleasantly situated, but on

the outside appeared to have too much masonry about it for a country-seat: a shady road or walk leads from it to Florence. The Palazzo Vecchio is connected with the Pitti by a gallery half a mile long, forming, at one point, the porch of the church of San Felice, conducted over the Arno on arches raised on one of the bridges, and at length arriving, though not by a straight line, in the very heart of the capital, and affording to the sovereign an opportunity of unobserved interviews with any to whom he may here give audience; and, as the Dogana is in the lower part of the Palazzo Vecchio, he may very conveniently receive supplies for his *menus plaisirs*, or more important wants. In the upper part of the palace are some curious paintings by Vasari, and some portraits: amongst them, one of Louis King of Etruria, before the union of Tuscany to France.

The Grand-duke has also purchased of the family, whose name it now bears, the Palazzo Riccardi, formerly the dwelling of the Medici. In this palace is a valuable public library: in the gallery are held the sittings of the Accademia della Crusca: the ceilings, painted by Luca Giordani, are very beautiful. One front of this building is in the Via Larga, a street which deserves its name—*large*, both in French

and Italian, meaning *broad*, and which reminded me, though inferior to it, of Portland Place. Not many of the streets of Florence are broad; they who dislike the tedious uniformity of a regularly built town, will not complain of Florence. It is paved throughout with flag-stones well-joined, but of such shapes as they had when first taken out of the quarry; and when repairs are made, the new stones are cut or broken into the form of the place where they are to be inserted. The streets are not kept clean. I repeat what I said of Paris, that to remedy this fault, nothing is wanted but a regulation of the police.

Some little inconvenience is experienced by those who walk in the streets of Florence in rainy weather. The spouts which conduct the rain from the roofs to the street are of unequal lengths, some of them discharge their streams at a little distance from the houses; others pour their torrents into the middle of the street; the rain is heavy; the falls of water are so too: and no man who has pity for his coachman, or sets any value on his coach-horses, or has any regard for his own person, can pass along the streets of Florence in rainy weather.

Yet pull down the walls, and in their place make a boulevard all round the town, conduct

a good street from the gate of Santa Croce to the centre of the town, open a wide passage from the Piazza Gran Duca to the Duomo, disencumber the two upper bridges of all that is built upon them, except the arches of the Grand-duke's gallery, which might be made even a pretty feature in the view, continue the Lung' Arnata, as far as may be, at least, on the right bank of the Arno, do all this—it is not much—and Florence will be, if not the grandest, certainly the most beautiful city in Europe; and the Florentines may say of their city, what I heard a man say to his flambeau at an evening festivity, when it was the usage for all to carry lights, "*la più bella è mia.*"*

It is certainly the most agreeable place in Italy for the residence of a foreigner. The government is no part of his concern; but it is a source of satisfaction to him that the people among whom he lives should be contented with their government, and not divided into political parties. The Grand-duke ruled with kindness, and was popular; and though there might be some appearance of affectation in the conviction expressed by the Tuscans of their own political blessedness, yet their sincerity needs not to be doubted, as no sentiments of the same

* The most beautiful, is mine.

sort were announced in any other part of Italy. The Grand-duke had suffered, by revolutionary vicissitudes, what might have justified him in being jealous of whatever might tend to renew them: he was, however, tolerant in this respect, and his disposition was so far relied upon, that an active partaker in the Neapolitan revolution having taken refuge at Florence, it was thought safest for him that his case should be made known to the Grand-duke, who readily gave him leave to stay at Florence, because he could be safe no where else: and this person, under an assumed name, performed nightly at the public theatre.

No doubt many Tuscans regretted the loss of the career open to their ambition, while members of the great empire; and an officer of the army, with whom I was acquainted, thought it very hard that he had so little chance of seeing real service. However, things were quietly returning to the state in which the legislator Leopold had left them: industry was free, and there were no complaints that commercial regulations and duties were vexatious or excessive: such complaints were uttered with more or less energy in Piemont, at Milan, in Rome and Naples.

A private English gentleman, in his quality of stranger at Florence, is admitted into socie-

ties, where in England he could not enter without giving himself some extraordinary pains for that purpose. This is, in some degree, the case at Rome and Naples; but the ecclesiastical and royal sovereigns at those two capitals, are more reserved and ceremonious than the sovereign of Tuscany; certainly without being more beloved or better obeyed than he. The Pope is here spoken of, not as chief pastor of the church, but as head of the State; and it would be superfluous to remark, that his ecclesiastical character requires the observance of an appropriate decorum. At Florence, the Court gives the example, not only by receiving but by visiting: and personages of high distinction are to be seen both at the Pitti and in other assemblies, where the Court assists. I saw at the English Minister's, the King of Prussia and his two sons, who seemed to be amiable young men, and Prince Oscar, the heir of the "*soldat heureux*," who has ascended the throne of Sweden. The manners of the Crown Prince announced the firmness and intelligence of the martial and politic mind which his situation will call for. I wished for the opportunity of suggesting to this young man the liberation, at some future, not distant period, of Poland, the barrier of Europe, and of cautioning him,

by the example of two former conquerors of Poland, against "treating with the Czar at Moscow." This was a silly fancy: but such things pass in the minds of little men when they have the unusual view of great ones. The Hospodar of Wallachia, with his Grecian dress, his turban, and diamond-hilted dagger, and gracious manners, was much admired.

I jump from chiefs and princes to the mention of a female, to whom nature had given a talent that had long enchained the admiration of the public, and whose conduct and manners secured the respect and esteem of her private friends. Madame Catalani had returned to her native country, and inhabited a handsome villa, or country-house, very near Florence. Her name was so truly what Madame de Staël calls "*un nom Européen*," that she was still spoken of popularly as Madame Catalani, or la Catalani. I have seen her name in marriage, on her music-books, and on cards and notes, but never heard her called by it. This is curious, as she had been married so many years, that her children were now grown up, and her husband and some of her family lived with her.

She gave musical parties. We were present at one of these *academies*, which was given in splendid style, and at which was assembled the

first society of Florence. She had given up her professional appearance in public. Once, however, during this winter, she sung at the Pergola for the benefit of a charitable institution, in the presence of the sovereign's family and an overflowing audience. She has since made one or two theatrical engagements.

The Opera is well sustained at the several theatres of Florence: it is a great advantage that these houses are not too large for hearing and seeing. The *Teatro Nuovo* is of a very elegant interior. My apartment—my palace, I should say—we all live in palaces in Italy,—nay, the house of a friend, on my inquiring for it, was pointed out to me by a shopkeeper, as *questo palazzino dirimpetto—Palazzo Nicolini*—was so near the *Cocomero*, (so called from its ensign, a bomb, which the people take for a water-melon,) that we could hear the actors rehearse; it was not far from the Pergola, the largest of the Florentine theatres, and in the interior, well-proportioned and well-arranged.

In instrumental music, the Italians are rivalled, perhaps surpassed, by the Germans; but, as the late Duke of C—— was said to have written in his notes, while attending the trial of Warren Hastings, "Cheyt sing, Cheyt sing—nobody can sing like Mrs. Billington!" so I say

nobody can sing like the Italians. There are beautiful airs of French, and Scotch, and Irish melody; but an Italian romance is a dramatic composition, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.

The Italians are not a little vain of their own musical pre-eminence. A Briton, I call him a Briton, for he was a Scotchman, a performer of great merit, and of the first-rate, sang at the Pergola: he was famous for his falsetto, which he executed with great taste and sweetness; and it was curious to observe with what a saucy affectation of surprise the Italians cried out *bravo*. Speaking of a car of triumph, in which he was drawn on the stage, he called it a *bigo* instead of a *biga:* this little blunder gave an occasion of unmerciful ridicule to musical jealousy. I sympathized with my poor countryman, having once been punished at school for writing *clypea* instead of *clypeo*, and assisted at his benefit.

An Italian, calling one day and looking over the music-books in the course of his visit, cried out, "*Ecco della-roba Francese:*" this was not quite so bad as "same French stuff," but it was very nearly the some. The "stuff" was the beautiful song "Portrait charmant." This, said he, is "*per far dormire;*" and, beginning to

yawn and to sing at the same time, and resting his head on his hand, he pretended to be falling asleep; till, arriving at "gage d'amour," he had the air of resigning himself completely into the arms of Morpheus.

Dramatic representations without music are not as yet encouraged in Italy; but Alfieri has remonstrated with his countrymen, and they will listen to the complaints and advice of a man who has done so much honour to his country, by bringing into it the dramatic muse from the Aonian mount, as Virgil before him had brought the epic. He recommends to the actors to learn their parts from a copy written like prose without regard to the end of each line. I think him wrong: the iambic foot, without rhyme, requires a pause at the end of each line, even where the sense may not demand it, in order that the versification may be distinguishable to the ear: we often run into blank verse without intending, almost without perceiving it. But perhaps Alfieri meant to be contented with the rhythm only. He remarks that the dialects of Italy are a hindrance to the success of the drama. Indeed it may be questioned whether a Venetian or Neapolitan audience, indiscriminately collected, could understand a play recited in the Tuscan language

with the Roman pronunciation. Thus the sphere of action of the drama is contracted: it will disperse the knowledge of the pure Italian, but, in the mean time, is subjected to the disadvantage of a narrower range.

The performances at Florence were highly respectable. Though Italy has not yet its Kemble or its Talma, it cannot for a moment be supposed that it will ever fail of producing genius to achieve whatever it may undertake.

The excessive heat of summer and the deluging rains of the latter end of the year excepted, Florence is a delightful residence.

CHAPTER IX.

Monks and Nuns sneered at by the English tourists.—Ponte alle Sieve.—Italian Market-day.—Picturesque Landscape.—Monastery of Vallombrosa.—Hermitage among the Pines.—Hyperbolical Innkeeper.—Description of the Nunnery at Hammersmith.—The Trappists in England.—Dr. Johnson's opinion of Monastic Seclusion.—Another argument in favour of it.

THE life of a monk or nun is a perpetual subject of petulant sneering to the English tourist. This is of very little importance to the parties subjected to such raillery, but of great consequence to the railers, who, by an unfortunate paralogism, think themselves justified in separating from the church in which such a mode of life is adopted. A religious life, that is, a life according to certain rules

of counsel instituted in religious houses, is no part of the Catholic faith: monks and nuns believe neither more nor less than other Catholics; and a Catholic, though he may think it useful, knows that it is not necessary to salvation to be a monk or nun: he admires the sacrifice which he does not make, and, from the contemplation of it, endeavours to gain strength for the more difficult task of living a Christian life in the world. Thus much may be said to obviate the absurd misapprehension of those who regard Henry VIII. as raised by Providence to make a picturesque ruin at Glastonbury, Croyland, and Fountain's Abbey, and who visit the yet standing monasteries of Vallombrosa, Camaldoli and Averna. The first of these I visited; the other two I recommend to those who may have that strength and perseverance in which I failed, though I set out with the intention of completing the tour.

Towards the end of May, for before that time the mountain region is too cold for those unhabituated to it, I took my family to Ponte alle Sieve: the road follows the Arno upwards, and affords delightful points of view. Arrived at this little town, we enjoyed the humours of

an Italian market-day, and, proceeding to the bridge from which it is named, and which is of itself a handsome object, we saw a country that exhibited all the charms of English landscape, heightened by the splendour of an Italian sky. The females of the party returned to Florence, and my son and I proceeded on foot to Pelago. We regretted that we had not made the carriage bring us thus far, as the road would have permitted it: but from this point all who can, should walk, as to be dragged along in sledges of wicker work by slow-footed oxen, up hills and at the edges of precipices, must be tedious and unpleasant. Nothing, however, can be more delightful than the walk. Deep dells, distant hills, rock and forest, light and shade, present at every step a varying picture.

We were now drawing near to the convent, when we saw, seated at the foot of a tree, a man in a grave but ordinary dress, with whom we entered into conversation. After a few remarks on the scenery around us, he divined our errand, and gave me to understand he was the *padre forestiere*. Under this name, one monk is charged to receive all idlers, that the rest may be free to follow their vocation. I put into his hands a letter from the superior

house at Florence: my credentials were superfluous, as the society of Vallombrosa, though it may yet exercise gratuitous hospitality to the poor, depends now for a part of its support on the generosity of rich visitants. The French republic and Napoleon have been almost as efficient agents in the hands of providence for the suppression of monkery, as our honoured reformer Henry VIII. himself.

Now for the disappointment. After feeding my mind with the recollection of poetical passages about Vallombrosa, after having revelled for more than two hours in the view of bold and romantic scenery, through which we had slowly passed that we might enjoy it the more, behold me arrived in front of what might be taken for a large farm house,—such an one as is sometimes made of an old neglected country seat. A broad gravel walk in a straight line led up to this front; near the walk, was a regularly cut oblong fish-pond, and a little *potager*, or kitchen garden.

The pines on the hills,—for that which, seen from the distant valley, had been the upper part of mountains was, at this elevation, dwindled into hills around the house, at least on three sides of it,—the pines tall and rectilinear, served only to make of the whole an appear-

ance contrasting by its formality with the bold and wild tract in the immediate neighbourhood. The pine is not so beautiful in a landscape as in poetry. Many of these trees, stripped of their bark and branches, were lying ready to be floated down the Arno to become the masts, not of "some tall Ammiral," but of Leghorn traders; and the sight of these trees on the ground, and of workmen employed upon them, did not harmonise with the feelings of enthusiasm excited by an approach to the seclusion of Vallombrosa.

A Franciscan at Leghorn, with whom I was walking in the garden of his convent, told me of a little boy, of seven years old, who, proud of the privilege on account of sex, of admissibility into the inclosure, behaved with an amusing sort of arrogance to his sister of nearly the same age, "*Son uomo io, tu sei donna:*" "I am a man, you are a woman, and must wait on the outside." In the same manner, we looked with indifference at the house destined for the reception of female visitants, and passed on towards the gate. Near it, were several of the monks, dressed in what looked like long dark-coloured great coats, with round hats, which struck one as *un*monastic: some of these hats were taken off to salute us, but no-

thing was said. The porter showed us into the strangers' apartment, which seemed to me more gaily fitted-up than beseemed a monastery; but we were worldlings, and to the taste of worldlings this room was to be accommodated. Notwithstanding the western breeze that brought, on soft and gentle wing, all the warmth that it could bear to this elevated region, the air was as cold as at the same season in England with a north-west wind: here the Zephyr even was chill: we were chilled too, more especially as having been heated by our walk. A fire was lighted, and we dissolved the cold after the manner of Horace, for wood was supplied in plenty.

Coffee was brought, and an hour afterwards, supper. At the conclusion of this meal, came in the "father of the strangers," a man of plain good sense and instructive conversation. I was obliged to take him for a representative of the whole community, for I found that no intercourse would be allowed to me with the other monks, no means of judging of their characters and manner of thinking, and the degree of spiritual profit derived to them by their retreat from the world. I regretted that such was the order, yet could not but approve of it.

Their number had been reduced from a hundred and twenty to less than forty. Postulants were not wanting—this may surprise some of my readers—but confiscation had diminished the means once possessed by the society. Their house had been restored, and a small pension was allotted to each member by the Government. Such is at present the financial state of all, or almost all the religious houses of Italy.

The visiting-book was brought to us, as if we had been at a watering-place, and we added our names to a long list of foreigners of all nations, as well as of Italians, who, for many preceding seasons, had come to Vallombrosa from various motives and with various dispositions. The review of this book, and of the remarks annexed to some of the names, amused for some time after the departure of the *padre*. Our chambers opened into the sitting-room; we heaped large logs on the fire, that it might give warmth throughout the night, and retired to rest too much fatigued to entertain the purpose of being present at the early mass or matutinal devotions of the community.

The next morning, after breakfast, the father called in and conducted us over the

house: it was in a state the reverse of Lord Burleigh's; it was become too big for its inhabitants. Broad and spacious corridors and cloisters secured to the monks a potentiality, as Johnson called it, of taking exercise within doors when the cold or storms should prevent them from going abroad. On the refectory, I remarked, as on all I have seen on the Continent, that they are not so handsome as the halls of our two Universities: our dining-rooms are handsomer than the *salles-à-manger*, which are literally what their name imports; and the habitudes of domestic life influence communities, especially in England, where fellows of colleges, the monks of Protestantism, are by no means secluded from the world. The church is handsome, and may vie with the finest churches of Florence. There was a library, not a very large one, of old books.

We took our leave. On going out, we observed, on the hill to the east, at a considerable height, among the pines, a little building called the hermitage, inhabited, we were told, by one monk only. The ascent was steep, and, in the doubt whether the hermit would enter into conversation, even if a visit should be paid to him, we turned our faces towards Florence, abandoning the project of proceeding to Ca-

maldoli and Averna. There was not enough to be learned, I thought, by visiting monasteries to compensate the labour. By very excellent and praiseworthy management, the curious and idle are very courteously received and accommodated in these houses, and at the same time effectually hindered from interfering with the rule of life there followed. To wander among the Apennines on foot, in quest of the picturesque, might befit a younger man.

The picturesque, however, was before us: nothing is so beautiful as the road from Pelago to Vallombrosa, except the road from Vallombrosa to Pelago: it is the reverse of the same landscape; one worthy to be viewed on both sides. The innkeeper at Pelago supplied an open carriage, with a little horse, whose speed he commended with all the vivacity of an Italian imagination, comparing it to the smoke, to the wind, to lightning, and all the objects of nature that could present themselves for such a purpose to the fancy of the poet. He spoke truth, however,—an uncommon merit both in a poet and an innkeeper: the horse took us to Florence in the cool of the evening, a distance of fifteen miles, in less than two hours.

To the greater number of English readers, an

account of a convent in England is as strange as any thing that can be related of foreign countries. Many years ago, my friend, Dr. John Douglass, Vicar Apostolic of the London district, took me to see a nunnery at Hammersmith. The house, though it would have been a large one for a private family, was small for a convent. I found a society of ladies, cheerful, well-mannered; who, from the habits of a life devoted to religion, seemed to have got rid of pride, envy, frivolity, and of all the feelings of vanity and ill-humour, which so often prevail in companies assembled for the express purpose of being agreeable to each other.

An old nun, of more than seventy, distinguished me with particular favour. With all the vivacity of a girl of eighteen, she took hold of my arm: "Come, I will show you the house!" She took me to the chapel, refectory; work-room; to the garden, near which was the cemetery, where a grave was dug ready for the next who should die. My nun then said, "Now I will take you to my chamber: cells we call our bed-rooms." It was a neat little room; on the bed was laid a crucifix. "There is my husband: I never had any other, and I never will."

The Trappists, as is well-known, when driven

from France, found an asylum in the neighbourhood of Lulworth Castle. I made them a visit, which I considered as a sort of pilgrimage. Père Antoine showed me the house, in which nothing was to be remarked, but its accommodation to the uses of the dwellers in it, and to the spirit of poverty. All this was worthy of admiration, and needed not to be justified. Père Antoine, however, said, "*Quand on vient à mourir, il importe peu si on a vecu dans un palais ou dans une grange, comme celle-ci.*" I replied, "*Il se peut, au contraire, qu'il importera beaucoup.*" *

"Variety," said Rasselas, "is so necessary to content, that even the Happy Valley disgusted me by the recurrence of its luxuries: yet I could not forbear to reproach myself with impatience, when I saw the monks of St. Anthony support, without complaint, a life, not of uniform delight, but of uniform hardship."

"Those men," answered Imlac, "are less wretched in their silent convent, than the Abyssinian princes in their prison of pleasure. Whatever is done by the monks is incited by

* "When one comes to die, it is of little importance, whether one has lived in a palace or in a barn, like this." —"On the contrary, it may be, that it will be of very great importance."

an adequate and reasonable motive. Their labour supplies them with necessaries; it therefore cannot be omitted, and is certainly rewarded. Their devotion prepares them for another state, and reminds them of its approach, while it fits them for it. Their time is regularly distributed: one duty succeeds another, so that they are not left open to the distraction of unguided choice, nor lost in the shades of listless inactivity. There is a certain task to be performed at an appropriated hour; and their toils are cheerful, because they consider them as acts of piety, by which they are always advancing towards endless felicity."

I trust that no apology is necessary for having quoted this striking and apposite passage from a strong-minded writer who has taken his rank amongst English classics. I would have contented myself with referring to the place where it may be found, but that I know references are of little use when the work is not at hand, and are generally neglected afterwards. More, however, than what I have here transcribed, relating to this topic, may be found in the forty-seventh chapter of that incomparable work, which gives so true and instructive a view of human life.

I will venture to bring forward one more

argument in favour of monasteries or convents: their inhabitants form a family of which the succession is continually maintained; the infirm and the aged are not desolate, are not deserted, as but too often happens in this hard-hearted world; but are assured of that help and consolation which parents receive from the affection of their children. Nay, children do not often form part of the household of parents far advanced in years, but themselves are become chiefs of another family. A stranger then tends the bed of sickness, and the hand of a stranger closes the eyes of the departed.

This consideration is so powerful a motive with the poor, for embracing a religious conventual life, that many are found who pay a small pension to be admitted in the quality of lay-brothers and sisters, in countries where such societies are not maintained by their own estates or the Government. These persons serve without wages, and regard their services as compensated by the advantage that in sickness, in old age, and at the hour of death, they shall not be forsaken nor destitute.

CHAPTER X.

Intention of passing the Summer on the Sea-coast.—Leghorn.—House hired by the Author.—Inconvenience of the Trees in hot climates.—*Delights* of an Italian Villa.—Housekeeping.—Dishonest Contrivances of the Servants.—Inconveniences of sojourning abroad with a Family.—Difficulty of procuring tolerable servants.—Antoine.—Anecdotes of servants in Italy.—English Duty on Foreign Fruit.—Buildings for Sea-bathing at Leghorn.—Fiscal Inquisition.—The Ardenza.—The Governor's ball.—Other evening parties at Leghorn.—Theatre.—Miscellaneous Population.—Grave of Smollett.

In our great hall and gallery in the *Via de' Servi*, and in the rooms on the ground-floor, which being useless to the proprietor, had been thrown into the bargain, we had uncommon means for passing the summer at Florence in a cool temperature, at least within doors; but like true English, we determined to pass the summer months on the sea-coast. It was no

easy matter to accomplish this purpose in a satisfactory and agreeable way.

The south-eastern coast of Italy, from the Gulf of Spezia to Terracina, is flat and marshy; the beach is muddy; there is no tide in the Mediterranean to bring up and leave on its retiring that fine sandy walk, the great recommendation of many of our sea-bathing places on the ocean shore. At Via Reggio, indeed, we were told there was sand, but we were told also that there was nothing else: whereas at Leghorn there were *stabilimenti*, buildings erected for the express purpose of making sea-bathing convenient. The idea of a large commercial town was repulsive, but the *stabilimenti* were attractive. Every Oxonian of fifty can remember the *strings* which declared "*Attractio et repulsio sunt contraria; sed attractio et repulsio possunt dici de eodem; Ergo, contraria possunt dici de eodem*: and every man, whether Oxonian of fifty or not, will admit the truth of every member of the syllogism, and find it confirmed by his experience throughout life.

When a freshman at Oxford, and during my course of logic, in argument with a gay dandy young man of my acquaintance, I quoted "*syllogizari non est ex particulari*:" he an-

swered in a way which then made me think him a very ignorant fellow, though it now proves him to me to have been a very wise one—" D—n your silly *jozari*." Perhaps my reader will say the same, or say, without swearing, to the same purport. I beg pardon, and proceed to Leghorn.

Thither in effect we went in two post-coaches, and, changing horses and resting one hour at Empoli and two at Pisa, performed the journey in ten hours.

Leghorn is a handsome, modern, regularly-built town; the *Via Grande*, or high street, reaches from the port to the Prata Pisana, traversing the square or Piazza d'Arme in which are the cathedral, the palace of the Grand-duke, and that of the governor of the city. In the quarter towards San Marco, are several good streets, retired from the bustle of commerce: here we might at least have enjoyed shade and quiet. I fancied these were the appendages of a villa, and took a house in a large garden in the fauxbourg. It was a large house; the chambers at least were well furnished, and here, as at Florence, every person of my family had a separate room; and here also, as at Florence, I paid a sequin a day for my lodging: the price would not have been extravagant

had I taken it for two months only, the high bathing season of Leghorn, but I took it for four months, not wishing to return to any town till the end of the summer; after all, the price was not much more than the summer price at Bath, and less than the winter price at Cheltenham.

The garden was of two acres, over which we might range at will; but as it would have been painful to walk over cabbage stalks, and impossible to force a way through artichokes and Indian corn, we confined ourselves to the walk from the great gate to the house, and the space left for carriages to turn. Paradoxical as it may seem, a shady walk is not wanted in a hot climate in summer; one cannot stir out during the middle of the day, and when the sun is down, air is wanted, to which whatever casts a shade is a hindrance. The ladies in England, indeed, are so fond of their parasols, that when you meet them on the shady side of the street, or after sunset, it requires great care to avoid being blinded by the tagged ends of the ribs of whalebone by which those elegant machines are distended. But walking in the evening in the *Villa Reale* at Naples, you will naturally cry out, "Oh, for the sea breeze!" in

vain—the trees forbid; but they will make you a convert to my paradox.

The delights of my villa ought to be detailed, for the benefit of all who may pant for rural sites in the neighbourhood of an Italian town. There was a long trellis, over which vines were trained: under this was a walk, but the place was so suffocating, that it was not worth while to desire the gardener to clear away the weeds, with which, as they hindered not the ripening of the grapes, he allowed the walk to be encumbered. There was also a walk, from which air and sun were excluded, leading to the lesser gate of the garden; over this gate was a *gazebo* forsooth: from this height, were seen the boys and girls playing in the lane, and, in another direction, the distant Apennines with Monte Nero, better viewed from our windows.

The monotonous chant of the gardener's girls could not tire them, for its theme was love. In vain I entreated them, instead of Hymen, to worship Plutus, whose minister I engaged to be, if they would work in silence; but they could not give up the syren song. So much had I acquired the habit of sleeping in the heat of the day, that it was no great inconvenience to be waked, at the earliest

dawn, by the preparations of my neighbour for market: my neighbour he was, for his house joined on the back of mine, and my chamber looked out that way. Three quarters of an hour did he employ in heaping his cart with vegetable wealth, and then with a loud "*anda*" to his horse, he set off to the town to make his fortune.

And why complain that this cart left ruts, and that this horse left dung on my grand *allée*? It was still better than the lane. Of one nuisance, however, I was invincibly sensible. When a new crop was to be put in, the beds of the garden destined to receive the plants or seeds, were first to be manured, and the manure employed was of the most offensive odour. By law, the reservoirs of the material were to be opened in the night-time only; but there was no law to forbid the scent to taint the circumambient air: the perfumed gales floated in the wide expanse, till lost in their own dispersion, or washed down by a convenient shower.

My housekeeping had not the advantage which it ought to have derived from the proximity of the garden: the cook always found some good reason for not buying fruits and vegetables where the price might be known.

Complaints were neglected, commands were eluded: as much artifice was employed by my cook as would have sufficed to a roguish secretary of state, if such a personage any where exists; and, excepting some grapes and other fruit, which, in virtue of a personal treaty between the high contracting powers, (the gardener and myself,) passed immediately from the tree to the table, my taste was but little gratified in compensation of the sufferings of other senses.

The kitchens of foreign houses are, in general, contrived to be at a distance from the apartments, so that one is not annoyed by that smell of cookery which, in English houses, sometimes salutes a morning visitant at three or four o'clock in the afternoon. This disposition, however, renders the cook independent, and is generally put to profit. Besides, in the more southern climes, it is an established practice to make provision for the day only; the morrow brings its own cares with it.

Ignorant of this usage when I first settled at Avignon, and believing, according to preconceived notions, that a well-furnished larder was a creditable part of a domestic establishment, I endeavoured that, of each day's supply

of food, there should be something to spare, as an assurance that there had been enough. The negro says, "The more Massa call me, the more I won't come;" so, the more was ordered, the less there was remaining; for all remains were a perquisite of office: it therefore became necessary to endeavour that ways and means and the supply should correspond exactly. At Florence, I found that very many, even of the Italian families, made an agreement with their own cooks to serve them a dinner at a certain price every day; and in this they were imitated by some English, who had been long established there. For the last six months a *traiteur* supplied my table, and the splendid *batterie de cuisine* of polished copper, of which the *maestro di casa* was justly proud, was left to glitter idly on the walls, like the armour of a tired warrior.

But in a *villa* it was necessary to have a kitchen, as the town and its means and appliances for dining, were half a mile off. We changed our cook three times in four months, at Leghorn. The first took snuff; the second required that a little boy, only fourteen years old, should be invited daily to eat her dinner for her, as she had no appetite herself; the third bought the refuse of the market, in every

sort of viand; and this, as the price accorded not with the quality, I considered as a symptom of dishonesty: he delighted, moreover, in that excitement of ideas for which wine is so much commended by the poets. On these two points I endeavoured to descant in a way that, as I thought, might edify him, as a persuasive to an honest and sober life. I reminded him that we must all appear before the great judgment-seat: he answered, instead of trembling and putting off the conversation to "a more convenient season," "*Chi lo sa?*" (Who knows that?) This confounded me, and entirely altered the theological state of the question. He is the only example of drunkenness and infidelity that I have met with, in his condition of life, in France or Italy. Of the higher orders, it is superfluous to say, because it is so well known, that in the use of wine they seldom proceed even to exhilaration: of their religious belief, I may speak hereafter.

One of the great inconveniences of sojourning abroad with a family, is the difficulty of procuring good servants. I have been assured that two footmen were taken away from behind a foreigner's carriage at Florence, for some cause which had attracted the notice of the police. The very refuse of domestics offer

themselves to those who have but scanty means of knowing their characters, or are perhaps indifferent about them. A good servant will not displace himself to enter a foreign family, on the stability of whose residence he cannot depend; and the English, having the reputation of spoiling their servants by carelessness and high wages, he avoids their service as likely to be an objection to his being received afterwards by one of his own country. In Italian families, the servants are numerous, and receive but low wages; but a service is, in some sort, an establishment for life. Many of them are married, and attending, during a portion of the day only, at their master's house, exercise some additional means of gaining a livelihood; a pension too is generally allotted to them in their old age. This easy mode of life, with the prospect towards the close of it, they would not barter even for high wages, with constant work and uncertain tenure.

As, however, the number of travellers in Italy is great at all times, and as this number had, of late years, been increased by the addition of the English, who formed more than one half of the whole, a demand had arisen for servants "having no objection to travel," and

willing to engage for short periods; and the demand had, as usual, created the supply. Antoine had left me at the end of eight months, tired of living in a country in which he could not talk, and to fill his place several well-dressed, well-behaved men presented themselves, not couriers, but men whose certificates showed them to have served in families that had been settled for short periods in the several great towns of the Continent. It is a trade apart. These men asked, as reasonably they might do, very high wages, reckoning them by the month, and not supposing the probability that they should remain a whole year in one place, and unwilling to engage with any such view.

The benevolent reader of "Four Years in France," may wish to be told what became of Antoine. He went to Genoa, because it was in the way to his own country, with the Marchesa ——, and after remaining a few months with her, engaged with an Englishman who was going to Paris. Here he returned to the service of his former master. Every month, however, he inquired of the banker whether I was returned to France; and when he found that to be the case, he wrote to me to say that he should never be

happy but with me. I answered, that he had only to return: he did return, and has since accompanied me to England; experience not having taught wisdom to either of us: a proof that we are not fools. This is but sorry reasoning, and will not stand against the usual inconstancy of human nature.

A discussion concerning servants is not misplaced where counsel is to be given to travelling or sojourning families, and I will continue the account for the remainder of my stay in Italy. Antoine had been replaced by a respectable, well-educated, well-recommended Florentine. This man went with me to Leghorn. On the evening of our departure for Rome, I received a note from a countryman, requesting his character: this was the first intimation of his intention to stay behind. I gave the man a good character, mentioning, however, this trick. The Englishman replied, that he would not engage him if it should put me to any inconvenience. I rejoined, with thanks, "that I would not retain a man capable of such deceit." It is very much in the style of Italian *finesse*, to let a deceit work its own way. An English gentleman at Florence had a fall from his horse; besides some slight bruises, he felt great pain in one of his thumbs; the pain

was soon attended with inflammation: the surgeon continued to dress this thumb after the other hurts were cured: one day, he being obliged to be absent, his son attended. "Have you visited the Signor Inglese?" said the father to the son in the evening: "Yes, I have drawn out the thorn, and——" "*Pazzo che sei,*" said the father; "*ecco finita la bottega.*"* Thus Peter the Little would not prepare me for the disappointment he was about to inflict: it was discovered only by the agency of another, with an involuntary co-operation on his part.

At Rome, where we were to remain but six months, I took a Frenchman, one of the temporary service, mentioned above: all these men talk French. At Naples, the privilege of surcharging on the provisions of the house, was so completely a *vested right*, that I lost the service of two valuable domestics, by presuming to question it. One of these men was a courier, who had five times made the journey to Paris and back again: but having, at this time, failed of an engagement in his usual vocation, condescended to become an ordinary

* Blockhead that thou art! then there is an end of the shop.

domestic. He insisted on buying for the *dépense*, or secondary kitchen, in which the dessert and coffee are prepared; and, among other objects, bought oranges at a *grano* apiece. Now I had received confidential information that *three* oranges were sold for a *grano*. This difference of price was an affair of no little moment, as we, seven of us in family, eat three or four oranges, each of us, every day. By way of experiment, on my return from a walk in the Villa Reale, I stopped at a stall on the Chiaja, and ordered five dozen of oranges for thirty *grani*. The vender assured me the thing was impossible, but the oranges arrived at my apartment as soon as myself, with an allowance only of time for counting them. I had to undergo the reproaches of my family for the grave error of buying two days supply at once, as these oranges would not be fresh on the morrow; a fact that would be then perceivable by the flaccidity of the now crisp and green leaves that hung on some of them; I pleaded that in England we should be compelled to be contented without seeing orange leaves, except as a rare sight in a hot-house, and to eat of that fruit when it had for some weeks been separated from its tree. I was made to feel the

insufficiency of this argument to my justification by the reply, "But we are now at Naples."

My courier gave me still farther reason to repent of my temerity, by desiring me the next morning to provide another domestic. The cook perceiving by the manner in which his account was discussed that his prescriptive rights would be questioned, took an early opportunity of submitting to me that he could not carry on his service to the satisfaction of my "Excellency," without an *aide de cuisine*, or under-cook. Thus deserted, I took two very honest men, as yet uncorrupted by foreign influence, to whom I gave a livery coat and hat, three *carlini* a-day, and the scanty remains of a dinner furnished by the *traiteur*, in the ordering of which it was understood and agreed upon that a deficient surplus should be to them no just ground of complaint. With these men I had reason to be well satisfied during my stay, and they *resigned* with regret in favour of a courier who was to attend me to France.

Let not these petty details offend: I will venture to continue them by observing that the flavour of the orange loses by transport and long keeping, more of its quickness and

penetrating quality than can be imagined by those who have only eaten them in England. I will also request the reader to inform himself of the amount of the duty on foreign fruit: it is enormous. We are in a league against ourselves to reduce ourselves to the enjoyment of beer and sour apples: such is our patriotism! As to foreign servants, they who shall endeavour to relieve themselves from the inconveniences arising from them, by taking English servants abroad with them, will only make matters worse, by taking along with them useless, troublesome, discontented persons, who will end by desiring to leave their service and return home. This advice, for it is meant as advice, does not apply in respect of servants employed about the person, as the *valet-de-chambre* or lady's maid.

Of the latter description, my family met with a *femme-de-chambre*, who lived in it three years, at Avignon, and a very good one in Tuscany, as also at Rome. Inconsistent as it may seem with what has been above stated, it is but fair to say, that foreign servants, except as before excepted, are very honest. For this inconsequence I am not answerable: whimsical modes of reasoning are by many adopted, and adapted to their peculiar situation in life:

but true it is that I lost more by domestic pilfering in the first month after my return to England, than during eight years on the Continent.

The buildings for sea-bathing at Leghorn were two: one of them was a long low range of chambers, sufficiently neat within; every chamber having its dressing-room and bathing-room on the usual plan of hot-baths in large towns: you might have hot sea-water, if such was your pleasure; and for those who could imagine that on this plan they were bathing in the sea, for those who required warm-bathing in salt water, or for invalids, this building was convenient enough. It was, moreover, recommended by the circumstance, that the other building could be approached in a boat only, being erected in the sea, about half a furlong from the walls of the town. To protect these walls from the fury of the waves, a range of rocks had been laid in the sea parallel to them at about a furlong's distance: thus an expanse of still water had been obtained, not over pure, since its freshness could be renewed only at the opening at each end, or by what might ooze through the interstices of the rocks; but so calm, that landsmen might take a boat, and the timid might bathe at all

times. Arrived at the wooden, circular, pagoda-like building of which we speak, you ascend by steps to a sort of stage, which allows head-way to the baths below: each bath has its *cancelli*, or grate, towards the sea, with a door of egress. Around the stage are the chambers, with a large chamber in the middle of it, set apart for the family of the governor: above all, a flag streams to the wind, and the flat roofs afford "prospect wide" of vessels entering or going out of the port.

Male bathers usually caused themselves to be rowed far beyond. The boats were furnished with curtains that inclosed the part towards the stern, and with steps by which to descend into the sea, and mount into the boat again. My son and other bold swimmers went to the other side of the *scoglie*, or rocks, for the sake of purer and deeper water than could be found within them; for myself, though naturally a swimmer, for all Lincolnshire men are web-footed and swim by nature, I did not like to venture where an upright man could have no ground to stand on, a situation dangerous both physically and morally, and not to be incurred but by those of great strength of mind or body. The bottom, however, was muddy, the water was stagnant, and seemed

to be mixed with the off-scourings of the town.

On the whole, Leghorn can by no means be recommended as a place for sea-bathing, though the best, nay the only one, for two hundred miles of coast. Yet the King of Wirtemberg had preferred it to the shore of the German Ocean or of the Baltic: to be sure, in coming hither, he had the pleasure of seeing a great part of Italy; that probably was the inducement. Another season, his Majesty spent at Genoa, where matters, in regard to sea-bathing, are still worse; the sub-marine immersions being there performed in a sort of wicker basket.

Indeed the Italians know very little of this affair in respect either to pleasure or to health. Many families came to Leghorn during the season and took the bath for an hour or two every morning and evening, giving as a reason that the expenses of the place were so great that they wished to benefit as much as possible in the shortest possible time. The season ends at the beginning of September. By especial favour, a chamber was continued for three weeks for the use of my family, after all the rest of the Pagoda was taken down, except the upright piles.

Leghorn is a free port, but at the gates a severe fiscal imposition and inquisition subsists: it is *porto franco, porta clausa.* Often has my carriage been stopped at the entrance into the town, from the villa, by carts undergoing the examination of the merchandises they bore. Once my entrance into the town was arrested by a vehicle that bore the produce neither "of Araby the blest" nor of the Islands of the western main, but by a dung-cart, to which the officers of the customs were paying, as it seemed, an attention utterly disproportionate to the value of the ware. Yet Vespasian, a great and wise prince, laid an impost on a somewhat similar article, justifying himself by the exemption from all ill odour of the money so raised, and by the observation, now a favourite with men of the world, *lucri bonus odor ex re qualibet.* However, the dung was to pass free; but it was to be pierced in several places with a long, slender, pointed iron bar, or spit, lest, under this *cover*, smuggling should be practised. Perhaps hay, straw, and other such masks of fraud, are also subjected to this *penetrating* search.

We drove, in the evening, for four miles along a dusty road to a fine lawn, close by the sea, where the visitants and inhabitants held a pro-

menade. This place is called the Ardenza; a grammarian would say, because the turf of the lawn was burnt up by the heat. Here, at least, we enjoyed the sea-breeze, and saw the sun set in the sea, and the moon rise from behind the hills. Sometimes we played at bowls on the gravel-walk, or looked at the wheel that brought up water from the well to irrigate the garden.

The gardener was patriarch of numerous descendants: his son-in-law lived with him, as is frequently the practice, both in France and Italy, with families of higher distinction than this. There was an infant just learning to speak: he was roused to talk by the reproach, "Checho brutto," and answered resentfully, "Non: tu brutto: Checho bello." Checho, sounded Keko, is the abbreviation of Francesco. It reconciles man to his kind, to perceive how much alike we are in all countries.

As for reunions in society, the Governor Marchese Garzone Venturi, did the honours of his place with splendour and great affability. He gave a ball at which my family assisted: there were present the King of Wirtemberg, the English Minister, and several of the Tuscan

* "Ugly Kekko." † No. Thou ugly; Kekko pretty.

nobility: the governor also did my son and me the honour of inviting us to a dinner of ceremony of twenty covers. A principal banker and merchant, originally from North Britain, who had been long settled at Leghorn, entertained us hospitably, and in a handsome style: his evening-parties, dances, and concerts were very agreeable. We were acquainted also with some Livornesi, who deserved all the praise commonly awarded to the Tuscan character. I met too with some chess-players. There is a theatre at Leghorn, and some of the principal performers of Florence attend occasionally during the season, as they also do at the baths of Lucca.

Leghorn, a modern and commercial city, assembles within its walls persons of all nations and creeds. The Jews are numerous, and have here a large synagogue. The Protestant burying ground, more properly the burying-ground of all Christians not Catholic, has long been an object of curiosity to the English, and a visit to this last abode of many of our countrymen in a foreign land excited a pleasing, though melancholy interest. Several names of note have here found their blazonry; the worn path-way to the tomb of Smollett showed that he yet lived in memory.

CHAPTER XI.

Intention of passing a Winter at Rome.—View at Pisa.—Prospect from the summit of the Leaning Tower.—The Baptistery.—The Camposanto.—The Cathedral.—The University.—Lodgings at Pisa.—The Grand-duke.—Reasons for not passing the Winter at Pisa.—Lame horse.—Advice of the Magistrate.—The Duchess of Lucca.—Sienna.—Perugia.—Proper time for visiting Rome.—Cathedral and Academy of Sienna.—Inn at Buonconvento.—Italian Inns in general.—Eloquence of the people of Sienna.—Peasant-boy.—Labouring man of Auvergne.—Irish labourer.—Mountainous tract.—Inns at Radicofani and La Novella.—Dogana at Ponte-centino.—Aquapendente.—Lago di Bolsena.—Dreariness of the Campagna di Roma.

THE fear lest any occurrence, domestic or political, should prevent us from seeing Rome, now that we were so near it,—this fear, created and aggravated by the impatience which every one must feel who has long contemplated such a journey, and finds its accomplishment at hand, determined us to pass the next winter at Rome. I was, however, for some time un-

decided: some of my children were too young to profit, as might be desired, by seeing Rome; but it was impossible to wait till all should be capable of deriving full advantage from it. Florence offered itself as an agreeable sojourn for another winter: but the cold deterred, a better climate attracted. At any rate, let us see Pisa first: perhaps we may winter there.

The point of view from which the Cathedral of Pisa, with the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, itself a dome, and the inclosure of the Campo-santo, are beheld all at once, is superior to any thing of the kind that can any where else be seen; it has the peculiar advantage that this grand assemblage of edifices which conduct the Christian from the font to the grave, is unobtruded on by any meaner building: no dwelling-house is near; and as it is seen immediately on emerging from the town, this circumstance gives a character of enchantment to this striking scene. The inclination of the tower has not a pleasing effect; it would be taller were it upright, and we are compelled to reflect that it has stood six centuries to be relieved from the dread lest it should fall at the moment. We mounted to the top, however, trusting to the experience of ages: the sea and a flat marshy country were seen on

three sides; on the fourth the Apennines bounded the view: this might have been known below; but who, arguing thus, would travel at all? We had familiarized ourselves to this threatening object, and now began to contemplate it: the little pillars, tier above tier, which adorn the outside, have the effect of all minute subdivision of architectural masses, that of diminishing the apparent grandeur.

The Baptistery is plain and unornamented within; and within, but not without, appeared too lofty. This different apprehension of the proportions, interior and exterior, of the same dome, is accounted for by its being seen on the outside at a distance; in the inside it is seen too near. I doubt if it be possible to build any dome, the height of which shall please the eye both within and without. The interior of the Pantheon is perfectly satisfactory; yet, could it be seen on the outside deprived of its majestic portico, and relieved from its ugly belfries, it would seem too low, at any distance that would enable the eye to take in as much as the eye could take in, of its circumference. If it be answered, that the inner ceiling may be made lower and far within the outer roof, then is the justice of this remark confirmed. Whether this observation on the

Pantheon be made at Rome or at Pisa, imports not: I anticipate, as in other cases, for the sake of comparison.

The Camposanto, so called because this cemetery is covered to the depth of six feet with earth brought from the Holy Land, is an interesting place. Its walls are covered with epitaphs and curious paintings in fresco. I felt much inclined to linger within this inclosure, and to indulge in many thoughts; but our excursion was to be included within one short summer's day.

The Cathedral, though it disappoints the expectation raised by the view of the other edifices, themselves so grand yet subordinate to it, is a fine church, large and lofty, and rendered solemn by painted glass. It has its dome too; but this dome is so little elevated above the roof that it seems to form part of it, and, by consequence, its interior concave is not so much raised as to refuse to combine with the arches and ceiling of the church: it is not, in short, a building upon a building. And here, be it remarked, that the boast of the architect, that he would build a Pantheon in the air, might have indicated to him the precise fault that he was about to commit.

There are other churches in Pisa, monu-

ments of the glory of that once flourishing republic, that are instructive to the antiquary, and worthy the attention of the traveller. Some of these we visited, and then proceeded to the University, which, from all that I could learn in conversation, both here and at Florence, is a real and efficient place of study and education for jurists and physicians, and for those who are to be promoted to the civil administration. The Botanic Garden is not large, but kept with care. It was now the time of vacation.

I was so well pleased with the appearance of Pisa, that I began a search for lodgings, almost entertaining the project of passing the winter there. These I found were to be had for about two-thirds of the price of Florence. I saw, however, but one apartment, and could hear of but one more, large enough for my family: this need not surprise; even at Florence, with more time for inquiry, I met with but four or five: and of these, two were beyond the Arno. They who travel with large families must reckon on the difficulty of lodging them; as the number of what are called best bed-rooms is rarely sufficient in the apartments to be let to strangers. For our encouragement in the plan of a Pisan winter, it was

said that the Court would certainly be there—it was so in effect—and that the Grand-duke had declared to the person who had the care of his palace at Pisa, "*Se le mie donne non vogliono venire verrò io solo, piuttosto che morir di freddo in Firenze.*" * If the Grand-duke took the liberty, as well it might be permitted to him, of styling the august females of his family "*mie donne*," no one will respect them the less for it; nor even for a little repugnance which his Imperial Highness seems to have suspected in these ladies, to a *deménagement* from Florence to Pisa.

On consulting with an Italian friend, he expressed his astonishment that we could balance for an instant between Pisa and Florence or Rome. Pisa, he said, had all the *material* of a great city; fine churches, fine buildings, a fine *lungarnata*, or street, and walk on the Arno; but it is deserted; there is no society; but one lady who receives: there are, indeed, several foreigners, but they are chiefly invalids, who come here for the sake of the climate. This advice had its due weight. Besides, if we passed the winter either at Pisa or Flo-

* If my females will not come—[to Pisa]—I will come alone, rather than die with cold at Florence.

rence, whither could we go for the following summer? We were satisfied with our experience of Leghorn sea-bathing. The genius of Rome beckoned us, and to Rome we resolved to go.

Before we arrived at Pontadera, one of the horses was discovered to be lame: it happened that two horses belonging to the same *vetturino*, or master-coachman, were in the town, on their return to Leghorn. I waited on the chief-magistrate of the place, and requested him to award me one of these horses in lieu of the lame one. He received my evidence and that of my coachman, without the least distrust, and evidently wished to relieve me from the inconvenience of travelling all the way to Rome with a lame horse. Still there was a difficulty —unlike the Welch judge, who declared that it always puzzled him to hear both sides of a question, he wished to see what objection there might be on the part of the voiturier: it certainly was possible that I might have hired the very horses that drew my carriage and no other. The man, who was leading the pair of horses to Leghorn, presented himself, and pleaded his master's orders to this effect: this was nothing to the purpose: moreover, as he began to quarrel very violently with my

coachman, he was turned out of the room for contempt of court. My coachman then produced the agreement between his master and me, wherein it was stipulated, that he should provide good, stout, and sufficient horses. The justice hesitated no longer, and counselling me always to have my contracts in writing, and in terms the most precise, "a precaution," he said, "by no means superfluous," he sent his clerk with me to the inn, to enforce obedience to his decree.

This adventure would have been only vexatious at home; but abroad, it was also somewhat amusing and instructive. The chief of the tribunal exhibited as much good sense and good manners as the case required, without the least affectation: indeed, the Italians are, more than any other people, free from affectation. We were as much objects of *his* curiosity, as he of ours: being probably the first foreign litigants *coram nobis*.

The Duchess of Lucca, formerly Queen of Etruria, passed us on the road: she was going, as was proved by the event, to die at Rome. She had the character of an amiable woman: she had certainly had the condescension to alter her day of reception from Sunday to Wednesday, out of deference to the scruples of some

English, who thought it wrong to amuse themselves on the former of those days, to which, though the first of the week, they gave the Jewish name of *Sabbath*. On this occasion, the Duchess, unintentionally, no doubt, did much harm to part of that favoured nation. As her suite occupied the beds and ate up the provisions on the road, she got on faster than we, and fairly left us behind at the entrance of the Roman State.

To give her more start, we stopped half a day at Sienna, a town well deserving a longer visit. It is sometimes chosen as a summer residence by those who pass a winter at Florence, and intend to pass the winter following at Rome; and this plan combines well with the purposes of education, as here the purest Italian is spoken without the *gola* or guttural sound: the plan might be continued for as many years as might be necessary; it would be less expensive as a residence than Florence, all the gaiety of which is concentrated during the carnival, and where the heat of summer is excessive. Perugia, a very pleasant town, might answer the same purpose to those who may wish to be near Rome: to live in Rome during the summer is out of the question; no foreigner from a northern clime ought to arrive

there before the beginning of November, and he ought to leave it at the end of April: the rains of autumn drown the *Malaria*; but it revives at the approach of the summer sun. Sienna is cold in winter, being a mountain town; the snow not only falls there, but lies in the streets. At Florence it fell for a few hours of one day during our winter; but on touching the ground it melted like the summer hail. So much does climate in Italy depend upon locality.

On the right hand of the street by which we entered Sienna, is the *corso*, or promenade, commanding a fine view of valley and hill: on the left, but farther on, is the market-place and the theatre: the town is built upon, and on each side of, a ridge: at the end of this ridge is the cathedral, of a style resembling the florid Gothic, or Gothic of the latest age of that mode of building. The pavement of this church is a drawing in *chiaro oscuro*, by means of black and white marble cut in lines, by which the figures are delineated with great justness and effect. What is called the library of the cathedral, contains no books except some breviaries on vellum, so finely illuminated, and on this account so curious, that they are deposited here instead of being used in the

choir, where they are replaced by others. Here are the ancient statues of the three Graces, and some *al fresco* paintings, said to be done in part by Raphael. Sienna possesses an Academy of the *Belle Arti:* the influence of Florence, the capital of good taste, extends itself into the provinces.

We left Sienna late in the day, and slept at Buonconvento. Here we found taste and science united; for on the ceiling of the *salon* were painted the twelve signs of the Zodiac. This inn had lately been rebuilt, and is on a small scale; a comfortable inn, and the first on the whole length of road from Sienna to Naples—here is no question of inns in Rome itself—that has endeavoured to accommodate itself to the wants of the increased number of travellers in that direction. Before the peace of 1814, the English were excluded from the Continent; and the Russians, the greatest travellers in Europe next to the English, had been at intervals at war with France, and may be supposed not to have travelled much for mere curiosity, in countries under her dominion. The southern part of the Peninsula of Italy attracts the curious only: its trade is carried on at its ports. The curious will, in due

time, improve the inns; but so notoriously bad were they, even ten years after the peace, that Italians of high distinction, cardinals or ministers, for example, were always lodged on their journeys in the house of some principal inhabitant of every great town; while all profited by this example who were able to follow the same practice.

The inns from Turin to Sienna, both included, are excellent: no English traveller, however fastidious, needs to be discontented with them. The houses are handsome; the beds and provisions good; and the service carried on with intelligence and activity. But from Sienna southwards the face of things, in this respect, is totally changed. I have no pleasure in complaining, and shall resume the subject no more, but leave the whole detail of petty inconveniences to the fancy of my reader. It was said of a Lincolnshire gentleman, by two of his friends, who were discussing his character, "Mr. —— does not want for sense;" to which the other interlocutor replied, "I suppose you mean he can do without it." So it may be said of the inns of southern Italy, that if they want comfort, they can do without it. The

climate, novelty, the whimsicalness of the shifts and expedients employed for accommodation, the physiognomy and manners of the attendants, their gratitude, when you bear with patience and good-nature what you may find amiss, their sympathy,—for they are not, like well-trained English waiters, mere automata;—all these things are excellent substitutes for comfort: the mind is occupied and amused, and drawn away from too sensitive a care for corporeal wants, or distress for the absence of accustomed appliances.

So convinced are the Italians, not merely of the purity but of the elegance with which their language is spoken at Sienna and in its neighbourhood, that throughout Italy a story is repeated by many mouths, of a great preacher, who was sent from a distance, on account of his eloquence, to preach at Sienna on some extraordinary occasion. Arriving near Sienna, he enquired his way of a peasant, who told him, "*varcato il fiume, salito il monte, eccovi Sienna in fronte.*" The preacher immediately retraced his steps without entering

* The river being forded, the mountain being ascended, behold Sienna before you.

the town, declaring that he would not expose himself to the criticism of a people who were orators by nature.

In walking up a long and steep hill, before arriving at San Quirico, I fell in with a peasant lad, who, though he talked not like an orator, pleased me very much by the propriety and good sense of his conversation. His Italian was such as is spoken by the best educated persons of Tuscany or Rome: had there been any faults of grammar I could have detected them: I understood him with great ease, and felt pleasure in flattering myself that if this had at times not been so easy to me with other speakers, it was their fault, not mine. Foreigners are often discouraged by being unable to understand those who speak the language of their own country ill.

This boy was driving an ass laden with a small sack of corn to be ground at the mill; it so happened that a girl was returning from the mill with an ass carrying flour: the two asses wanted to join company. I have seen a gentleman in a ball-room detach a chain of a lady's dress from the button of his coat on which it had been entangled; and certainly the process was not carried on with more address and decorum than my peasant threw into the act of

separating the two asses. He did it with such composure, and such forbearance from all foolish jesting, as showed that, if he could not add dignity to servile work, he had no servile mind. There is great injustice in the term vulgarity: the thing is found in its full proportion among those who are not of the vulgar.

We now talked of the products of the country: the lad told me that chesnuts formed a great part of the food of the peasantry of this mountainous district: from him I first heard the praises of the wines of Orvieto: this place is in the dominions of the Pope; so we talked of the newly-elected Pope, and of the dangerous state of health in which he was reported to be, owing, perhaps, as I said, to the fatigues consequent on his elevation to his new dignity: "*solamente il pensiero,*"* said the boy, with an air that implied an adequate conception of the importance of that high station. We arrived at a point where a little path diverged into the valley, at the bottom of which stood the mill, and here we separated.

The tactic of Protestants towards Catholics is ingenious enough: while some of the higher

* The thought of it alone.

order, on whom such flattery may be thought likely to prevail, are complimented as having too much sense to believe their own religion; the lower orders are continually reproached with ignorance and superstition. I found this youth to be well acquainted with what may be called the Christian scheme of the restoration of mankind by the atonement for sin in the person of the incarnate Word, a doctrine to be learned from the beginning of St. John's gospel recited after every mass: he did not think that sin could be pardoned without repentance: I could discover in him no propensity to substitute frivolous observances for real duties, nor even a disproportionate estimation of the value of pious practices: he knew that these were means to an end; were helps to a pious life; and that the reward, through the merits of the Redeemer, was life eternal. Socrates, who in the Phædon, can bring forward no better proof of a future life, than that the leaves fall in autumn and revive in spring; who employed, in ordering a sacrifice to Esculapius, the last breathings of a voice that had uttered so much wisdom,—Socrates would have fallen at the feet of this peasant, and have entreated him to communicate those lessons which he had learned from

some obscure Christian priest of the mountains of Tuscany.

A poor labouring man of Auvergne revealed to me a comprehensive view of the social system. "It is necessary," said he, "that there should be rich and poor; society could not subsist without it; it is its basis. I do not complain of being poor; it is the will of the good God that such should be my lot, and it is for this life only: I earn in summer two francs a day; but on Sundays, in bad weather, and in ill health, I can earn nothing; and then my wife and I and our two children suffer." To this Christian philosopher, I made a present of an old drab-coloured pelisse coat; he said it would do "*pour s'endimancher*,"* and when I left Clermont, he appeared at the coach-door with this coat and a cocked-hat on, to take leave of his benefactor. *Sit anima mea cum tali viro.*

But the poor Irish: surely they are benighted, priest-ridden, and what not? I have seen many of them, when they came to seek for harvest-work in the fens of Lincolnshire. Riding one day towards Holland Fen, I came

* For his Sunday finery.

up with one of them, and entered into conversation with him, and when we had talked of the crops, and the price of reaping per acre, I led to the subject of religion: he spoke with so much piety, with so much simplicity and unction of the great truths of revelation; of his hope in a future life; with so much gratitude even for being placed, in this life, in a condition that gave him better hopes than the rich could have of a happy lot in the life to come, that I will own I trembled, and felt both fear and shame for that disposition of fortune which had placed me on horseback, while a holy man, for such he was, went trudging on foot by my side. At Hubbard's Bridge, to those who live near it well known, we came in sight of Boston steeple. "What is that?" said the Irishman. "That is the tower of the church of Boston, a great town three miles off." "A church is it? They pull all the churches down in my country." "Who pull them down?" "They as the churches belong to: they have no use for 'em: there's nobody to go into them." "But in this country, the people are Protestants, and go to these churches." "Och! that makes a differ." It should seem that they who give away the money of Catholics to build churches

for Protestants in Ireland, think that *that* makes no *differ* at all:

We were now traversing the mountainous tract of the Siennese; the hills are bare and barren, and present no picturesque beauty to compensate their nakedness and sterility. We passed by Radicofani, where is an inn, that from the rudeness of its site is the terror of travellers, and arrived at La Novella. There is a somewhat better inn than that of La Novella, at Torricelli, two miles farther on; but the host and hostess of La Novella are most civil and ingenious people, skilful in that art of cookery, by which an animal "*omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum.*" Proteus himself could not have equalled them; he, though living, could take but one shape at a time: but under their forming hands, an animal deprived of life might satisfy the greatest lover of variety in viands.

We crossed a little stream that separates the Tuscan and Roman States, and came to Ponte-centino and its dogana, where a severe search seemed to be threatened. "I thought," said I to the custom-house officer, "the Pope to be the most generous and confiding sovereign in Italy, when he allowed me to pass through

the Bolognese without inquisition, on giving my word that there was nothing in my carriage but effects belonging to the family." "You were then only going to traverse a part of the States of his Holiness; now you are entering them, and proceeding to his capital." However, on depositing eighty paoli, to be repaid at Rome, my trunks were *bollate* without search; and the Pope's bull, so often baited in England, relieved me from all trouble here, and at Aquapendente also. A *lascia passare*, procured by Torlonia, admitted my *bauli* into Rome itself.

The very name of Aquapendente bespeaks its beauty; and the Lago di Bolsena is a fine expanse of water, surrounded by steep and vine-clad hills, now the scene of the merry vintage: but excepting at these points, the whole country from near Sienna to Ronciglione presents but little that pleases the eye. The first part of our journey from Leghorn, was through the charming, fertile, cheerful scenes of Tuscany; the last part of it was through the drear and miserable Campagna di Roma. Our delay at Sienna had compelled us to make our last half-day's journey on Sunday morning: we stopped at La Storta, a miserable hovel of an inn, near which was a chapel, where we heard mass; and

where a collection was made for the poor and the chaplain: an eleemosynary mass within nine miles of the capital of the Christian world!

What most astonishes the traveller on his approach to Rome is, that a great city can subsist in such a waste; that such a desert can surround a great city: it seems as if Providence had taken this city under its own peculiar care, and in spite of the loneliness and desolation that on all sides reach up to its very walls, had perpetuated its existence through the length of ages, and destined it to be Eternal for some great purpose of its own. In fact, had it not been the centre of Christian unity, and the seat of the chief pastor, it would long since have disappeared from the face of the earth.

CHAPTER XII.

Rome.—Italian method of bargaining.—Master of the Gran Bretagna Hotel.—Observation of a Roman.—Expensive hire of lodgings.—Dinners.—"Your Excellency."—Duty on books.—Apartment on the quay.—Description of the house.—Italian dial-plate.—Death of Pius VII.—Anecdote and character of his Holiness.—Also of his successor Leo XII.

We were now in Rome. My son and I, who had descended from the voiture to show the identity of the name on the passport and the *lascia passare*, looked at the open space before us, and then at each other. The Piazza del Popolo is an object to excite wonder, even in those whose expectations of the grandeur of Rome have been raised to the highest pitch. Behind us were the walls—the walls of *what?* The walls of Rome. Before us

two lofty porticos, separating the three great streets. On the left, Monte Pincio. In the midst, the aspiring obelisk. We drove into the Via del Babuino. The name of this street was the first thing that gave me offence in in Rome—Baboon Street; what a name! We were set down at the Hotel della Gran Bretagna. Every thing here brings to mind the change that time has made. The Romans first connected Britain with the civilized world. Had they any forethought of her grandeur? Yet the varying scene is still the same. Rome was great, and had her fops, who chattered Greek, ζωη και ψυχη, to their mistresses: Britain is great, and her coxcombs lisp love in French. The end of the century may witness regattas on Lake Superior, and pic-nics on Chimborazo.

To a Catholic Christian, a journey to Rome is in some sort a pilgrimage, and his first business is to pay his devotions at the *confession*, or tomb, of the Apostles. I could not stir out on the evening of our arrival. The next morning, my son had, I found, been beforehand with me, and in one course before breakfast, had seen the Forum, the Pantheon, and St. Peter's. I entreated him to give no opinion on what he had seen;

to leave my mind free from all previous impression or bias. I went, with my family, to the Basilica Vaticana, and resigned myself to the feeling called forth by the *religio loci* and the majesty of the temple. The reader will permit me to defer my criticism.

It may not be an useless caution to travellers, to make no bargain but in the money of the country in which they are. A louis-d'or is of less value than a guinea; a franc is less than a shilling. The French do not calculate in English money; yet I have sometimes suspected that twenty-four francs, or twenty-four sous, have been demanded of me by Frenchmen who knew that these sums were nearly equivalent to a pound sterling and a shilling, where twenty francs or sous would have sufficed but for this comparison. French money is of higher denomination than Italian money; and the Italians are very fond of bargaining with the English in French money: they would prefer calculating according to English coins, but do not know their value so well as that of those of France. They talk of louis of twenty-four francs, instead of reckoning by scudi. A louis of this sort is worth about four Roman scudi and a half. It is probable that they add half a scudo, or one-eighth, to

every fourth scudo of the bargain. The value of the coins, of whatever country he may be in, is known to an Englishman by the course of the exchange: to that he may refer, rejecting all intermediate comparison.

The master of the Gran Bretagna Hotel had a house on the other side of the street: he showed me an apartment in this house which had lately been occupied by Lord —— and his lady, as he said by way of recommendation; and being an intelligent and observing man, he really remembered the title, and did not talk of *un milordo:* had he done thus, I should have thought he meant a private gentleman, for such are *milordi*, all of them, in the south of Italy. Nay a Neapolitan, who was on the point of marriage with an Englishwoman, told his friends that he was going to marry *una milorda.* The apartment in question I took, but it had but two bed rooms; I was obliged therefore to add the adjoining one of three chambers, and in addition to my *salle-à-manger*, a *salon*: such are the wants of a large family.

A Roman observed to me of some English, "*Ils vont grand train, et font beaucoup de depense.*"* I said, "They have two horses and

* They go on at a great rate, and spend a deal of money.

one servant more than me; I have three children more than they:" and he admitted that my expense was greater, and more satisfactory. I afterwards took a lodging in the Via di Ripetta, at a price that amounted to something more than a hundred and twenty guineas for six months, without plate or linen, or stable and coach-house or even a kitchen; but a *depense* only, in which tea and coffee were prepared, and which served as a servant's hall.

Our dinner was sent by the traiteur in a flat oblong basket, with a pan of ignited charcoal or braize in the midst. The price shall not be told, lest it should be suspected that the dinner was a bad one; whereas in truth there was enough and to spare for an occasional guest, even without notice.

While we remained in Via Babuino, our dinner was brought to us from the opposite hotel: this is worthy of remark, only as showing how little thronged are the streets of Rome: a dinner could hardly be carried across any street in London, or even in any town of the second order in England. The waiters used towards us the style of *your excellency*; which appeared to me almost novel, being seldom, though sometimes applied in Tuscany, where *Signor* suffices, and *Si, Signor*, to avoid

the double sibilant, is contracted into *Gnor sì*. I told the chief waiter, for there were *moucheurs de chandelles* and *sous-moucheurs de chandelles*, that only one man in my country, the Viceroy of Ireland, was intitled to be called "*eccellenza*:" and he replied that he should think himself wanting in due respect if he failed in so calling every one like my Excellency. At the *dogana di mare*, or Custom-house on the Tyber, this surfeiting servility went still farther, for the officer desired me to tell "*il suo reverito nome*." *Suo* in the third person being, as usual, applied to him who is spoken to. Care was taken, however, to make me pay an enormous duty for six months' use of my books; without any drawback on their again "traversing the states of his Holiness." At Naples, where the duty on books is still higher, it was remitted to me by the intercession of a friend of the minister of finance. Till the governments shall be pleased to make a distinction between books for use and books for sale, it behoves every traveller to take with him no more books than he can carry in his pocket: mine had accumulated upon me, by the necessity of buying books in the languages that my children were learning.

After a week spent at the hotel, our Excellencies were established in our apartment, close by the ripetta or little ripa, the quay for boats descending the Tyber, the spot where, according to Tacitus, Piso landed, returning from the East after the death of Germanicus. The yellow Tyber rolled under our windows; the Mausoleum of Augustus formed the back wall of the court: St. Peter's and the Vatican palace were seen at the distance of half a mile.

Our palace was built on a plan so convenient and well arranged, that a detail of it may be permitted for the benefit of English builders. If Pulteney Street in Bath, one of the finest streets in Europe, had been built on this plan, its architectural merit would not have been destroyed by areas and iron pallisades; it would have had, what now it wants, a height above the ground proportioned to its breadth, and the five palaces, for such they seem, of which it is composed, would have presented, each of them, a magnificent façade.

My palace ranged with the street: the ground-floor, with the entresol over it, were destined for shops and their administrators; this was no degradation of the palace, as these shops were entered from the street, and did not in the least interfere with the inhabitants of the *piani*

nobili, for whose use there was a gateway in the centre through which their carriages entered into the court, and landed them at the foot of a broad and easy staircase of stone, lighted by large, arched, but unglazed, windows. The house was in the form of the Greek Π, of which the upper part fronted the street. At the height of three flights of stairs, we arrived at the level of the lowest of three *piani nobili;* as there were two doors on the landing to each of these flats, they might, at pleasure, be allotted to two families. My *apartment* on the second *piano* consisted of a vestibule, and a *salle-à-manger* lighted from the court, two *salons* and a bed-room in front, a suite of bedrooms on one side of the court, with doors of communication, and doors also into a corridor. The outer door of each apartment was a stout one, with its bell and letter-box, as in our colleges and inns of court, and an inner door when there was no need, in the college phrase, to *sport oak.*

"A staircase common to three or more families! How disagreeable!" says the Englishman: not more disagreeable than meeting any one in the street. "Neighbours above and below! How inconvenient!" Not more so, than neighbours on each side. Custom is every thing; and for

want of custom, we find it very fatiguing to go up and down stairs perpetually within a town-built house five stories high.

Our bed-rooms looked into a side street, and I was surprised to see from the windows of mine, on the cupola of a church, a dial-plate of a clock with six hours only marked upon it. That the Italian day is reckoned through all the twenty-four hours is well known; though some members of an august assembly refrained not from laughing when a simple Italian, who was giving evidence before that assembly, talked very naturally, for custom is nature, of "eighteen o'clock." But it is not so well known that many clocks in that country strike only six hours. This saves delay, and humours the impatience of those who are in a hurry to know the hour; and there is no danger that when the clock strikes six, at mid-day and mid-night, it will be supposed to announce six o'clock of the morning or evening.

We had heard at Leghorn of the death of Pius VII. "*Il Papa è morto; ne faranno un altro*:* said the Livornesi. This sounded like indifference; but it was explained to me, that it was intended to express a reliance on the

* The Pope is dead—they will make another.

indefectibility of the succession: so the French cry out, "*Le roi est mort—vive le roi.*"* Indeed, so persuaded are the Italians that St. Peter will never want a successor, that when, disclaiming with unaffected humility all merit on account of my conversion to the Catholic faith, I yet thought that a conversion, at the time when Pius VI. was prisoner to the French, might be considered as "against hope believing in hope;" he with whom I was conversing, a cardinal, regarded it as "*la chose du monde la plus simple.*" I then said, but with no great gravity of face, that our interpreters of the book of Revelations proved at that time that Babylon was fallen, and that there would be no more Popes. The answer reminded me of Dr. South's remark, that the book of Revelations always either finds a man mad, or makes him so.

Be this as it may, the arms of schismatic Russia, together with those of Apostolic Austria, drove the French out of Italy, and defended Venice, while Pius VII. was elected in that city. The events of his reign gave him occasion to exhibit the firmness of a confessor and the intrepidity of a Roman, on a better than Roman principle. "With the Emperor

* The King is dead—long live the King.

Napoleon," said he at Fontainebleau, "I will make no treaty but on my own palace on Monte Cavallo."

He was a man, too, of great mildness and urbanity, and of a tolerant spirit; of which an instance occurred a few years before his death. The Duchess of D——, then at Rome, said to an Anglican clergyman, "It would be a great comfort, if, on a Sunday, you would read prayers to us;" meaning, by *us*, those English in Rome who might wish to attend. The clergyman expressed his ready assent to the proposal, with some apprehension of giving offence to the Papal government. The Duchess promised to speak to Cardinal Gonzalvi on the affair. The Cardinal, in consequence, acquainted the Pope, that the English Protestants wished to have prayers read to them by one of their ministers, and desired the permission of his Holiness. The Pope quietly answered, "*Meglio il farlo senza.*"* There was, in truth, some little finesse in this mode, by which, according to the French phrase, literally translated, he drew himself out of the affair; but the English did not fail to profit by this negative leave.

This Pope had died, and Leo XII. reigned

* Better do it without.

in his stead: and we were anxious to see Leo XII. A pontifical mass was celebrated in the church of San Carlo on the 4th of November, the festival of St. Charles Borromeo. The crowd was too great for us to get near the Pope: at the conclusion of the mass I placed myself with one of my daughters at the door; here we found the throng to be troublesome, and went to a little distance, where the people waited with all stillness and decorum the passage of his Holiness. At intervals, the carriages of ten or fifteen Cardinals passed by; at length appeared that of the Pope, drawn by six horses, mounted by postilions, who, that they might not wear their hats before the Pope, had on large flowing powdered wigs. The people uncovered their heads, and making genuflexions, cried out cheerfully and enthusiastically, "*Benedizione, santissimo Padre!*"

The scene seemed to amuse the Holy Father; he smiled benevolently while holding up his hand in the attitude of benediction. To judge by his physiognomy, I should have thought that the name of Pius, Clement, Innocent, or Urban, would have announced his character better than that of Leo. His expression was mild, and kind, and intelligent, with an appearance of timidity: it was per-

fectly free from severity or affectation. He looked pale and sickly, and within a few days that malady came on him which continued till the following spring, and during which, he twice received the last sacraments with great piety and resignation. He objected to his own elevation on account of the probability of his speedy death, an event which he contemplated with perfect tranquillity. In the beginning of December, I called on one of the French Cardinals, who was returning to France, and observed that his journey had better be deferred, as it was likely he would soon be wanted for another conclave. His Eminence answered, "*C'est precisément ce que m'a dit le Saint Père lui-même.*" *

* That is exactly what the Holy Father said to me himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

Ancient and modern Rome.—Best method of surveying the remains of the ancient City.—The Tarpeian Rock.—The Forum.—Arch of Septimius Severus.—Temples of Jupiter Tonans, and of Concord.—Arch of Titus.—Arch of Constantine compared with that of Severus, and with the Arch of Caius Marius at Orange in Provence.—The Coliseum.—Degraded State of some of the Roman ruins.—Forum of Trajan.—Comparison between the Pillar of Trajan and that of Antoninus.—Temple of Antoninus Pius.—Theatre of Marcellus.—Arch of Janus.—The Cloacæ.—Arch of Septimius Severus.—Temple of Vesta.—Palace of the Cæsars.—View from Mount Palatine.—Protestant Tourists.—Baths of Caracalla.—Ancient Rome encumbered by the accumulated soil of ages.—Work of excavation.—Scheme for changing the course of the Tyber.

ROME must be considered as two cities, the ancient and the modern; no two ideas can be more distinct from each other than that of the glory and grandeur of ancient, and that of the glory and grandeur of modern Rome, founded on different principles, obtained by opposite

means, leading to contrary results, and exhibited by dissimilar monuments. Of ancient Rome, the principle was human glory; the means, war and terror; the result, the slavery of nations; the monuments, triumphal arches, amphitheatres, thermal halls, and temples reared to deities that were no other than personified vices. Of modern Rome, the principle was the service of the true God; the means, the extension of the true faith; the result, the civilization of the world; the monuments, churches, religious retreats, hospitals, museums, libraries.

In conversation with an Italian, I quoted those lines of St. Prosper of Aquitain, who lived in the fifth century,

> "Sedes Roma Petri; quæ pastoralis honoris
> Facta caput mundo, quicquid non possidet armis
> Religione tenet."

The Italian, a young military man, was of a disposition that dictated, as a remark on these lines, the exclamation "*bel salto!*"* He intended to speak ironically; he spoke truly. Yet, in every step of our instruction at school and at college, ancient Rome is held up to our admiration, the feeling of Christian zeal and humi-

* A fine leap.

lity is carelessly inculcated; we come into the world with worldly notions, which the world confirms.

Happy he who, from a visit to the two cities of Rome, ancient and modern, when he sees the former subsisting only in memory and in ruins, the latter still flourishing, notwithstanding all its enemies, and after a duration in length of time double that of the former, shall be led to infer that the former was ordained to prepare the way for the latter, and shall conclude by adoring the dispensations of Providence.

Yet our classical enthusiasm is not without foundation. Rome and its empire form a most important and splendid portion of the history of mankind. Great sacrifices to the public weal were made by some ancient Romans; great talents were displayed by many; genius by some; courage and firmness by all. Some of the nations included within their empire, our own island among the rest, were civilized by them:—not by civil means, indeed, but still they were civilized: if their morality was not improved, at least the arts of life were introduced amongst them: wherever the Romans extended their sway, in the east, in the west, and in the north, they have left traces of

grandeur: three of the greatest nations of modern Europe still talk their language, enriched and ameliorated in later times, and rendered capable of more grace and correctness and variety than the Latin, but still a language, in three dialects, confessing its origin from that of these once all-conquering Romans: from that language which has brought down through the lapse of ages, models, almost perfect, in history, oratory, and poetry.

It is recommended, then, to the traveller to examine the ruins of ancient Rome before any attention shall be paid to the modern city. By this plan, the mind and memory will be saved from the disturbance created by the quick succession of discordant objects produced in ages far distant from each other, and the fancy will not be distracted by dissimilar images directing its flight in different directions almost at the same moment. The plan is facilitated by this, that modern Rome has descended from the seven hills, the site of the ancient city: both cities are inclosed within the same walls; but of the inclosed space, three-fifths may be regarded as country, occupied by villas, convents, and gardens. The Quirinal, or Monte Cavallo, is the only hill of the seven that is now inhabited like a town. The Capitoline, regarded as a part of the Palatine,

must be passed to arrive at the Forum; but on the Capitoline is no ruin but the mean modern buildings, by which Michael Angelo was not ashamed to replace the *Capitole immobile saxum:* if indeed the precise spot on which the Capitol stood, for it is a question where this immovable edifice stood,—be not occupied by the humble, useful, mortified Franciscans, in their convent of Ara Cæli.

Turn then a little to the left, and reserve your visit to the Capitol for another course. Turn aside, before you go down into the Forum, and see the Tarpeian Rock. Probably the Capitoline Hill has been levelled at its summit, and its height somewhat reduced. The soil, thus pared away, may have been thrown down the rock; while below, it may have accumulated in the course of more than two thousand years. The height of the fortification must also be added to that of the leap, which the vaulting ambition of liberticide criminals was here obliged to take in the early ages of the Roman republic. As we hear no more of Manlius Torquatus after his fall, it is to be presumed that he broke his neck: in the actual state of things he would hardly have sprained his ankle by jumping down the steep which was pointed out to us as *la rocca Tarpeia*, in the garden

of a house belonging to a washerwoman, by some dirty boys, who quarrelled for our *baiocchi.*

The Forum is an oblong, of a length double its breadth, with the *via sacra* extending from the Clivus Capitolinus to the Coliseum: its ruins, and the mean houses intermingled with them, project into, or retire from this space irregularly; but the shape of a square or place is preserved. Going down, then, behind the buildings that form the Piazza del Campidoglio, which look towards modern Rome, we arrive in the centre of ancient Rome, "the seat of empire, the abode of gods." The first object that presents itself, is the Arch of Septimius Severus; we see it, indeed, in descending: this is a bad point of view for seeing a building, though a good one for reading the inscription; but who can now stop to read inscriptions? We hurry down, and find that the arch has been dug out of the ground; that the earth has been removed from beneath and around it. We remember that we have been told that the Forum is covered with soil to the depth of fifteen feet, and fear that Rome is buried under its own ruins. The accumulation of soil will, of course, be most plentiful at the bottom of

hills. This confirms what has been said of the Tarpeian Rock.

We hasten into the Forum. Who shall describe its ruins? He who forgets that they are Roman. But if they are not Roman, they are nothing.

Place yourself near the Pillar of Phocas, so as to see at once the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and that of Concord; forget the disputes of antiquaries, and imagine you behold the remains of that building where Cicero harangued. Look down the Forum and endeavour to catch a glimpse of its other ruins and of the Coliseum. But the whole cannot any where be seen at one view; the scene does not make a whole; it must be taken in detail. But into this detail I cannot enter: hardly can I convey an idea of the agitation of my own mind excited by recollection. Itineraries and guide-books, plans, views, and elevations, are so common, and the reports of former tourists so ample, that I may hold myself excused from a task which, after all, cannot be accomplished by words. Words may describe with sufficient exactness a regular building; but the imitative art of painting can alone represent a ruin. Words may in some degree convey sentiments; but the sympathy of others as well

as the sentiments excited in each one by this scene, will depend on education, habitudes, associations.

To repair and renovate the Arch of Titus seems to me ill-judged; it is like scouring an antique shield: nay more, if the Arch of Titus were alone, this care might not be misplaced; but to repair a ruin in the Roman Forum is like scouring an antique shield that is to be placed in a museum of antiquities: it is to repair a ruin in a museum of ruins.

We compared the Arch of Constantine with that of Severus, and both of them with the Arch of Caius Marius, which we had seen at Orange, and gave the preference to this last. I refused to believe my drawing-master at Avignon, when he assured me that the Arch at Orange was superior to any arch that was to be seen at Rome. I was now to prove whether he was in the right in asserting that the Amphitheatre of Nismes was better worth seeing than the Flavian Amphitheatre.

The Coliseum appeared to me within, like a huge deserted fortuitous accumulation; it is in one or more places supported by brick buttresses, which give a shapelessness to its vast deformity. Still the Coliseum is at Rome; it is associated in idea with the manners and the

fortunes of those to whom it belonged, and the sight of it recalls to memory the shows of the gladiators, and the martyrdoms of Christians of the early ages here devoured by wild beasts. In this train of thought, I repeated aloud the beginning of that beautiful poem of Lowth, in his book *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum*:—

> " Ergo insolentis corruit imperi
> Insana moles! Occidit urbium
> Regina victrix, nec subacto
> Effera jam dominatur orbi!"

My son, though himself occupied in high-wrought musings, could not help coming up to me, and asking what was the matter. " I was thinking," said I, " of the insolent ferocity of sixty thousand people, that could sit here, and for their sport see their fellow men butcher each other. I was thinking too, of the cry —*Christianos ad Leones*, and of St. Ignatius of Antioch. The arena of the Amphitheatre is now consecrated ground, and the name of that Ignatius is commemorated in the canon of the mass here celebrated.

So completely ruined are the seats and passages of the interior of the Coliseum, that a little wooden-staircase has been erected for the

use of those who wish to mount to the upper part. We ascended to the top, and my son took with his pencil a view, including a ruin that appeared through an opening in the ruin in which we were. We paced round the gigantic building on the outside, and found it to be excavated to a considerable depth, so that it has the appearance of standing in a ditch. Again we returned, and, passing through the entrance, walked to the centre of the arena, and looked slowly all around, endeavouring to compress all our tumultuous feelings into something manageable and comprehensible: on me, at least, this effort was incumbent; for my son, this was not his first visit to the Forum. His expectations had been more fervid than mine, but mine had been longer cherished: to him, the disappointment was even vexatious; to me, it entered into the ordinary course of human affairs.

For the sake of unity, I consider under one head, and as a visit to the Forum, all the ruins from the Capitol to the Coliseum. This last astonishes by its bulk, but it is ugly bulk, and both this and all the other ruins are too ruinous. Three palaces have been built with stone from the Flavian Amphitheatre; probably other edifices of the *Via Sacra* and Forum

came in aid of the grand quarry. The minor ruins fell short of my preconceived notions, and, in spite of buttresses, iron bracing and repairing, seemed to be neglected: the Tempio della Pace, so called, was used as a cart-shed: the Temple of Venus and Rome served as a pig-stye. The few people whom we met, flitted about unconscious where they were. The *Rostra*, the *Comitia*, had disappeared. Virgil saw this spot in its glory; his imagination contemplated it while yet forming part of the rural landscape ten centuries before that glory had arrived at its meridian; it now was set in silence and forgetfulness.

There are other dispersed ruins of Rome, that may be calmly visited, each in its turn, when the view of the grand assemblage shall have sobered the mind, and corrected enthusiastic anticipation by reality. Of these, the chief is the Forum of Trajan. Repassing through the place of the Capitol, after admiring the equestrian statue, in bronze, of Marcus Aurelius, reared on a single block of marble brought from that Forum, we bent our way thither. The French had *deterré* this Forum, removed the soil to a considerable depth, and uncovered the pavement. Columns broken off at different heights, not one, or but one, with

its capital; these are the remains of a building which, down to the sixth century, astonished all beholders by its magnificence. What is become of all these pillars? They had been carried away, for they were not found on the removal of the rubbish.

The Pillar of Trajan still rears its head, one of the two that are the pride and ornament of Rome. Ascend the easy staircase within, cut out of the vast marble blocks of which the pillar is built: Rome is at your feet. We turned into the Corso and the Piazza Colonna, to make an immediate comparison of the sister column. That of Trajan appears the more majestic of the two, and the bas-reliefs of far greater sculptural merit; it is built, too, of larger blocks of marble. The difference in the height of the two columns is but trifling: that of Antoninus has also its staircase. They have found their rival in the Column of the Place Vendôme. The statues of Trajan and of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus have been replaced on their respective columns by those of St. Peter and Saint Paul. The white flag now floats where stood on his column the statue of Napoleon. *Sic vos non vobis.*

The Temple of Antoninus Pius, called by some the Temple of Marcus Aurelius, if it

were still a ruin, would be the finest ruin in Rome; but, unfortunately, it has been turned into a *dogana*, and the spaces between its marble columns blocked up with "baser matter." Suppose these eleven lofty pillars of the Corinthian order alone supporting their entablature; suppose all the walls and windows of the Custom-house cleared away, and you have before you a magnificent object, superior to any that is to be seen in the Forum or Via Sacra.

The Theatre of Marcellus has had, if possible, still worse fortune. Mean houses have been built within it, and narrow dirty streets render it almost inaccessible. Yet a part of its exterior wall is to be seen, with its finely proportioned Doric and Ionic pillars, a row of the one above the other.

The Arch of Janus, not bifrons, but quadrifrons, is a mass of huge stones, composing four arches, opposed to the four quarters of the heavens. Of the view of the heavens, however, the arches, or those who pass under them, can enjoy but little, as the arch is encroached upon by surrounding earth. Rome is too rich in ruins; otherwise this stupendous structure would be placed, as to its circumstances, so as to be seen to advantage.

Near this, is seen an opening into the *Cloacæ:* the summit of the arch is on a level with the ground, which, however, above the arch, for it is on a declivity, seems to have sunk or fallen in. The arch reminded me of that at Lincoln, *Lindi colonia;* which, by an ingenious reduplication, we call Newport-gate, as we talk also of Foss-dike: it is of about the same span; but the stones of which it is composed are not quite so large. Near this, is also the Arch or gate of Septimius Severus in Velabro; the bas-reliefs on which, pleased me much.

I was also much pleased with the Temple of Vesta; it is the prettiest ruin in Rome, if it may be permitted to talk of pretty ruins, or to call that a ruin which is nearly entire. I presume it to be the same that Horace speaks of, for he says, that the yellow, *i. e.* muddy Tyber, "went to throw it down;" but not that he accomplished his malicious and revengeful purpose. Excavations were making around it, and its foundations will in time be seen, and its proportions admired.

We made a rural excursion of a visit to the palace of the Cæsars, a most picturesque ruin. A December's day, like a summer's day in England, and a beautiful and inte-

resting prospect all around, put us in good spirits, and the difficulty was to prevent the younger children from running forward, and falling through holes, covered with bushes and briars, into rooms now below the level of the earth. Some of these rooms might have been intentionally sunk into the ground, as cellars, or as *salons*, intended as retreats from the ardours of a summer atmosphere. Our way lay sometimes on the ridge of a broken wall, by which we attained a distant apartment, or suite of rooms. Little, indeed, but walls are left; for the roof is gone. These walls, however, were ivy-mantled, and showed all that painters admire in such remains.

Hence, from Mount Palatine, may be distinctly noted the other six hills of Rome; and the gardener's wife pointed them out to me with something of the pride of a Roman matron. "*Ecco*," said she, assuming an air as if recalling the memory of glories, of which she herself, as almost the sole inhabitant of Mount Palatine, and guardian of the palace of the Cæsars, was the lawful inheritrix, "*Ecco il Monte Aventino; al delà del Tevere, il Janiculo:*" then, beating her foot on the ground, to in-

dicate the hill on which we stood, and turning half round, she went on, "*Il Cœlio, l'Esquilino, il Viminale, il Quirinale.*"

It is known that the Pincian Hill, though inclosed within the later walls, had never the honour of being reckoned among the seven hills of Rome: it was called *Collis Hortulorum;* a name which may now be transferred to the hills of ancient Rome, since the greater part of their surface is cultivated as garden ground, for the use of that modern town on which my gardener's wife seemed to look down with disdain, insomuch, that if the passage of St. Prosper,

> "quicquid non possidet armis
> Religione tenet,"

had been quoted to her, she would have replied to it, with the young soldier, "*Bel salto!*"

By the way, I will beg leave to remark, that though the words above cited, with *Roma caput mundi,* are brought forward, even to satiety, by our Protestant tourists, they take especial care to avoid all mention of the pastoral honour of the See of Peter. What will my readers say, when they are told that the purport of the passage in question is, that Rome first put down the heresy of the Semipelagians—*pestem subeuntem prima recedit:* and

this in the fifth century, soon after the Council of Ephesus, the third of the first four general Councils usually received by the divines of the Church of England? What will my readers say? They will tell me that it would have been better to have held this argument with the gardener's wife.

We descended from the hill, and went out upon the road. There we saw an aged Cardinal, who had come thus far to breathe the country air: his carriage was at a little distance, and he was walking up and down, with two footmen following him. He seemed immersed in deep meditation, walking with his eyes fixed on the ground, and avoiding all distraction. Custom reconciles us even to that whimsical emblem of dignity, red stockings, and he appeared to us very respectable. It is said at Rome, that when a man is made a Cardinal, he loses his legs; as it is beneath his dignity to be seen any where on foot. Their equipages form the chief expense of the Cardinals, who receive an income of about eight hundred pounds a-year.

Our carriage had retired to the same winter-shade as had the Cardinal's; we had, therefore, time to observe him while it drew up. We proceeded to the Baths of Caracalla, a ruin con-

sisting of several very spacious rooms, inclosed within bare walls: the roof and floors of the upper rooms had been carried away; on the ground-floor, grew what seemed a plentiful crop of latter-math, or eddish, as if the grass had been mown for hay. Some winding staircases led for a little way up towers, at the corners of the building; but so broken were the steps, that even the youthful of our party soon desisted from the attempt to mount them. The ruin is too regular to be picturesque. It is like a vast granary. Still it will be visited with pleasure and with interest.

These two last ruins, as well as the Baths of Titus, and the Temple of Minerva Medica, are covered or encumbered by the soil accumulated in the lapse of ages. This is also the case with the Forum, and, indeed, with the whole extent of ancient Rome. In the Forum, I observed the accumulation to be most plentiful at the foot of the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, as the Arch of Constantine is above ground nearly to its foundation, while that of Severus is far within the earth. What treasures might be discovered, were the search pursued with activity!

But the work of excavation now proceeds most lazily. In the winter that I passed at Rome, I saw within the town but about half a

score workmen, who were digging up a column in a street near the Forum of Trajan; and I saw no others. Yet it is said, that in ancient Rome were thirty obelisks; eleven only are seen in the modern city: where are the nineteen?—buried under the soil;—their existence known in some cases to the owners of the houses under which they lie, while these persons are silent on the matter, because such treasure trove belongs to the Government. It is perfectly reasonable that the state should take care that these monuments of antiquity should not be conveyed out of the limits of its dominion, and that they should be the property of the public for all the uses that the public can want to make of them; but this should be done on a plan that should secure to the finder his due remuneration, and by arrangements that should encourage the search.

A scheme had been in agitation for diverting the course of the Tyber, in order more effectually to examine its bed, and endeavour to recover many articles supposed to have been lost there during the middle ages, and in times of turbulence and ignorance. In particular, it is known, that the sacred candlestick, brought from Jerusalem by Titus, was thrown into the

Tyber. A dread of the pestilential vapour that would arise from the mud of the river, when its stream should be turned, has caused the project to be abandoned. Enough remains to be done among the ruins, and in spaces clear of all building, where the wages of labour would be the only expense,—an expense which one happy discovery of another Venus, like the Medicean, would amply repay.

Such are the principal remains of ancient Rome within its walls: the longest life of the most laborious antiquary would not suffice for the examination in detail of all the minor ruins: what this imperfect notice has pointed out, may be surveyed in one morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Pantheon.—Exterior and Interior of St. Peter's described.

THE Pantheon, although built in the times of ancient Rome, belongs not to ancient Rome: it may be regarded as a connecting link between the ancient and modern city; for modern Rome has taken possession of it and made of it a trophy of the greatest victory that was ever achieved; a victory, in comparison with which all those obtained by brute force or military art, are less than nothing in the estimate of right reason, justice and benevolence—a victory of truth over error, of virtuous principle over deplorable perversion, of assured sanctions over

vacillating morality, of the clear annunciation of eternal life over "the shadows, clouds, and darkness" that once rested on it; and—immortality being thus brought to light—of mortification over sensuality, of chastity over impurity, of charity over the angry passions of hatred and revenge.

This juxtaposition of Paganism and Christianity will present itself to every true Christian on entering the Pantheon, and he will read the lesson which the great Disposer of human events points out to him in aid of his faith. What now remains of ancient Rome, not in ruins, but the pillars of two of its Emperors, surmounted by the statues of the two chief teachers of the Christian religion, and this temple now dedicated to its worship?

At the epoch of the building of the Pantheon, Pagan Rome was in all its glory; a few years later, He was born in a remote province among a despised people, before whom the impure gods of Paganism retired, and left this temple to be consecrated to Him under the invocation of his blessed Mother and his martyrs, to be henceforward the church of Santa Maria ad Martyros.

Rome received the religion of Jesus; and its

bishops, the successors of the chief of the Apostles, taught it to the barbarians who overran and tore in pieces the Roman empire; the Goths, the Franks, the Saxons, and the Huns were converted, and all of them obeyed the voice of that memorable counsel, which, enjoined on one, was admitted into the hearts of all,—"*Baisse la tête, fier Sicamber*," said Remigius to Clovis at his baptism, "*brûle ce que tu as adoré; adore ce que tu as brûle.*" * The standard of the Cross was displayed where the eagles had never penetrated; it was venerated in Sarmatia, Cimbria, and Scandinavia; unconquered Caledonia received it, and faithful Ireland still guards it, her consolation in oppression and misery.

There cannot be a more remarkable example of the changes made by time and opinion in human affairs, than that a native of an island hardly known to the builders of the Pantheon, should, in consequence of the preaching of the fishermen of Galilee, take holy water out of the vase kept in this very temple and with it make the sign of the cross on his forehead.

* Bow the head, fierce Sicambrian: burn what thou hast adored, adore what thou hast burned.

Christian Rome should exult in the possession of the Pantheon, the memorial of those whom it has overcome, the evidence of its triumph, the *spolia opima* of its spiritual victory. *Vicisti, O Galilæe!* said the Apostate Julian; and the vault of the Pantheon re-echoes the sound, even to the present day.

Some thermal halls now in ruins in the neighbourhood of Baiæ might have been compared with the circular part of the Pantheon, though they could not have equalled it; but its magnificent portico must have been at all times, as it still is, unrivalled. Under all its present disadvantages, obliged as we are to look at it from a rising ground, under which the steps by which it was approached are now buried, surmounted as it is with ugly belfries, we still gaze at it with admiration. We enter: the height is equal to the diameter; the sense by which we judge of proportion is contented: a circular opening in the centre of the vault admits the air and the light of heaven; every thing else is excluded: if we have before seen domes, we now understand the difference there is between being within a dome and looking up at one from the pavement below. Inclosed within this hemisphere, we may, for aught we

know to the contrary, be floating in the vast expanse of which we see a portion through the simple opening above: it is an illusion to which we willingly surrender ourselves. We think not of architectural difficulties, nor even of architectural merits; a natural and, at the same time, a sublime feeling is excited, which is heightened when we call to mind by whom and for what purpose this building was erected, and to what use it is now devoted.

There are more ways than one by which a mastery over the world may be obtained; and the art

"Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos"

has yielded, and been proved inferior in efficiency to the maxim, "*preces et lacrimæ sunt arma ecclesiæ*," and "*vincit qui patitur*."

Go we from hence immediately to St. Peter's; our judgment is much assisted by seeing things in a proper order. There are indeed few points of comparison between it and St. Peter's; but the vaunt of Michael Angelo has connected them, and the contrast is striking between simplicity and an effort to attain all that is grand in architecture. The first thing we perceive, is that St. Peter's has not the portico of the Pantheon, and this want all its grandeur cannot compensate. There is indeed

a pediment; but this pediment, resting not on pillars detached from the wall, but on pilasters, reaches only along one half of the façade: on each side of it is a fourth part of the façade; and of this fourth part, one half to the north-east, for the church is entered from the east, masks the *scala regia*; the corresponding half quarter to the south-east, extends beyond the body of the church; so that the whole façade is one fourth wider than the church within. Had these two half quarters not been built, there might have been a pediment extending along the whole front, which then would not have been too wide for its height. To make it look taller, however, over the pediment rises a wall, with *mezzanini* windows for the use of the roof, or for no use at all; and this wall, but without windows except in this front, is continued all round the church.

The great extent of the façade does not hinder the church from looking like an appendage to the Vatican palace, which in its enormous bulk domineers over it from its elevated site. So evident is this fault, and so repugnant to the feeling with which this church ought to be viewed, that in all the Roman engravings representing it, the size and height of the palace are made much less than in reality

they are. It is a great fault too, that the church is attached to the palace, so as to seem to belong to it: it ought to have been insulated, and have appeared like what it is, the church of "the city and the world."

One side, then, of St. Peter's is built up against the Vatican-palace: later times have endeavoured to correct this error, by adding the colonnade, without which it would have been perceptible to the most careless observer: but the colonnade, while it masks equally both sides of the church, and thus, in some sort, conceals from us that one of these sides is joined on to another building, reduces our view of the whole building to a view of the façade only. The colonnade is a magnificent approach to the front of a grand palace; for the domes disappearing as we come near, it looks like a palace merely.

The walls of the south side and western end of the church, run out into all angles but right angles, and are ornamented by meagre Corinthian pilasters. The sacristy, built by Pius VI., is joined on to the church by a gallery, very handsome within, as is indeed the whole building; but it is in the way of that unity of design, from which none but a Gothic building can safely depart. There is also a white

house, belonging, one may suppose, to the Dean, that very impertinently obtrudes itself into what would otherwise be an open space. The hill against which the end of the church rests is cut away; so that this western end appears to be excavated like the ruins of the Forum. Return we to the long dreary vestibule, and prepare to enter. It is really no slight inconvenience that, instead of entering by an opened door, you are obliged to lift up a mat covered with leather, and made very heavy to resist all winds, and awkwardly twist in your body. Trifling as this hindrance is, and frivolous as it may seem to complain of it, let it be considered at what a moment this obstruction is opposed to you; at the moment when you are entering St. Peter's. Should the reader be so courteous as to blame me for thus delaying to enter, let him judge how vexatious it must be, thus on the very spot, to be stopped at the door.

The first view of the interior is indeed overwhelming; the edifice seems to have been constructed by giants for the use of giants: the petty human beings that creep along its vast spaces bear no proportion to it. Yet it shows not as if built in those days when giants were: it seems as fresh as if finished but yesterday.

Looking from the central door through the twisted columns that support the canopy of the high altar, we see in the window at the other end the figure of a dove, a golden dove painted in the glass: at first this is admired; afterwards it appears like a conceit.

We pass slowly up the nave, casting our eyes all around, but chiefly upwards, anxious to view the dome. Its sash windows appear, bit by bit, and pane after pane; at length, we arrive under it, and see, at an immense height above us, a vast circular room to which we cannot attain, and to which it would be useless to attain, since there is no floor. The dome is a distinct building from the church; the enormous masses of masonry on which it is reared are seen, even in this vast inclosure, to occupy too much room: they project over the ends of the side-aisles, making these side aisles, already too narrow, appear like passages to the chapels. The pillars on which the dome of the cathedral of Florence is rested, are not larger than the other pillars of the church; yet the dome of Florence is not inferior in magnitude to that of St. Peter's. The architects of Florence understood their business better than those of Rome: they have contrived, too, that their dome does not offer itself to the eye of

the spectator till he is underneath it; it is then seen by a solemn light shed through the painted windows near the summit of the cupola.

By going to either end of the transept, a point from which the nave is not seen, it may be judged what would have been the effect of a Greek cross of four equal limbs. The dome would have been disproportionably large. The three upper limbs have the length of two arches of the nave, and, in addition, semicircular endings: they have no side-aisles. The nave is of the length of five arches, and is, by consequence, more than twice as long as each of the upper limbs, and has, moreover, its side-aisles: yet the dome seems to be big enough to stand in the centre of four such edifices as this stupendous nave. The original plan of a Greek cross was not departed from till the dome had been built, and the whole work far advanced. It might, perhaps, be this disproportionate size of the dome, that suggested a Latin cross by the extension of the nave.

From the end of the transept it is discovered that the high altar is not in the centre under the dome: that place of honour is given to the *confession* of the Apostles. A hundred lamps burn before the tomb of the fisherman, and devout prayers are there continually

offered up by a succession of worshippers; and all this because the Carpenter's Son said to him, "*Tu es, Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam; et portæ inferi non prævalebunt adversus eam.*"

Be it remembered, that this was a prophecy, the accomplishment of which was, at the time when it was uttered, of all events the most improbable; yet so wonderfully has it been, thus far forth, accomplished, that there can be no folly in believing that its truth will endure to the end. The secondary causes brought forward by the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire may have aided the progress of the Christian faith, but no secondary causes could have given to it its birth and origin, or converted a single individual to that faith. Besides, the historian takes no account of the causes that harassed its progress and retarded its success, and would have overpowered it but for the aid from on high. Gamaliel was a wiser reasoner than Gibbon.

A bronze railing surrounds a space in which is a small but double staircase, descending about ten feet to the level of the tomb. While kneeling against this balustrade, my attention was distracted by an object which I afterwards considered more at leisure. A statue by Ca-

nova, of Pius VII., on his knees, in his pontifical robes, is placed near the staircase, looking towards the door of the tomb. The head is a good resemblance; the rest is drapery. Humility and piety, no doubt, dictated to this pope the place and the posture of his statue. While living, he might, with propriety, as chief pastor of the Christian flock, have thus alone offered up his prayers for himself and the people: but he is now, we trust, enjoying the bliss of the just made perfect; and why should the statue of him alone of all the successors of St. Peter, be here placed? Why should any statue be placed here at all? I have given a reason why there should not be any: it divides the attention at a momentous time.

A bronze statue or image of St. Peter is placed at the height of about five feet from the pavement, on one of the pillars of the dome, and looking up towards it. I join not in the sneers of the Protestants at the veneration paid to this image; but it appears to me incongruous with all around it. I wish it were placed in some retired shrine.

The chair of St. Peter is at the uppermost end of the church, under the dove: without believing in the genuineness of the relic, we may respect the intention of those who first placed, and of those who still keep it there.

Along the end of one of the transepts, is a range of confessionals, or inclosed seats for priests, with kneeling places at the sides for penitents: over the doors of these confessionals, are inscribed the names of all the nations of the globe; a native of whatever nation may here find a priest who speaks his language. Thus is manifested the catholicity of the church.

In a retired part of the building, on the pillar nearest the door within the side-aisle to the south, are seen some plain but handsome sepulchral monuments to some members of the royal House of Stuart. The tomb of the last dethroned monarch of that race has been raised at St. Germain's by his magnanimous successor. *Requiescat in pace.*

Arrived at the door, we linger unable to leave this majestic temple: again we turn and retrace our steps. Its monuments and ornaments require a minute description; less than this would not do them justice; but such a detail is to be met with in books composed for this especial purpose. The nave alone of this church is the grandest inclosure within walls and roof that ever stood upon the earth: add to this, its three great upper limbs and the dome, misplaced indeed, and of too gay a sem-

blance for the solemnity of its destination, but encouraging man to attempt whatever can be done by art and labour, since such a work has been achieved.

This edifice is too vast ever to be applied at one time in its entire extent to the use of a church; but is it, therefore, useless? No: it manifests the consciousness in man of what he owes to the Divinity—it is a pledge of his homage: it is a monument worthy of the capital of the Christian world: it speaks continually to the heart and the mind of the Christian people—to those who are near, to those who visit it from distant countries, to those even who never see it, but who hear of it, who know of it, and form an idea of its magnificence unalloyed by the perception of the faults which appear on near investigation.

The high altar is splendid, even gaudy: the twisted pillars that support the canopy, though they look highly ornamental, are in truth absurd: an upright pillar is a pillar of strength; a tortuous pillar is a pillar of weakness; a pillar of weakness is a contradiction in terms.

To those who look down the church from the upper-end, an unpleasing effect is produced by windows over the door, which seem to look not into the open air, but into some room or

corridor: they look, in fact, into the balcony, from which the Pope gives his blessing on grand ceremonies.

Let us again place ourselves at the centre of the four arms of the cross: this space, in the cathedral at Florence, is occupied by the choir. I find no fault with the arrangement, nor is it at all necessary that the same plan should be every where pursued. That the high altar only stands under the dome of St. Peter's, gives an extent far and wide in every direction to the space, and place of meeting of the upright and transverse members of the cross, in spite of the extraordinary bulk of the pillars that support the dome. Here is the grand point of view: let us hasten away and carry with us this recollection to be treasured up in memory.

On going out of the church, we are better able to judge of the Piazza di San Pietro than on entering it, as our attention is not drawn away by the church itself. The curves of the colonnade return too soon; they ought to have swept away to a greater distance. The pillars are too numerous: a grove of trees is intelligible; a grove of pillars may be allowed as a poetical expression; but a grove of stumpy pollards, supporting a low roof, is neither in-

telligible nor poetical. Of the obelisk, it is sufficient to say that it is worthy of the place where it stands. The two fountains are pretty, but this is not the place for pretty things: besides, water ought to be on the ground; and if it rise into the air, from the ground it ought to rise.

Looking back, on going out of the Piazza, I remembered to have heard spoken of with much admiration the pyramidal form into which the two smaller cupolas and the grand cupola throw themselves. A similar pyramid might be formed of two small and one large inverted tea-cups. This is a hazardous *trait;* but one may feel disgusted by the affectation of tolerance and impartiality in those, who, unable to bear the glory of that religious light which sanctifies this superb edifice, are loud in professing an indiscriminate admiration of the *material* church, and raise an outcry against all who presume to distinguish between its faults and its beauties.

A sum equal to about five millions sterling has been expended on the erection of this edifice. Allowing for the change in the value of money within two or three centuries, this may be equal to forty or fifty millions of the present day. Six thousand pounds is now ap-

propriated annually to maintain it. This latter sum does not appear large for such a fabric.

On looking back, I find that I have anticipated some remarks on St. Peter's, in my account of the Duomo at Florence, and the comparison of the two cupolas. The reader will pardon the repetition of a few phrases, into which I have been led, by treating, at some little distance of time, of two objects so like, and yet so unlike each other.

CHAPTER XV.

Enthusiasm diminished by familiarity with Rome.—Grand mass at St. John Lateran.—A dandy priest.—The Scala Santa.—Scoffs of the Protestants.—Title of Mother of God.—The churches Della Sante Croce, San Lorenzo, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Maria Degli Angeli.—Temple of Minerva Medica.—Churches of St. George, San Stefano Rolando, San Carlo, Del Gesù, San Lorenzo in Lucina, and St. Agnes.—Stories of Guido and of Pergolesi.—The Capella Sistina of the Vatican, the other Papal Chapel of Monte Cavallo.—Chef-d'œuvre of Michael Angelo.—The canopies of the Pope and of the altar.—Church music of France and Italy, inferior to that of some of the Catholic Chapels in London.—Infamous outrage in qualifying singers for admission into the choir of the Papal Chapel.

I had now beheld what for more than thirty years I had earnestly desired to behold, the remains of ancient Rome and the church of St. Peter; the former had fallen far short of my expectations; in the latter, I had detected offensive blunders. I was become acquainted too with the ordinary and every-day appearance of the modern city. Classical enthusiasm was

gone; I blamed myself for having been so long delighted with a "dream of a shadow." Familiarity with all that exhibits religion under its grandest exterior of worldly splendour, had done away that indistinct and uncertain glory thrown around things and persons contemplated at a distance.

One of my daughters said to me, "Before I saw Rome, it existed to me in my imagination: but now Rome is lost to me." I acknowledged the justice of the expression, and participated in the disappointment. All will be disappointed who think beforehand of Rome with high-wrought anticipations. Heroic musings vanish; pious awe, though it depart not, is sobered by reality. The senate of ancient Rome were brigands and murderers; the Sacred College is composed of men of like passions with ourselves ὁμοπαθεις ἡμιν ανδρες.

Returning through Turin, I intimated to a Piemontese friend the design of this narrative, and told him that the motto, in reference to what may be called the illusion of Italy, should be

> Restitit, Eurydicemque suam respexit; ibi omnis
> Effusus labor.

I changed my purpose afterwards in respect to the motto, reflecting that the illusion regarded

Rome principally, if not entirely. The Italian landscape indeed, in that track which English travellers usually follow, is not romantic, except among the Apennines; the rich plain of Lombardy is fatiguing; the country from Sienna to Naples, excepting at some few points, is the reverse of pleasing; yet the climate delights and imparts a charm to every thing.

Indeed so fascinating a region is Italy, that frequently, since repassing the Alps, I have defied the fate of Orpheus with his Eurydice, and repeated with all the spring and fervor of renovated hope

> Bella Italia ! amate sponde
> Pur vi torno a riveder :
> Treme in petto e si confonde
> L'alma oppressa dal piacer.

I shall mention by name only, and without attempting a description of objects so well known, the other churches of Rome which I visited, and recommend as more especially worthy of the attention of the pious or the curious. That of Saint John Lateran is the episcopal church of the Bishop of Rome, who is here inaugurated: it is styled "the mother and mistress," and is the most ancient "of all Christian churches." On the 9th of November (a festival called in the Diario Romano, a

book like the Laity's directory in England, *Dedicazione dell'Arci-Basilica del Ss^mo Salvatore* there was celebrated in this church a grand mass at which the Cardinals attended. The mass was said on that side of the high altar that is turned to the upper end of the church: for here, as at St. Peter's, the high altar has two fronts, and here, as at St. Peter's, the nave is too vast for use. The high altar at St. Peter's is called "Altare Pontificale," as no one but the Pope, or a cardinal commissioned by him, says mass on that altar: it was said there but once during my six months' stay; at which time, the people were admitted between the altar and the chair of St. Peter, and seats were placed for the strangers, who flocked there, particularly the English, in great numbers. At St. John Lateran, such is the common name of this church, dedicated to the Saviour under the invocation of the disciple whom he loved, the space between the altar and the upper end was reserved, as choirs of cathedrals in England were formerly reserved, exclusively for the ecclesiastics. Where then were the people? There were few, or none present: the English, who are as mad for masses in Italy as they are mad against them at home, were not yet arrived, and Monte

Cælio, on which this church stands, is at a great distance from modern Rome.

While the mass was chanted in the choir, a low mass was said at an altar at the end of the transept. I kneeled on a *prie-dieu*, with the purpose of attending to this mass; a purpose that was somewhat embarrassed by the view of—reader be prepared for something strange —a dandy priest, the only one, it is but justice to say, that I have ever met with either in England or on the Continent,—*an unique*.

He kneeled by my side, and I fear I embarrassed him too by looking at him. In truth I behaved very ill, but it was a fault of surprise. To assure myself of his sacerdotal character, I searched with my eyes—I am afraid, with my *lorgnetti*, for his clerical tonsure; he was too young and his hair was too plentiful for this to be the effect of baldness; but this hair was most carefully curled; and then there rose above his black band a delicate shirt collar; and then he wore such a pretty pair of gloves! There is nothing finical in wearing gloves; but there may be something finical in the air with which a glove is taken off and put on: there may be something finical—with reverence be it said—in the manner of making the sign of the cross. In short, but for his

band and gown, he might have adorned a ball room and figured in a quadrille. In defiance of the blame I may incur, I publish this account, in the hope of doing more good by an attempt to prevent an extension of the species, than by this notice of what is hitherto a nondescript. May there never be another individual of the sort to be described! The Anglican clergy are men of the world: Catholic priests are out of the world and above it. The young man retired, perhaps to get away from my impertinent gaze. I will assure him I prayed very heartily that the wrong we had done each other might be forgiven, and that we might both appear before the great tribunal, clothed in our baptismal robe of innocence.

Near this truly magnificent and venerable church, is the *Scala Santa*. It is not very probable, so completely was Jerusalem razed by Titus, that the steps of the house of Pontius Pilate, once trodden by blessed feet, could be found two hundred and fifty years after the destruction of the city. Nevertheless, St. Helen, mother of Constantine, sent to Rome the twenty-eight steps that now form the *Scala Santa*. The intention is the same, and that constitutes the action. The devotions here performed have been laughed at in a way that

makes the laughers themselves ridiculous.—What prayers do these poor deluded people recite? It may be a *pater-noster, an Ave Maria,* and a *credo,* on every step. What! repeat so many times over the same forms? This is good for those who have no books and no time to get other prayers by heart: no one repeats these forms twice even, with the same feeling; and varied feeling is varied prayer. To the *pater-noster* and the *credo* no objection can be made; but the *Ave Maria!* a superstitious prayer to the Virgin Mary! Do you know the words of which it is composed? No: not one in a hundred of the laughers know them: they are as follow:—"Hail Mary, full of grace: our Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed the fruit of thy womb, Jesus: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen!"

The Anglican Bible makes the angel at the Annunciation address the blessed Virgin, "Hail thou that art highly favoured." This is a specimen of the comment conveyed in managed translation. It is less honourable than "full of grace." Yet ελκωμενος is translated "full of sores." Why then may not κεχαριτωμενη be "full of grace?" The vulgate, a translation

almost coeval with the original, made when the meaning of the words were as well known as in the sixteenth century, renders it "*gratiâ plena.*" The title of Mother of God was given to the Blessed Virgin by the council of Ephesus in opposition to Nestorius, who called her Mother of Christ. If Jesus Christ were not God at the moment of conception, he never was God afterwards, and the Unitarians are in the right. All this has been said a hundred times: let it be said for the hundred and first time: while there is life there is hope. "Some believed the things that were spoken," says the Scripture, "and some believed not." The reason of the thing was the same to all; but the disposition of the hearers differed. How admirable is the simplicity with which are announced these opposite results of the same motives of credibility, and we are left to draw the inference, *quod cupiunt credunt!*

From the arch-basilic let us go to the church *Della Santa Croce in Gerusalemme:* this church pleased me very much; light, airy, ornamented, but not gaudy: in the annexed convent is a library. Let not the name or destination of this basilic offend: the third of May and the fourteenth of September are festivals of the second class "in the book of Common

Prayer:" the first, in honour of the Invention or finding of the cross by the Empress Helen: the second, of its recovery from the Persians by the valour of the Emperor Heraclius. Scotland has not changed the name of the palace of her kings: it is still Holy-Rood House.

The church of San Lorenzo, without the wall but very near it, contains much that is curious to the antiquary and dear to the Christian. Here reposes the body of him who called the poor THE RICHES OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST: for this alone, he would have deserved to be canonized. His body was thrown into the kennel, when life was fled, through the force of the fire on which the martyr had been roasted: it lay on a marble slab, perforated to allow the passage of the water of the street. This marble, tinged with the blood of the saint, is inserted into a wall of the church with a little wire grate before it, to allow it to be seen, and at the same time preserved from attrition. While I was in the church, there came in three or four Germans, who, after a short prayer, turned each of them his back against the grate, and leaned in that posture for a few seconds. This act was in unison with the sentiments of true piety: they who feel it, will show that they feel. I

forbear to enumerate the columns, vases, mosaics, or to describe a church, a visit to which will amply repay the trouble even to those who may think it ridiculous to venerate the memory of Laurence the deacon.

Santa Maria Maggiore in its interior, shows how ill Grecian architecture is adapted to the form of Christian Churches. Here, too, I forbear description, for fear of being tedious and to avoid repetition. No one is unacquainted with the magnificence and beauty of this spacious church, and no one who visits it will be disappointed. The side Chapels are themselves grand Churches. I attended a mass in one of these, at which the royal family of Lucca, for it is still a royal family, assisted, on occasion of some family commemoration. At Christmas, the holy cradle, or that part of the manger in which the infant Jesus was laid, was *exposed;* placed, that is, over the high altar in a crystal case, so ribbed with gold that the relic was hidden by its own ornaments; a type, it may be, of what has befallen the religion itself, in the estimate of those who are incapable of distinguishing between the essential and the accidental. This *culla* or *crib*, I should have been glad to see, as the children say, in my own hands; but this would have been

impossible, if attempted, and if possible, irreverent.

Of a great hall, with a side-hall of the baths of Dioclesian, is formed the church of Santa Maria Degli Angeli, by adding what has given to it nearly the form of a Greek cross. It is one of the most beautiful churches of Rome: its stupendous columns, its paintings, its structure, all contribute to make it such. It is the principal one of those churches, of which there are several that are curious, as being or containing remains of ancient Rome; and serving to account for the disappearance of some of these remains. When, by applying them to consecrated uses, these remains have been preserved, the thing has been well done. Where one building has been destroyed to make another, it has been ill done; and worst of all when it has been done by private cupidity. But the Barberini is not the only family in Rome that deserves the reproach thrown upon it, more especially for the sake of the play on the words, *quod non fecere barbari, fecere Barberini.*

The five churches above mentioned in this chapter may be conveniently visited in one course. Those who think it of no importance to keep distinct the ideas of ancient and modern Rome, will find several remains

of antiquity on the Cælian and Esquiline Hills; in particular, the Temple of Minerva Medica.

The church of St. George, near the temple of Janus, which an Englishman will, doubtless, look into out of respect for his patron saint; the church of San Stefano Rolondo, and others, are of the nature of mixed buildings, containing spoils of the ancient city. Of the hundred and forty churches of Rome, I shall indicate, in addition to those already spoken of, only those of San Carlo, and that Del Gesu, both remarkable for their vastness, the latter for the statue of St. Ignatius: San Lorenzo in Lucina, in which is the crucifixion by Guido, said to have been painted from a living model, tied on a cross, and put to death by the painter, to render it more exact. The story is improbable, but it is related. So it is said that an attempt was made to assassinate Pergolesi, by a brother in the art of music, jealous of the inspiration which dictated the sublime and simple composition of the *Stabat mater*. Let this too be reckoned among the tales, of which the Italians say, *Se non è vero, è ben trovato;* if it be not true, it is well invented to show the evil of excessive love of the fine arts, and the jealousy of artists. I must add the church of St. Agnes, in hope of confirming a part of my doctrine of domes;

it is most beautiful without; within, the dome is too lofty.

For the sake of keeping together things of the same order, let me now speak of the *Capella Sistina* of the Vatican palace, and the other papal chapel of *Monte Cavallo*. To the former, all persons are drawn, whether in the holy week or not, by the far-famed painting of Michael Angelo. The chapel is dark; I could see the painting but imperfectly: when pictures are near, I can judge of them and be delighted by them, not as a connoisseur, but by that common sense by which men decide on the merits of an imitation. Of the value of this great work of this mighty master, the Romans however seem to be insensible: a canopy is placed against it over the altar; this canopy of course intercepts a part of the picture from those below: as if this were not enough, an ordinary painting is put before that of Michael Angelo under the canopy, covering so much of the *chef-d'œuvre*. But, say the churchwardens of the *Capella Sistina*, it is necessary that there should be a canopy over the altar; and as it would look very awkward for the feet of the figures in the *fresco* to appear below the canopy and their heads above it, the devil's hoop and barbed tail below, and his horns and three-spiked pitchfork above, we must either

whitewash under the canopy, or put some other picture there.

But whence arises the necessity of a canopy over the altar? The Pope, as a sovereign and bishop, is placed under a canopy, and it therefore would not be right for the blessed sacrament to have none. But is it decent that the Pope should, thus far forth, have the same external sign of honour as the blessed sacrament —that the servant of the servants of God should have over his head a canopy exactly similar in form, colour, and material to that which surmounts the venerable host, that host being what it is?

I fear not the displeasure of the Holy Father, even if he should, which is very improbable, hear of this my remark on the two canopies: I am persuaded he would be the first, in all Christian humility, to admit the justice of it. Some of the friends of the Pope will be displeased; but if narrow-minded people will be obstinate and angry, I really cannot help it: all the world knows it is their way. For myself, I am convinced that what I have here presumed to blame is an oversight merely.

The papal chapel of the Quirinal palace presents nothing remarkable but the brother canopies which are found here also. It is large and convenient, with a spacious ante-chapel,

but there are seats for strangers around the inclosure where sit the Cardinals. I had been much disappointed in the church-music of the Catholic countries of France and Italy; it is by no means equal to that of the Portuguese or Spanish chapels in London: at the chapel of the Grand-duke of Tuscany only did I hear music which did not make me regret them. At the chapel of *Monte Cavallo*, there was fine music, but procured by means that must raise indignation and disgust in all minds where the moral feeling is not dulled by stupidity, or dissipated by indifference.

If a father were to put out the eyes of his infant son, in the hope that he might thereby gain a livelihood as an object of compassionate almsgiving, the police of any country whatever would justly punish him as a criminal, and the deed would excite the horror of all who should hear of it. But the father, who prepares the voice of his son for admission into the choir of the papal chapel, commits an act still more heinous and audacious. I make no comparison between the two privations; but the one last alluded to, arrests the progress of nature, and makes the father, who inflicts it, the murderer of his own grandchildren, and of all who might have proceeded from them.

In the time of the French dominion in Italy, this guilty practice was forbidden: I know not that it is now allowed; but while such singers are anywhere listened to, it is evident that it is encouraged; and our squeamish, prudish *belles*, who expire in rapture when they hear the *miserere* sung by these *miserables*, are art and part in this high-treason against nature.

The father of the Christian world will, I trust, take order to stop this abuse to the full extent of his power and influence; an abuse which draws on religion itself the severe, though indiscriminate censure of the non-Catholics, who observe that it is not repressed by the head of the Church; while her sincere and well-affected sons deplore the scandal thus given by this outrage on humanity; an outrage which the scoff of the scorner and the reproach of the wise man equally condemn.

CHAPTER XVI.

Tomb of Hadrian.—Discovery of the winding passage.—Time necessary for inspecting the principal objects in Rome.—The Vatican Museum described.—Pasquinade.—Statues of Canova.—Sala degli Animali.—Garden of the Vatican.—Parallel between Rome and Florence.—Monsignore Mai.—Library of the Vatican.—The Tribunal.—The Museum of the Capitoline.—The dying Gladiator.—The Faun.—Galleries at the Palaces of the Roman Nobility.—The fountains of Rome.

I HAVE not yet mentioned the tomb of Hadrian from an uncertainty where to class it: it is neither a ruin nor a modern building; it looks in its present state, like a castle built two hundred years ago: something between a prison and a fortress: it in fact is both. The engravings which show it in its ancient state exhibit a proud display of columns, tier above

tier, the ornaments of its now bare and ugly exterior: the soldiers of the farthing-begging Belisarius broke these columns into pieces of a convenient size to throw on the heads of their assailants; it was a strong fort before the invention of gunpowder τειχεσιπλητης. I went over it and around it, but saw nothing curious except the newly discovered passage, which, wide enough for a carriage, and of easy ascent, winds from the bottom to the top, to the room in which was the Sarcophagus, where was deposited that body of which the "*animula vagula, blandula,*" of Hadrian had been the guest and companion.

This passage was unknown to the incurious inhabitants of the castle down to the year 1822. I looked in vain for a description of it in the Itinerary of Fea, which the Cardinal to whom it is dedicated, did me the favour of presenting to me. The book is dated in 1824 · yet in the list given of the Popes from St. Peter to Pius VII., this last is said to be *felicimente regnante*. In 1822, Leo XII. was happily reigning also. The mischief of thus antedating books is that one cannot tell when they are really printed. The existence of the winding passage was first announced to the English public in "Transalpine Memoirs."

Three days may be devoted by the stranger, the first to the ruins and remains of ancient Rome; the second to the Pantheon and Saint Peter's, to which may be added the castle of Saint Angelo; the third to the churches mentioned in the last chapter, or those within the precincts of the modern town may have a day to themselves; the fountains will be viewed in passing: the Vatican and Capitoline Museums will require each its morning. Thus in five or six days all that is most worth seeing in Rome may be seen,—all that is peculiar to it and characteristic of it. The palaces and their galleries of paintings may detain each one according to his taste and convenience; but I hope those who have but few days to spare, will acknowledge the obligation to me for pointing out in how short a time their work, or at least the main part of it, may be accomplished. To such persons, the eight days of the carnival and the holy week may suffice: the interval, or first five weeks of Lent may be employed in an excursion to Naples. I remember to have received with an incredulous smile an assurance that Rome might be fully known in three months; and I pitied an Oxford man, (who called on me at Florence, and who, with laudable resolution and activity,

was passing the three months of the long vacation in a journey from the banks of the Isis to the Bay of Naples,) that he could spend but five days at Rome. A six months' residence there was to me, on many accounts, the most delightful, certainly the most instructive, portion of my "Three Years in Italy;" but I would encourage those who have but a short time at their disposal, fearlessly to undertake the journey, and not be deterred by those who cry out "in so short a time we can see nothing." The cream may be skimmed, and the cream, we all know, is the richest part of the milk. I will add one caution, which I gave to my Oxonian; let those who travel in the summer, travel as much as possible in the night-time.

The *Scala Regia*, the staircase of the Vatican Museum, announces what is to be expected by those who climb it. All that I had hitherto seen of Museums, the Louvre itself, shrinks into comparative insignificance on the view of that of Rome. But, patience. A very long gallery is to be measured; lined, though it be, with busts, sarcophagi, altars, and broken inscriptions, all interesting to the antiquary, it is most vexatious to those who are anxious to see the statues. At length, and it is a long length, we arrive at a

handsome court, with arcades and a fountain; at the four corners of this court are four ill-lighted closets, about ten or twelve feet square. In the first are some works of Canova, worthy of their place; and this surely is praise enough: in the second, the Antinous, a statue that contented me; this too is praise enough when expectation had been raised so high; in the third cabinet is the Laocoon,—the sculptor is worthy of the poet; he can desire no greater praise: in the fourth, the Apollo, whom I cannot praise; the anatomy may be perfect, and I am sorry that his back was broken on his return from Paris, where he was seen to more advantage than here, cramped to the wall in a snug little chamber; but in truth the God has such a mincing air and attitude, that instead of being νυκτι εοικως, according to the sublime conception of Homer, he looks like a young gentleman shooting at a target for the amusement of admiring young ladies.

Who shall describe the wonder of the *Braccio Nuovo*, of the Hall of the Muses, of the Hall of the Biga or Chariot? *Cupidum, pater optime, vires dificiunt.* Pius VI. seems to have been a great and judicious contributor to this Museum. 'Tis pity but that his additions had been assembled together, and seen and known

at once as his; thus avoiding the frequent and therefore fastidious repetition on each individual object, of the words "*Munificentia Pii* VI." The wicked Pasquin got hold of them in a scarcity of bread; the price of the loaf at Rome is always the same; but as corn rises in price its size is diminished: the statue of Pasquin held forth a very very small loaf, with the inscription, *Munificentia Pii Sexti.* A compliment in the same sense was lately paid to a great general and legislator by the inhabitants of a manufacturing town north of the Trent, who thought that it was no part of the business of lawgivers, even of the saviours of Europe, to prevent them from buying bread as cheap as they could.

The Pasquinade has, I fear, been related by Eustace; I am not a wilful plagiarist, but the source of information is not always present to the memory; it shall not be cancelled: this book may be read by some who will not venture on the four volumes of a classical tour.

Our eyes had been so long dazzled by the splendours of Mosaic floors, painted ceilings, granite vases, porphyry columns, that it was a relief to them to enter a long gallery with green walls, on which hung some very curious ancient maps, the detailed explanation of which would

well deserve a treatise apart. Except these maps, there is absolutely nothing else in this gallery, equal in length to that below. Here we rested on the low window-seats; not a chair or bench is to be found any where in this Museum, which requires more than the allotted four hours to see it even cursorily.

We went into a dark lofty room: at its topmost height, is the Deliverance of St. Peter from Prison, by Raphael, stuck in the window itself; so that the daylight, what there is of it, instead of helping, hinders the view of the picture. Hence to the hall, in which is the Victory of Constantine, begun by Raphael, and finished, after his death, by Giulio Romano; it covers the whole side of the vast room, and the figures are as large as life. Out of these tracts and expanses of paint, one may select some portions and look at them; but a picture too large to be seen at one view is not one picture, but many: as a society too numerous for a general conversation is broken up into separate coteries.

We had some difficulty in finding our way, for the *custodi*, unlike those of Florence, seem to be placed in the Roman Museums only for the purpose of being impertinent. In the

Loggie di Raffaelle, are paintings in the compartments of the ceiling, which cannot be viewed without straining the neck, and the effort is too painful to be long continued.

In a mean apartment, as if they were intended to be removed to a place worthy of them, are the Transfiguration, and Last Communion of St. Jerome. In the former of these admirable works, the figure of the Saviour is truly aerial; but those of Moses and Elias fail in the effort to represent them as at once elevated in the air, and kneeling in adoration of the principal figure: of this figure, the expression is not that which the physiognomist Lavater gives it: Christ is not here adoring the Eternal Father; he seems to be conveying to the two prophets the ευαγγελιον, the joyful tidings of that redemption which the law and the prophets had foretold. The postures of the sleeping Apostles are well varied, with fine fore-shortenings of the recumbent limbs. The subject of the earthly and lower part of this picture is the father of the maniac presenting his son to the other Apostles in the absence of their Lord. The two subjects are connected by some fingers that point upwards. This union of the heavenly and the

earthly in the same piece is destructive of unity of effect: and though in several instances adopted by Italian painters, is injudicious.

The Last Communion of St. Jerome is perfect: we seem to be present at the scene: every thing is in keeping, and the expression of every countenance excites a sympathy in the heart of the beholder. Some other very fine paintings are to be seen in this quarter of the Museum; but after these master-works, no adequate feeling is left for any thing else.

It is even a disadvantage to have a six months to spend in Rome; one sees things imperfectly, because one expects to see them again. I made other visits to this Museum, but my gleanings were neither important nor satisfactory. The *Scala Regia* is too narrow for the length of its flights of steps. I saw the mutilated sculpture called the *Torso*, and known as the school or study of Michael Angelo, who affected to find in it more than offers itself to ordinary men. In the cells of the Laocoon and the other *chefs-d'œuvre*, the light falls on the fore-parts of the statues only. The Romans never knew the value of works of art. The Consul Memmius told the persons who were to convey to Rome those which he had taken from conquered Greece, that if they

injured them, he would make them furnish others in their stead. The Romans of the present day might, with more chance of success, have required of Canova another Apollo Belvedere to replace that broken by his carelessness. No man more than himself regretted the misfortune, and he has made amends by his Perseus and Boxers, which he only who, "*Miratur nihil nisi quod Libitina sacravit,*" will refuse to rank with the ancient statues. Antiquity has consecrated the works, to which, in the time of Horace, praise was refused, on account of their novelty: the present age gives mature honour to Canova.

The *Sala degli Animali* is a very pleasing and elegant Museum of Natural History in sculpture, chiefly of smaller objects; but we heard also of an Egyptian Museum: the name is imposing, but the thing falls short of the glory of the name. We passed to it through some narrow rooms, where, on shelves, were placed some busts: that arrangement reminded me of Figaro's description of his shop, "*Cinque perruche nella vitrina.*" On our return, we admired, through the window, a regularly planned garden, within a court of the Vatican, in which Pius VII. delighted to walk.

The Library of the Vatican is closed on the

two days of the week on which the Museum is shown, while the Museum of the Capitol, three miles off, is shown on the same two days of the week as that of the Vatican. So much for Roman urbanity and attention to the convenience of strangers. Hear it then, ye literati of Europe, the first library in the world, under the care of learned ecclesiastics, is closed three days in the week, besides festivals!

I cannot help drawing a parallel between Rome and Florence. Rome has been aided by the wealth of the rest of Europe in forming the collections deposited there: Florence has procured them to itself from its own resources. Rome is the capital of the Christian world: Florence is the capital of its own dominion only. In Rome, strangers are allowed to see two distant Museums on the same day, and not allowed to see on the same day a Museum and a Library under the same roof. At Florence, the Museum is open five days in the week. At Rome, strangers are left to guide-books or their own inspiration. At Florence, the contents of the gallery are shown and explained to them. I am aware that strangers, particularly my countrymen, may have behaved in a way to justify the coldness of the Romans, and that the English, of all people, can least

claim that every thing should be open to them on the Continent: but I would suggest to the Romans that conciliation is the part both of charity and prudence. Dr. Trusler says, that a polite man never goes over a stile before another. The consequence is, that if two polite men meet at a stile, there they must stay. So, if of two impolite men neither will begin to be polite, their alienation from each other must subsist for ever.

But to return to the Vatican Library, which is closed three days in the week, as also on festivals: this reservation satisfies the Romans; it is good to meditate on what we read, and the Romans wish to have time for meditation. I wanted neither to read nor meditate; I wanted only to see a *lion*. The Bishop of —— told me he had a letter of introduction to Monsignore Mai, removed from Milan to be chief librarian at the Vatican, and that, if I would meet him at the Library, he would present me to Monsignore Mai, and I might profit by the opportunity of seeing the library at the same time with him.

As I was going to set out on my appointment, my friend Colonel —— called on me. I proposed to him to accompany me: not hesitating to trespass thus far on the kindness of

the truly learned and much-respected librarian. He, I doubt not, would have received us with civility, could we have reached him. But when we arrived, the door was shut; the Bishop and Monsignore Mai had begun their tour. For a quarter of an hour I continued knocking at the door more loudly than I should have dared, but that I knew the Pope was out of hearing, at *Monte Cavallo.* This was a day too on which the Library is said to be open; but it should seem the door is only open when the door-keeper is there to open it, and the door-keeper was not there.

My friend, the Colonel, bore the disappointment very patiently for a military man: I was excessively mortified, and I found afterwards from the Bishop that I had cause to be so. Under the auspices of Monsignore Mai, he had seen the Library to the greatest advantage, especially the Museum Sacrum, containing objects of primitive Christian antiquity: amongst these, the instruments used in torturing the early martyrs. Specimens of MSS. were also shown to him.

It would have been easy for me to have procured a letter to Monsignore Mai on my own account: vexation at first, and the spirit of delay afterwards, overruled me. I saw the

Library, however; all was in excellent order of what could be seen; and there was seen an extent of rooms equally splendid and commodious, long galleries and portraits of benefactors, and some modern books in glass bookcases.

The centre building of the three which Michael Angelo has reared, as if in mockery, on the Capitoline Hill, is the Tribunal, or court of justice, of the senate of Rome. Nero wished that all Rome had but one neck, for him to be able to strike it off at a blow. There was something sublime, though rather savage, in the thought. At the present day, his will might be gratified, in regard to the senate at least. The two side buildings contain the Museum. The administrators of the Capitoline are not the same men as those of the Vatican museum, for they seem to know the right place of a good statue, and have put the Dying Gladiator in the centre of a room, where he is seen on every side. To sympathize with a block of marble, may appear ridiculous; yet no one can see the Dying Gladiator without a feeling of pity. I thought to myself, "He will certainly speak; he will certainly fall down." Yet here is no grand sentiment, real or affected. The man does not, as I once heard it fantastically phrased, "die

in an attitude:" his posture is the effect of necessity, not of choice: the mind has nothing to do with it: the expression of the face is even mean and vulgar. But so true is the imitation of nature, so completely have we the dying man before us, that while we are relieved from the pain of seeing the suffering of a fellow-creature, we feel all the interest that would be excited by such an object present in reality. He dies because he must, and we pity him.

Here is a Faun by Praxiteles, and some other sculptures worthy of attention, and a suite of rooms filled with paintings, many of them by great masters. In short, this second museum of Rome might figure as the first museum of any other capital in Europe.

The want of a great national gallery is amply supplied to the Romans in the palaces of the nobility. That of the Palazzo Doria is an immense assemblage of paintings of every school, of every master. Here the amateur might spend several mornings. That Englishman was a man of good sense, who replied to my question, "Have you seen the gallery at the Palace Doria?" "I have seen half of it." To reconcile this with my affirmation of the possibility of seeing Rome in a

week, let it be observed that I there spoke of seeing Rome, not all that Rome contains.

The collection at the Palazzo Borghese is smaller, but perhaps more choice than that of Doria. I shall mention only a Translation from the Cross by Raphael, and some paintings by Titian. The Sybil, of whom a brother tourist is enamoured, is a St. Cecilia. I have seen an engraving from this painting with the name of St. Cecilia at the bottom of the plate: I am sorry my countryman should be so ill acquainted with the expression of religious rapture, as to mistake it for oracular fury, inspired, as the fathers say, by false Gods. No female jumper or ranter was the model of this exquisite picture.

In the *Farnese* Palace little remains; almost all having been carried off to Naples. The gallery, itself a beautiful room, is painted by Ludovico Carracci and others of great name, and will be viewed with delight.

Fail not to visit the Pavilion of the Palazzo Rospigliosi. The Aurora of Guido on the ceiling, and some other pictures by the same master, by Ludovico Carracci, Domenichino and Rubens, you would go a hundred miles to see, were they in England. Let not satiety breed indifference or fastidiousness. I particularize

these, because the collection, not being numerous, may be overlooked.

In the Palazzo Spada is the statue of Pompey at the base of which Julius Cæsar fell. The arm of this statue was sawed off, in the time of French domination, to allow it to enter by a narrow passage into the theatre, and *assist* at the representation of the *Mort de Cesar* of Voltaire. The arm is put on again; but the Romans of the republic were nó great sculptors.

The Palazzo Colonna should be visited for its spacious and splendid apartments; a royal revenue would be required to inhabit it suitably; this is not now possessed by that family. Immense as is the palace, additions were making to it. The garden, too, is curious.

The Cardinal Fesch is already far advanced in forming a superb collection, in which, perhaps, the paintings of the Palazzo Chigi, which are disappearing one by one, may find an asylum. It is not true, as was reported, that an Englishman thrust his cane into one of the pictures of the Cardinal's gallery, in a fit of patriotic rage against the family of Bonaparte. I took pains to inform myself of the falsehood of this disgraceful story by a particular inquiry of the Major-domo. The Cardinal is a little

man, with the features and complexion of his nephew, and an intelligent and even penetrating look. He is said to have blamed the conduct of that nephew towards Pius VII., saying to him, "if you have more power than I, your power does not prove you to be in the right;" adding, that he was ready to suffer martyrdom. To this last observation, Napoleon calmly replied, "*pour cela il faut deux.*"*

Something must be said of the fountains of Rome, of which Eustace talks with his usual prodigality of rapturous expression. That of Acqua Felice, which he most admires, is very copious, but is altogether such an apparatus as one should expect to meet with at Whitbread's brewery, and but little calculated to call forth the admiration of a man of taste like Eustace.

That of Trevi gushes forth from rocks, very properly called artificial, on the top of which rocks the palace is built. Were this palace and its fountain in the midst of rural scenery, and adorned by trees, instead of being in a square by no means extensive, it would be a very pretty thing. The quality of this water is excellent, and it is conveyed in pipes

* There must go two to that.

over a part of the town: a stream of it flowed into the court of our palace.

The fountain in the Piazza Navona is a fine and copious body of water, and its statues are much to be admired—four river-gods of four different quarters of the globe. There are, besides, a horse and a lion, peeping out from caverns in a rock: they seem not to have much to do, and are very quiet. On the rock, is an obelisk of red granite, inscribed with hieroglyphics, which Fea says, the curious in such matters affirm not to be Egyptian, but a Roman copy of such a work. The fact, at least, is curious, if true, showing the high estimation in which Egyptian antiquities were held by the ancient Romans. The obelisk seems hardly to have ground to stand upon, but is more at its ease than the one placed on the back of an elephant. When will the vagaries of architects cease? When they shall be contented that pillars should support something; that arches, themselves a support, should not spring from pillars; that, though spires and slender cupolas may rise into the air, domes and pantheons should stand on the ground, and pyramids and obelisks rise from it?

Audax omnia perpeti,
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

The fountain Paulina is in a pretty retired situation: its water might be conveyed into the town by a pipe carried under the bridge, unless some ambitious architect should choose rather to remove and rebuild for that purpose, one of the now useless aqueducts. Near this fountain is the botanic garden.

Not even the prismatic colours seen in the arches of the jets d'eau, in the Piazzo di San Pietro, shall tempt me to dilate on jets d'eau. They are to be met with every where. *Parcite jam rivos, pueri.*

CHAPTER XVII.

Question whether an Ecclesiastic ought to be a temporal Sovereign.—Domination of the Pope.—Liberty of conscience.—Religion at Rome.—Evenings at the houses of the Austrian and French Ambassadors, and at that of the Hanoverian Minister.—Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano.—His splendid entertainments.—The Prince and Princess of Prossedi.—The ex-King of Westphalia.—The Princess Borghese.—Entertainments of the Spanish, Neapolitan, and Austrian Ambassadors.—Untimely fate of Miss Bathurst.—Theatres at Rome.—The Carnival.—Races of horses.—Last evening of the Carnival.—The holy week.—Washing the feet of twelve poor men.—Procession of the blessed Sacrament.—French sentinels and those of the Pope.—Rude and brutal behaviour of the latter.—Ceremonies of the Catholic Church misapprehended by Protestants.—Illumination of the dome of St. Peter's.—Dr. Milner.—Interview with the Cardinal della Somaglia.—Expense of a presentation to the Pope.—French comedians in the private theatre of a Russian Gentleman.—Dinner at Rome.—Death of the Queen of Etruria; of the Cardinals Gonsalvi and Jeveroli, and of the Duchess of Devonshire.

THE question has been debated, and it is an important one, whether an ecclesiastic ought to be a temporal sovereign. The chivalrous or military spirit of some, the fears of others,

for religious liberty, are opposed to such a government: some even affect to dread, that the attention of the churchman will be diverted from cares that belong to his State, by the intrusion of concerns of another sort and order.

The dominions of the Pope are placed between a great power, whom it would be hopeless for him to resist in war, and a lesser State, that will not attack him, or against whom, if attacked, he would be defended by the greater power, for the sake of maintaining that division by which he may more easily govern both. Thus the Pope is happily relieved from the care of the external defence of his State. As to its internal government, if by this phrase is meant all the farrago of protecting, prohibiting, and countervailing duties, and interference in the affairs of commerce, down to the retail trade of the lowest shopkeeper; if it mean the balancing of party interests and the work of determining how far the good of the whole should be sacrificed to the clamours of parties; if it mean the business of remedying the irremediable evil of poverty, an evil only aggravated by political regulation; if it mean the preservation of hares and partridges from the profane touch of those on whose land they

are nourished; if such and such be the senses in which the words, "internal government of a state," are to be understood, an ecclesiastical person is an unfit head of the state. Neither ought the Pope to be chief of a representative constitution: the corruption of the electors, and the management of the elected, would be alien from his spiritual obligations. The subjects of representative governments quietly admit the distinction between the public and the private man; and "*vendidit hic auro patriam*," is a crime, with those who are used to it, that excludes not from the Elysian Fields. But he who is obliged to teach that a man's civil and political conduct is a part of his religious duty, would be embarrassed by a control which, from the frailty of human nature, will hardly ever be exercised disinterestedly.

The domination of the Pope is essentially pacific; his geographical position and political relations come in aid of all those circumstances that render war both useless and dangerous to him. Cardinal Gonsalvi indeed, the able and stirring minister of Pius VII., kept on foot an army of ten or twelve thousand men; but no Roman knew why, or to what use a Papal army could, in these times, be applied.

If by the internal government of a state be meant the defence of every citizen from fraud

or violence on the part of every other citizen, and the undertaking of those extensive works for the public good which are beyond the reach of individuals,—of such a government, a Bishop may without incongruity be the head. The administration of justice may be carried on in the name of "*la Santità di nostro Signore*," as well as in that of a lay sovereign. His minister of finance may preserve order in the collection and in the disbursement of taxes; his minister of the interior may authorize the making of roads or erection of bridges; and the general prosperity of the people will result from the efforts made by each individual for his own welfare.

It seems reasonable to be alarmed lest liberty of conscience should be restrained by an ecclesiastical sovereign. Experience, however, proves this fear to be unfounded. Since the breaking out of that unhappy schism that has rent from catholic unity one fourth of Europe, less persecution has taken place in the States of the Church than in any other state, whether catholic or protestant. Catholic sovereigns endeavoured to suppress, by force, innovations that threatened, and in many instances disturbed, the tranquillity of their rule and the security of their people. The three great divisions of Protestantism, founded by Luther,

Calvin, and Queen Elizabeth, put down by no gentle means the old religion, and behaved with no very Christian forbearance towards each other. But neither in more ancient times nor in the æra of the so-called reformation, have the annals of the Popes been stained with bloodshed in persecution within their own territories.

At Rome in the present day, religion is enforced by influence only, and by the imposing splendour thrown around it in solemn ceremonies, majestic buildings, and the dignities of its servants. It is not thought decorous to allow the open profession of any other than the catholic faith under the very eyes of the sovereign Pontiff, but if an inference may be drawn from the "*Meglio il parlo senza*," of Pius VII., the inhibition is dictated rather by etiquette than intolerance.

I do not say that it would be wise to make kings of bishops; but I do conceive that a bishop, being king, will be more tolerant than a lay sovereign, or lay-councils listening to the suggestions of the ministers of a national religion by law established. In this latter case, the shame of proposing and of acting is divided between two parties; one of which would revolt from perpetrating the injustice it

conceives, and the other from conceiving the injustice to which it gives effect. This argument is proved by experience. The ecclesiastical tribunal convicts the heretic, and delivers him over to the secular arm: the civil power punishes the offender according to laws which itself had made. Let the ecclesiastical and civil power be united in the same person, and the secular arm shrinks from the performance of its hateful office.

So fully had the year and half which I had spent in Tuscany been dedicated to the purposes of education, that, arrived at Rome, I thought myself justified in saying to my children, "Here is a great book open before you: read it and study it for six months to come: Rome may well supply the place of all other studies." The place itself stimulates to exertion in this kind, and our time, of which we had enough and to spare, was by no means lost.

The evenings too were spent agreeably: the Austrian and French Ambassadors, and the Hanoverian Minister received weekly. It was amusing enough to hear the Baron de R—— talk of "*le Roi*;" meaning the same august personage, who, by the laws of this country, is forbidden to contaminate himself by the touch of the filthy rags of popery.

No Roman opens his house for the reception of strangers, excepting only Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano. It is the fashion of English tourists to abuse and ridicule Torlonia. I found him a very honest banker, and both himself and his Duchess very civil and attentive hosts. On the first day of the Duchess's reception, an early and a late hour were designated on the card of invitation: the former for the reception of grave and elderly and dignified personages, the latter for those who meant to be present at the ball. I went in the later part of the former period, and met the early class before they retired, and saw the entrance of the second party. The succession of company proved that all the *world* of Rome was sensible to the attractions of the place. In the Carnival, a splendid masked ball was given by Torlonia in his palace in the Piazza di Venezia, which is not his dwellinghouse, but a suite of rooms on four sides of a court, with a gallery on all the four sides within. He also gave good concerts during Lent.

I must except from the charge of inhospitality the Principe di Prossedi, a Roman married to the daughter of the Prince of Canino, Lucien Bonaparte. The Princess received weekly: she is a pleasing and accom-

plished woman: it was not to be expected that she should cordially speak well of England; but she spoke of it in a manner that might satisfy the most captious Englishman. She talks English with a fearfulness by no means rendered necessary by her deficiency in the knowledge of the language. Other members of this once imperial family also received strangers; the Count de Montfort, ex-king of Westphalia; as also the Princess Borghese, sister of Napoleon.

The Spanish Ambassador, in the beginning of the winter, gave a ball and a concert in honour of the liberation of his master from the power of the revolutionists, which liberation had been achieved by the Duc d'Angoulême a few weeks before. These fêtes were splendid, as might be expected, but were not well attended. The Queen of Etruria, sister of Ferdinand VII., was not present on account of ill health, but her son was there. The company appeared in court dress: this regulation, with the earliness of the season, may account for the thinness of the company.

Late in the season the Neapolitan Ambassador, who had been very retired during the winter, gave a magnificent ball; it seemed as if he had reserved himself to concentrate the rays

of his splendour in this fête. To see the gallery of the Palazzo Farnese illuminated, was itself a treat.

In the palace of the Austrian Ambassador too was a salon, well proportioned, and of such dimensions that it was considered too large even for the numerous weekly parties. It was opened once in Lent for a concert, at which was performed a composition for an Italian translation of the *Miserere* psalm. It was also opened in Carnival for a ball and supper: the latter was managed in what was to me a novel and striking arrangement. Supper-tables there were already in adjoining rooms; but behold a surprise! for these were not all. The dancing ceased; the folding-doors were opened, and about twenty tables, each of them large enough for twelve or fourteen guests, were brought in with all that was good for food and drink, with wax-lights and all other accessories ready prepared upon them.

At one of these tables, my family chanced to be seated with that of the young lady whose untimely and dreadful fate not long afterwards struck terror into both the visitants and inhabitants of Rome. As she was riding on horseback with her party on the bank of the Tiber, along a narrow path made still narrower at the

place by the fence of a garden, her horse, missing his footing on the path, fell down the high and steep bank into the river: he fell on his rider, and so far fixed her in the muddy bottom, that she rose no more. Her uncle rushed into the water and was with difficulty saved from drowning. The body could not be found; a new cause of distress: it was not found till six months afterwards, when the violent autumnal rains brought it up to the surface of the water entire and unchanged; even the bruises received in the fall were discernible. Such is the well-known preservative quality of the element.

The beauty and gentle manners of Miss Bathurst had made her the object of universal admiration. The sympathy of the Romans on this calamitous occasion, did them great honour. I should think myself chargeable with a want of sensibility, had I omitted to notice this melancholy catastrophe.

There are two theatres at Rome: according to the report of others I state, that they are not so well served as those of other great towns of Italy.

The popular amusements of the Carnival continue during eight days, the six days between the last two Sundays before Lent, and

the Monday and Tuesday of the week in which that season of penance begins. On the first day of these diversions, the senator of Rome parades in a state coach from one end of the *Corso* to the other, and thus opens the ball. Riding in a thronged street, at the rate of half a mile an hour, in a file of carriages, pelting and being pelted at with sugar-plumbs and *bonbons*, in the true spirit of Saturnalian license, looking at the merry crowd masked and unmasked: such are the delights that employ the time from one to four o'clock, P. M. Admirable order is maintained. Patroles of soldiers are placed at the end of every street that leads into the *Corso;* a carriage may go out by any of the side streets, but it is not allowed to enter but by the Piazza del Popolo, or the Piazza di Venezia, and it must then take and keep its place in the file. At four o'clock a cannon is fired; every carriage escapes by the nearest side street—the *Corso* is cleared: another cannon and the races of horses begin. I have before described these races of horses, not horse races—a chesnut horse differs from a horse-chesnut—and shall now only remark on the shouts of laughter with which the losing horse was received by the mob as he passed along, and which no doubt aggravated to him the

vexation of defeat. Man tries to conceal his malice while he pretends to wisdom: even then, it peeps out; but fools, children, madmen, and drunken men speak the truth.

On the last evening of the Carnival, the *Corso* is illuminated, and the people,—the people of Rome!—run up and down that street, each bearing in his hand a lighted taper, and each trying to blow out the light carried by the other. To the natives, this is very good fun; but some foreigners, matter-of-fact men, who had no more right to be there than Cato had to go into the theatre, took it in dudgeon; I heard even of a duel on the occasion. These sports last but one short hour, and the delights of the Carnival are ended.

The Holy Week is regarded by many of our countrymen as the *pendant* to the Carnival. To see the Pope himself washing the feet of twelve poor men, and waiting upon them at table, would to them have been an amusing scene; but the Pope was ill in his bed: so these ceremonies were performed by a Cardinal, and the benediction was not given from the balcony of St. Peter's.

All Catholic sovereigns perform the office of washing the feet in memorial of the humility of Christ; and the king of England, by the

hands of his lord high almoner, gives his alms of silver pennies to twelve poor men on this same Thursday in Holy Week. Notwithstanding the absence of the Sovereign Pontiff, the crowd was immense. The procession of the blessed sacrament, carried by a Cardinal instead of the Pope, from the Capella Sistina to the Capella Paulina, where the "*sepulchre*" was, and whence it was to be brought in the same order for the mass of Good-Friday, as on that day no host is consecrated,—this procession passed without interruption, from those who kneeled or stood near the line of its march; but the passage to the *Sala Ducale*, where is the washing of the feet and the dinner, was rendered most turbulent by the rudeness and violence of the soldiers on guard.

I have observed that French sentinels invariably behave with good manners; they contemplate being employed on more dangerous service: but the Pope's soldiers have but few opportunities of signalizing their valour. An officer of the English army retreated; and being asked why he did so, declared it was for fear of yielding to the strong temptation he felt to knock some of the rascals down. Besides, they did not understand their business. To push back the foremost of a crowd, with

a cry of "*Non affollate!*" only throws into confusion those who are following equally behind, and as no stop is opposed to the mass behind, opposition to the mass before is useless and dangerous. By putting a dam across a stream, we cause a flood; nothing is to be done but to confine the stream by banks, and cut off the back waters when the reservoir is full, or provide an outfall equal to their flow. This was not understood at the entrance of the Sala Ducale; and those who wanted to come out strove against those who wanted to go in.

I went to see the body of the late Prince de Condé lie in state at the Palais Bourbon: a slight rail, three feet from the floor, raised from the door of entrance to the door opposite, separated the *chapelle ardente* from those who came to see it, who succeeded each other in this passage no broader than the door-way. I stopped, not to look at the bier nor to listen to the chant of the office for the dead, but to say a *de profundis* for the soul of him who lay before me; a person within the rail, with that civil tone which a man uses when he is saying what is reasonable, said to me, "*Passez, Monsieur: d'autres vous suivent.*"*

* Pass on, Sir; other people are coming after you.

In this manner, many thousands of the inhabitants of Paris were enabled to view this spectacle without confusion. But the heroes of the Roman guard, in their ignorance and brutality, spared neither sex nor age; if they did not give blows they used violence almost equivalent to it, and certainly deserved the chastisement which the prudence of the English officer restrained him from giving them. I have enlarged on this affair on account of the scandal which it caused, and the blame thrown on my countrymen, which, for this time, they did not deserve. The guards, and the guards only, were in fault.

The veneration paid to the cross on Good Friday, in reference to him who died upon it for our sins, may be repulsive to some who misapprehend it to be an idolatrous act. The benediction of the new fire on Holy Saturday, the benediction of the five grains of incense, of the Paschal candle and of the baptismal font, with the sublime idea of throwing forth water from that font towards the four quarters of the heavens,—these ceremonies, performed by every priest in Christendom in his own church, have but little attraction for Protestants. Perhaps they have not even remarked that, from the *Gloria in excelsis* of Holy Thursday, to the re-

petition of the same hymn on Saturday, not a bell or clock has sounded from the churches. But the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo announce the dawn of Easter; fire-works from the walls of the same castle, and the illumination of the dome of St. Peter's, attend its close.

I had seen the dome of Florence illuminated on occasion of the birth of a princess, daughter of the Archduke: I saw it from my own windows, which were too near: I saw the illuminated dome of St. Peter's also from my windows, which were at a due distance: much of the effect of this spectacle depends on the state of the atmosphere; much also depends on the distance from which it is seen. I recommend Monte Pincio as the best point of view. But on the whole, considering the danger incurred by those who prepare the illumination, I conclude by saying, after having seen it, "*le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*"* The fireworks of St. Angelo are not worth mentioning.

It is the custom at Rome, on the evening of Good-Friday, to suspend from the centre of the dome of St. Peter's an illuminated cross of vast dimensions, which throws its light, in every direction, into the four arms of that stupendous

* The play is not worth the candle.

building, upon its ceiling and into the dome, St. Peter's church, illuminated within by one blaze of central light, must be a grand object. I regretted that the custom was for this year omitted. The alleged cause of the omission was lest too much mere human levity should be indulged on the occasion. St. Charles Borromeo, who was as wise a man as our evening preachers, ordered by an Archiepiscopal mandate, that every church in his province should be shut at sunset.

A few weeks before I left Rome, I received a letter from a friend in England, inclosing one, written in Latin, addressed by the Right Reverend Bishop Milner to the Cardinal Secretary of State, to introduce me to his Eminence. John Milner, D.D. is well known to the English public; no man ever acquired so high a fame, labouring under such disadvantages. He wrote his History of Winchester and became a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society: he wrote his "Letters to a Prebendary," and it was said in Parliament that it was a shame for an Anglican divine to be written down by a Popish priest. He preserved to the Catholics of England their title of *Catholic*, which some of them were, at the time, not unwilling to exchange for that of *Protesting Catholic Dissen-*

ters. The Catholics are not Dissenters: they are of the mother church, After an active controversial life, a life of labour and of service and of merit, he left his last legacy to the Christian world, "On the End of Religious Controversy." May the work be successful; may its author have received his reward, above the wealth of the world, or fame among men.

In consequence of this letter, I went with my son to the Quirinal Palace to pay our respects to the Cardinal della Somaglia. He was born in 1744; by consequence he was at this time in his eightieth year; yet never did I see a man of fifty bear himself more upright or look more stout. It was said of Cardinal Gonsalvi, that his mind wore out his body: the body of the *Cardinal Doyen* appeared to be in excellent preservation, and to have sustained no scathe from the energies of its inmate. Seeing me disturbed by my own bad Italian, he had the complaisance to change our mode of intercommunication by speaking to me in French; but he was, in his turn, mortified by the difficulty with which he spoke this foreign language: we got on, however, very well. He encouraged me to bear with patience the loss of my *état civil*, by saying, "if you are not a citizen of England, you are a citizen of

Paradise." He spoke with high commendation of the works of Bishop Milner, which he read sometimes when he had leisure from his many occupations, and he desired me to make some compliment to this effect on his part to Dr. Milner.

I told him I was not in correspondence with the Bishop; that the letter addressed by him to his Eminence was written without my knowledge, and might be considered, in some sort, an official letter in favour of one who lived in the district of which the Bishop was Vicar-Apostolic. When I took my leave, he seemed to signify an expectation of seeing me again: which, however, if it existed, I did not realise. He was attended by his secretary, at least such I took him to be, a sensible and discerning man. The Cardinal's servant called on me the next morning for a present; he thought my interview with his master was worth something. I did not think it worth the money, but such is the custom, and an ignoble one it is. A presentation to the Pope costs about forty shillings in gratifications to the servants of the household.

I forgot to mention, among the amusements of Rome, that a wealthy, and, according to my system, a benevolent Russian gentleman had

brought with him a company of French comedians of very respectable talents. All the strangers and society of Rome were invited to be present at these representations in a handsome private theatre. Refreshments were served between the acts. The same Russian gave a ball, which was so crowded that the evil corrected itself: the rooms were thinned by midnight, and the rest of the *evening* passed very agreeably. On account of the many public receptions, private evening-parties were but few: dinners were many. In no place, of all those to which men of *taste* resort, is food better or cheaper than at Rome. The peculiar luxury of the table is the wild boar, which, by those who ate it, was reported delicious.

The Queen of Etruria died, as was expected, in the course of the winter: her body lay in state: the collapse of the muscles of the face it was attempted to conceal by a mask of wax. Cardinal Gonsalvi also died, as well as Cardinal Jéveroli, the elected Pope, rejected by Austria: the Duchess of Devonshire also expired, much regretted.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Easter.—The Via Appia.—Church of St. Paul burnt down.—A miracle.—Tomb of Caius Cestius.—Tomb of Cecilia Metella.—Circus of Caracalla.—Temple of the Dio Ridicolo.—Villas in the neighbourhood of Rome.—Tivoli.—Villa of Adrian.—Cascade of Tivoli.—Sibyl's Temple.—Horace's Villa.—Morning airings.—Atelier of Thorwaldsen.—French Academy at the Villa Medici.—The Brigands—The Pontine marshes.—Terracina.—Change of climate at Gaeta.—Capua.—Road from Capua to Naples.—Entrance to Naples.—Strada di Toledo.—Vittoria and Crocelli Hotels.—Maria Louisa and the King of Naples.—The Villa Reale.—The Chiaja.—View from the Author's apartment.—Insupportable heat of the mid-day sun.—Bathing-houses at Naples.

EASTER, which is kept on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal equinox, fell very late in this year, 1824, and all the world of travellers was preparing to leave Rome ere the last lamp was extinguished on the dome of St. Peter's: and this not only because no more sights were to be seen, but be-

cause they wished to reach the cooler regions of the north before the heat, already inconvenient, should become excessive. Some few, who would not quit the delights of Rome during winter, nor leave Italy without seeing Naples, went thither at this time. A fortnight still remained to me of the six months' hire of my *appartement*; for the sake of order, let excursions without the walls be included in this part of my narrative.

A morning's ride on the Via Appia is a successful chace of wonder. The church of St. Paul, *fuori delle Mura*, had been burnt down the summer before. Some workmen employed in repairing the roof, had left there a pan of ignited charcoal; by some accident the fire was communicated to the timber of the roof; in a short time it blazed forth: all Rome was in alarm for one of the finest, perhaps the second, of its churches. Cardinal Gonsalvi hastened thither; every effort was made to extinguish the flames; in vain, the beams and rafters, seasoned and dried during many ages, burnt fiercely. Within thirty-six hours the roof fell in, and all was a heap of ruins. It was still some days ere these ruins could be approached, the fire still continuing within the walls. The doors of Corinthian brass were again brought into the state of

fusion which first formed that metal more than two thousand years before. I have a ring, to all appearance an ordinary gold ring, made of the metal of these doors, now dispersed in trinkets over the world. When the heat had subsided, so as to permit an entrance within the walls, the beautiful marble pillars were found calcined, or fallen, or cracked, or tottering. The shrine in which repose the relics of the Apostle, though in the centre of the conflagration, was unhurt. Yet so incredulous is the age, that no one cried out "a miracle! a miracle!" Does the miraculous nature of a fact depend on human belief? If so, 'tis man, not God, that works the miracle.

Pius VII. was at this time in his last illness: the calamity was concealed from him, and he died without knowing of it.

I saw this church soon after my arrival at Rome, in October; the rubbish was not yet removed from the pavement. It was evident, that before its destruction it must have excited the admiration of every beholder; but its wreck called forth feelings of a still more interesting kind. Reparation seemed impossible: it will, however, be attempted to restore it as nearly as may be to its former state. A workman had been killed, a few days be-

fore, by the fall of a Corinthian capital. The nave contained four rows of these vast, but finely-proportioned pillars; from them sprung arches, on which rested the walls that supported the roof internally; the pillars, from the force of the fire, yielding to the pressure of the arches, and the walls raised on them, these, too, had fallen in; so that nothing now remained but the outer walls. I could not, though I looked round me for that purpose, observe one undamaged pillar.

Turn we from this lamented ruin to an indestructible monument, the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. No door or opening was there to this tomb; it seemed hermetically sealed: it was broken into, however, and a staircase was found within, which led to that part of the wall where the sarcophagus and some statues and other ornaments of the sepulchral chamber had been introduced, at a point higher than the ceiling of the chamber itself. To examine the tomb by making a door at the base of the pyramid, was an unobjectionable act of antiquarian curiosity; but the whole monument would have been more admirable and instructive, had it been allowed to continue in the state in which it was found. All was removed but the pyramid. I should be glad to

be informed by Roman casuists, after what lapse of time ceases the respect due to the ashes of the dead.

The tomb of Cecilia Metella is a circular tower, touched by the hand of Time, which has added to its beauty. Not far from hence, are the remains of the Circus of Caracalla, sufficient to give an idea of its plan.

Workmen were excavating on the Appian Way, and had got down to the pavement of the Roman road. The foundations of sepulchres are found on each side. It is several feet lower than the present road on the same line.

A little farther on is the Temple of the Dio Ridicolo, dedicated to the God, whoever he was, that struck terror into Annibal when encamped on this spot, and caused him to *return* without undertaking the siege of Rome. *Ridicolo,* therefore, ought to be derived from *redeo.* Apropos of ridicules: the little bag which ladies bear, called by this name, made of network, or inclosing their netting apparatus, is a *rete,* or reticule; a little net has nothing to do with *ridiculous.*

There are villas both within and without the walls of Rome. The gardens of that of Pamphili Doria are in the style of Versailles, and the house is handsome. The gardens of the

Villa Borghese, with their tall pines, and other well-grown trees, add much to the beauty of the view from Monte Pincio. The house is spacious and splendid, but somewhat neglected; there are a few fine paintings. The Villa Albani, is an extremely pretty pleasure-house, for it has no bed-rooms; nor is there any place where, all other things being equal, a day could be passed more pleasantly. The villas will be visited by each one according to the time he may have at his disposal. A few may serve as a specimen of the remainder.

Tivoli, *Tibur amœnum* is classical ground, as much as Rome itself; not heroic, indeed, but something more soothing to the mind. He who does not raise his expectations too high, will pass a day agreeably in an excursion to Tivoli. He will loiter on the banks of the Lago dei Tartari, and gather the petrified and incrusted weeds; and, without considering how brittle and tender they are, will promise himself to take some of them home with him. He will admire the milk-white waters of the Lago Solfurio, and then arrive at the tomb of the Plautian family, circular like that of Cecilia Metella, better proportioned and more entire.

The Villa of Adrian deserves more than the cursory view which our travellers usually take of

it. The ruins cover a great extent of ground; they require to be studied; they interest by recollections, and, as ruins, are in several parts most picturesque. A most powerful sovereign, a man of taste and magnificence, a philosopher, built this villa, to exhibit to his Romans an imitation of all that he had seen of grand or curious in his progresses through his vast empire. Greece, Asia, and Egypt, furnished his models. Little of this can now be detected in ivy-grown walls, and pavements buried under accumulated soil; but the search of that little will be attended with delight, and it may be rewarded by success.

From this spot, hunger and faintness drove us into Tivoli: this excursion requires two days, and two days we had destined to it; but the popular apprehension of our travellers had not impressed on us the relative importance of objects: it is of great moment to be set right in this matter. One day ought to be spent on the road to Tivoli; you will there see a very pretty fall of water, conducted by a canal to the edge of a precipice, and tumbling, with a due portion of the sublime and beautiful, into a romantic ravine. Prismatic colours, natural caverns, *classicalized* by the names of the

grottos of Neptune and of the Syrens, a natural bridge, under which the waters rush and appear again in foam and bustle, form the enchantment of the scene.

The precipice is surmounted by the Sibyl's Temple. This ruin will satisfy all those who have not seen it on paper: instead of being "very well on paper," it is very well in reality; while on paper it is usually exhibited as more than well.

The next day, we took a more exact and less enthusiastic view of the cascade, and under the conduct of a cicerone, a well instructed man, made the usual tour to see the *cascatelle;* mere water spouts falling down the side of a hill. The sites of villas of ancient Romans were pointed out: my heart beat when approaching that of Horace, a very pretty poet—that is his true rank, a rational and judicious critic, a man of good sense and benevolence, with the morality of his age. Time destroys the illusion of boyhood, and confirms the decision of mature judgment.

The whole circuit was pleasing: we entered Tivoli by the Tempio della Torre, a pretty ruin, though more vaunted than it deserves; and in the evening, returned rapidly to Rome, our

coachman and those of some other English parties amusing themselves by running races on the road.

Morning airings will be usefully directed by driving out of one of the gates of Rome and entering by another, keeping as near the wall as the road will permit, and viewing those walls, built in different ages, but in their entire circuit venerable by antiquity, and interesting by associations. Returning from one of these promenades, we called at the *atelier* of Thorwaldsen. I had met in society this rival and successor of Canova, and found him a man of mild, unassuming, even reserved manners. On observing that a knowledge of English enabled me to guess the country that gave him birth, he replied with a smile, "I am an Icelander," and proceeded to assure me that Iceland was a pleasant country in the summer, and in the southern parts of that island. An Icelander! Long live Captain Parry and the Expedition to the North Pole, and the discovery of the North-west Passage! The globe, the *terrarum orbis*, will be one nation; for an Icelander is at Rome, and the first artist there. I saw Thorwaldsen's *bas-reliefs* of Day and Night; the conception of the personification is truly poetical, the *accidents* beautifully imagined, and

the whole of the sculpture delicate and masterly.

Several artists were employed in copying pictures in the Museums, yet not so many as at Florence. The exhibition at the French Academy at the Villa Medici was not worthy of the fame of that school. What zeal or activity or love of the fine arts can be expected where the Laocoon is put into a closet, and Museums are locked up four or five days out of seven? Where the source is stagnant, the stream will not flow. Yet Rome is the well-head of Truth: the chair of Peter is there! the Propaganda is there, and zeal is not extinct.

The brigands, encouraged by the feebleness of the Roman government, were said to be in force on the road to Naples. Though this report was raised at a time when strangers were leaving Rome, and might be suspected to proceed from those who were interested in detaining them there, yet there was some truth in it, as the Government adopted the extraordinary measure of sending troops against them, headed by—a Cardinal! These brigands know very well with whom they have to do. The French repressed them. The Austrians, in the kingdom of Naples, struck terror into them. Soon

after the occupation of Naples, an Austrian Colonel was taken prisoner by them, and detained for his ransom, by a band in the mountains. The Commander-in-chief sent them word that he would pay no ransom, since a Colonel, more or less, was of no account in the army of his Imperial Majesty; but that if they dared to hurt a hair of the head of that Colonel, every man of them should be hanged: The Colonel was immediately escorted, with show of great respect, to the nearest piquet of the Austrian forces. It is remarkable, that the very stages on the road, where the danger was the greatest within the Roman territory, were pointed out to me: the Government had good intelligence of the brigands, yet still suffered itself to be insulted. A wife of one of the chiefs was, about this time, at Rome, said to be treating for the submission of her husband, on condition of his being pardoned and pensioned: very charitable methods of reclaiming brigands, but not to be left at the choice of the offenders.

On the 5th of May, we went to Velletri, a very short day's journey, but there was no other sleeping-place between that and Terracina. We met a party of English, who assured us, as far as such assurance could be given, of

the safety of the road. Next day we observed the stations of soldiers to be more or less on the alert, according as the nature of the country in their immediate neighbourhood was open, or such as to afford shelter or retreat to robbers; at some of their guard-houses, which were at a short league from each other, they were at their posts, turned out and carrying their muskets: at others they were asleep, or mending their clothes.

I had long been curious to see the Pontine Marshes, from a very natural desire of comparing them with a part of Lincolnshire, my native county. They seemed to me to be efficiently drained, though on an operose plan. On the left side of the road, nearest the Apennines, which are here at very little distance, ran a catch-water drain; on the right hand of the road ran a wide canal, and tunnels went under the road to convey water to this canal from the drain. These parallel ditches ran parallel, or nearly so, with the sea: the main canal was between eight or nine feet deep, or, as a peasant told me, of the depth of a man and a half, *un uomo e mezzo*. The outfall at Terracina was a very slow and sparing current: the end, however, was accomplished, for the land was clear of water, and the alluvial soil, under such a

sky, must be of a fertility the most exuberant. Yet the whole, as far as could be seen from the road, was pasture, the only natural herbage I had seen since leaving Normandy. Flax, rice, and all the products of Egypt, might here be cultivated, were the country healthy enough to be well inhabited, and were capital and activity not wanting. There were no means of judging how far Pius VI. had availed himself of the Appian work. Had the scheme of Julius Cæsar, of conveying the Tiber to Terracina, been perfected, a copious rush of back water would have kept this fertile tract dry at all times, and made it less unfavourable to human life.

There is a large inn at Terracina, which looks out upon the sea, but has no other recommendation; the town itself is a petty village. Neither the Roman nor Neapolitan custom-house gave us any trouble; the former allowing us to depart, and the latter demanding only a declaration that our effects were for our own use only. A very trifling circumstance sometimes strikes the mind, from which a rash judgment may be formed. A gateway is raised over the road, through which we enter the kingdom of Naples; it is about a hundred yards within the frontier, the out-

line of which is traced by a little ditch: the field on the Roman side of this ditch was a waste; on the Neapolitan it was plentifully cropped. A hasty traveller might hence draw a conclusion as to the state of agriculture in the two countries. Such things have been done

At Gaeta we feel that we are in a new country: the climate, the view, all assure us of it: here begins the real south. The inn is an excellent one; between the house and the sea is a garden full of orange-trees; below the cliff, the ruins of the villa of Cicero. I could with pleasure have spent some weeks at this most charming place; but that my books and my credit had been forwarded to Naples. Both now and on my return I lingered here as long as possible.

The next day, we arrived at Capua. The wars in the Netherlands, the cockpit of Europe in former, perhaps in future times, have taught the art of raising fortresses in flat countries, strong as those that have the advantage of elevated sites; and such an one is Capua. This flat country is fertile as in the time of Annibal; but from the actual appearance of the town, we think with some degree of incredulity of the luxury that unnerved his armies.

From Capua to Naples we traversed, on a

very vile road, a very rich plain. "Bad for the rider, good for the abider," is said in Lincolnshire: yet the road from Boston to Spalding is the best in England, made of shingles brought from a distant sea coast. The entrance into Naples is by a large and handsome square, through which we pass to the Strada di Toledo, of which the other end is in the open space before the royal palace. This street has all the attributes of length and straightness and bustle, and rich shops and busy crowds: though wide, it is not wide enough for the height of the houses. Till one is accustomed to balconies, they spoil the look of houses; but every window in Naples has its balcony: they are there more in requisition than chimneys, of which it is rare to find more than one in an *apartment* of many rooms: the balconies are extensions of the sitting-room, and the part of it most in use.

We stopped at the Vittoria Hotel, and, after viewing and engaging a good *apartment*, were told it would be at liberty the next day. This was enough to stir up the wrath of a tired traveller. "Why did you give me this trouble? Where am I to sleep to-night? Did you think I wanted to see your house as a show?" Thus far, in despite of fatigue, I vented my com-

plaint, and then went to the Crocelli, a pleasantly situated hotel, with the Castel del Uovo, and a Favorita, or little palace of the King, before it, not intercepting, however, the view of the sea. At this palace, Maria-Louisa, widow of Napoleon, lived during her visit to Naples; and we saw her exits and her entrances when the King called on her to attend her in her voyages by sea and land. The etiquette was for her to get first into the carriage and then stand on her feet till the King was mounted up: then both sat down; the King, and probably the Archduchess also, making the sign of the cross, like Christians of the primitive times.

The *Villa Reale* is not a country-house, but a garden, between the houses of the Riviera di Chiaja and the sea; half of it is the work of the French: it is well planted with trees and shrubs and flowers, and there are marble seats, resting on pieces of the lava of Vesuvius. Besides other statues, here is the far-famed *Toro Farnese*. From apprehension lest the salt of the sea should injure the marble of this justly-admired group, it was intended to remove it to the museum of the Studii: if this is to be done at all, it is to be hoped it will be done in due time. The bands of some of the Austrian

regiments now occupying Naples, played in the garden for two or three hours, on two days of the week, and added to the charms of the place. I determined to live, not in the town but on the Chiaja: it is, indeed, the quarter of foreigners and foreign ministers, and houses here are in consequence higher-rented than in the town. From my balcony, which went the whole length of the front of my apartment, I saw, on the left, Vesuvius, before me the Bay, on the right, Monte Posilippo, with the entrance of its Grotta and the Tomb of Virgil. The island of Capri, stretching almost across the mouth of the Bay, gives to it the appearance of a lake. The sea-breezes tempered the summer-heat, from which we suffered much less than at Florence. Who does not envy me? Who does not pant for the enjoyment of such a scene, of such a climate?

From nine in the morning till sunset, during three or four months of summer, to stir out was not indeed physically impossible; but it was to be exposed to a broiling and almost insupportable ardour of the sun. By braving its rays in the passage along the Riviera, one might reach the town, and there enjoy shade and shopping. Even to open the *jalousies*, or blinds, was imprudent, as introducing a ra-

diance distressing to the sight. We opened the windows, indeed, which, like all continental windows, divided from top to bottom, and the *jalousies* were outwards; this formed a current of air through the windows on the other side of the house; the heat was not oppressive and sultry as in England. The time of imprisonment was spent in reading, sleeping, and eating fruit till the *corso* began.

But it was for the benefit of sea-bathing, that I came to Naples: otherwise Albano or Frascati, summer retreats of Rome-visiting foreigners, might have had charms for me. At the edge of the sea, without the wall of the Villa Reale, was erected a range of chambers, in the midst of which was a large circular room, resembling a tent, in which the bathers waited for their turn in the chambers, or took refreshments. There was an anteroom for servants. To the right and to the left of the tent, were corridors to the chambers, those for females being to the right hand. The chambers were raised on piles, as was the whole building, and the sea admitted through *cancelli* below, which, in the men's baths, had a door of exit.

The sea was even too calm, and for want of tide, its waters seemed not to be sufficiently

changed: it was always the same wave. I swam to a distance, to get into fresher water and away from company: this I did boldly, as my return was not intercepted by *scoglie* as at Leghorn. The waves buoyed me up both in body and mind. "*Tenet nunc Parthenope*," I cried; so delightful was the sensation of bathing in the Bay of Naples.

CHAPTER XIX.

Fête of the Duke of Salerno.—Pompeii and Herculaneum.—Murat.—Iturbide.—Grotta of Posilippo.—The Strada Nuova.—Tomb of Virgil.—Grotta del Cane.—Lago d'Agnano.—The Astroni.—Temple of Serapis.—Hot Bath.—Baiæ.—Ancient Cathedral of Pozzuoli.—The Solfatara.—Baths of San Giocomo.—Lucrine Lake.—Lake Avernus and Cave of the Sibyl.—Baths of Nero.—Beauty of the country around Baiæ.—Anecdote.—Oysters at Fusaro.—Amphitheatres of Cumæ and Pozzuoli.—Rock of Cumæ.—View from the Arco Felice.—Journey to Pæstum.—Murder of a young Englishman and his wife.—The three Temples of Pæstum.—Salerno.—Castel a-Mare.—Caserta.—Palace there.—Theatre.—Situation and Antiquities of Naples.—Papyri.—The Museum.—Palace of Capo di Monte.—Villa Floridiana.—The Vomero.—Botanic garden.—Churches of Naples.—Blood of St. Januarius.

On the second of July, the fête of the Duke of Salerno, second son of the King, I attended a levée, or *circle*, as it is called which he held on the occasion, to receive the com-

pliments of us courtiers. Of the King, the less said the better. The other members of the royal family, that is, the Hereditary Prince, Duke of Calabria, the Duke of Salerno, and their consorts, succeeded the King and each other in their passage round the circle, imparting light and joy and heat; that is, smiles, civil speeches, and attentions, as they revolved. Five or six of the children of the Hereditary Prince stood in a line, one behind the other, their heads showing like the steps of a staircase. This was a very pretty sight, though rather too domestic for an affair of state, like this ceremonial. The Prince, however, superintended the education of his children, like an affectionate father in private life; and certainly exhibited, on this occasion, a very fine family; though I, of course, thought, with the torch-bearer at Florence, "*La più bella è la mia.*"

When we think of great towns buried suddenly by the eruption of a volcano, under floating lava and ashes, a grand idea is presented to the imagination. The sight of these towns dispels recollection by the necessity of attending to the objects before us; and never do we feel less for the fate of Herculaneum, Stabia, and Pompeii, than when actually in the midst of their ruins. The discovery of the first of

these cities was accidental; but the site of Pompeii was always known, as the amphitheatre still showed the summit of its wall above the heap of ashes.

To those who lived in the ages immediately following this convulsion of nature, the objects that could have been found in the ruins, would have had only their positive value; but when seventeen centuries had given to them a moral and historical estimation, it does seem strange that the possessors of these treasures should still sleep over them. Herculaneum, indeed, was excavated to a small extent. The hole made in sinking a well, probably led to the centre of the town, as the proscenium of a great theatre was found. The work was, nevertheless, abandoned, from an unwillingness to undermine Portici, the town that had risen over the old one. Perhaps, too, from the difficulty of forcing a way through the now solid lava, whose molten stream had once overwhelmed this place with dreadful inundation.

But Pompeii was covered by light ashes only, and, as has been said, its site was known, for the top of the circle of the amphitheatre was *extant*. Yet was it reserved for the conquerors of Naples, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, to begin to excavate it. An adven-

turer was sensible of the value of Pompeii. For this, I pity the fate of Murat, and forgive him for being vain of his person, and wearing pea-green boots of morocco leather. Iturbide, too, Ex-emperor of Mexico, whom I saw at Leghorn, was a man of most superb form: one of the finest men I ever saw: in fate, as well as in person, he is the parallel of Murat; and the tragedies of Europe are acted again in America. When Napoleon heard that Murat had been shot, he said, "The King of Naples is more merciful than the English ministry:" the only heartfelt praise that was ever bestowed on this King of Naples.

When we arrive at Pompeii it is like any other ruin: the part first uncovered was the street leading out of the town, on each side of which, according to custom, are tombs, and "*siste viator*," is here as applicable as on the Via Appia. An earthquake probably preceded the eruption; thus the dislocation of the pillars of the Forum may be accounted for. The inhabitants profited by some warning in the phenomena of nature, as very few human bones are found, in addition to those of the seventeen who had taken refuge in a cellar, to the skeletons of the soldiers in the stocks, and that of him who, too tardy in his flight, was

found with the lock of his door in one hand, and a purse of gold in the other. A great deal of lava is used in the walls of the houses; for the eruption of the year 79 was not the first; though of anterior eruptions, history gives no account, any more than of those of the mountains of Auvergne. The Amphitheatre and two other theatres have been preserved by their subterranean or subcinerous position from the attacks of builders of palaces.

We arrived at the gate opposite to that by which we entered. As we drove under the mound that covered the town, my son exclaimed, "here is the place from which to see Pompeii." I sympathised with this expression of sensibility, and quoted from a poem unknown to him, the last line of Darwin's description of the Persian army buried under the sands of the Desert, so strikingly applicable to our recollections:

Gave one convulsive heave, and all was still.

The Grotta of Posilippo is neither more nor less than a tunnel through the mountain; so much for the sublime: it is a convenient road and lighted with lamps. The Strada Nuova, begun by the French and completed by the Austrians, leads over the end of the mountain

near the sea to Pozzuoli; so that you have now your choice of going under or upon the ground.

The Tomb of Virgil is a little above the entrance of the Grotta, on one side of it. It is a little round building containing pigeon-holes for sepulchral vases; the laurel has withered, unwilling any longer to bear testimony to the deceits practised and believed in its neighbourhood. Where, then, was Virgil buried? If here, which niche of them all held his ashes? for there is nothing now in any of them. A pleasing illusion is dissipated; but "*le sage n'est jamais heureux.*" *

The *Grotta del Cane* is a hole in the side of a hill, where a mephitic vapour issues from the ground; one may put his own nose, or that of one of the dogs of the *custode*, so as to inhale the vapour till suspended animation ensues. Exhalations of this sort, it is well known, extinguish flame, and this wonderful phenomenon is exhibited by gradually putting torches, *pian' piano*, nearer and nearer to the ground till they go out. I had seen engravings of the *Grotta del Cane*, which gave to it a picturesque appearance; I had read terrific accounts of its

* The wise man is never happy.

destructive power; I had approached it with something like awe; the reality disenchanted me. This mighty cavern is enclosed by an ordinary deal door, and is about eight feet deep, five feet high, and three feet wide. The contrast between my past and present feelings was amusing enough, causing, however, a little vexation, which was soon dispersed, on turning to enjoy the view of the fine sheet of water on the bank of which, stands this eighth wonder of the world.

The Lago d'Agnano, like all the lakes of the Phlegrean fields, is in the crater of an extinguished volcano: so that other spiracles of mephitic might probably be found here besides those of the dog-kennel. The waters of the lake nearly fill the whole concavity, and are a pure mirror to the radiant sky: the outline of the surrounding hills is monotonous, and they are not well wooded: but the whole scene is pleasing.

I did not see the Astroni, a chace or preserve, or park of the King: this is another crater, with a smaller lake, and a precipitous and well-wooded inclosure. Some of my family reported of it with enthusiastic admiration.

Another excursion through the Grotta of Posilippo brought us to Pozzuoli. Of the

Temple of Serapis, three truncated columns remain: but the range of chambers, with one doorway into the hot-baths, and another outwards, alternately, is almost entire. The whole is a most curious monument.

A small building was shown to us, inclosing water, from which issued a most powerfully hot steam. What a fine vapour-bath is lost for want of the necessary adjuncts! I could hardly draw near to the water, lest the steam should act too violently on my breath; my clothes were almost saturated with condensed vapour.

The masters of the world, when become gouty or rheumatic, had indeed a fine retreat at Baiæ. Why do not our invalids come hither? The three hot-springs of Bath are here multiplied a hundred-fold. An analysis of the waters of the springs, in this region, would ascertain the peculiar virtues of each, whether sulphureous, ferrugineous, saline, or silicious; and all the watering-places of England, with sea-bathing into the bargain, might be found concentrated in the neighbourhood of Baiæ.

A temple built in honour of Augustus, is now the cathedral of Pozzuoli. The remains of an amphitheatre are here, its arena planted

with vines. At no great distance, is the Solfatara, the name of a royal manufacture of sulphur in no great activity. Here, and here only in the world, you may walk on the crater of a volcano: those that are extinct are, in general, filled by water: this, too, was extinguished by the prevalence of the liquid over the fiery element; but over the surface of the water is formed a crust of several feet in thickness; a stone thrown upon it returns a hollow sound; it was pierced by order of Gioacchino, so the people still call Murat, and water was found beneath.

In one corner of this "Foro di Volcano,"* (such is its more ancient name,) is a volcano, not of fire, but of steam; the boiling caldron underneath has here its vent; the aperture is about five or six feet in diameter, of an irregular circumference; the vapour is impregnated with sulphur, which, when no longer suspended, falls down on the stones of the neighbouring hill; for the whole space is inclosed by hills, that look as if the volcanic eruptions had but lately ceased, being composed of stones of sulphur, mixed with earthy

* During the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in 1822, this chasm continued to emit a considerable body of flame.

and metallic matter: not a blade of grass even grows upon them; they still belong to the *fire-king*.

I forgot to mention the *Stuffe*, or Baths of San Giacomo, near the Grotta del Cane. I entered these, but to proceed was impossible, so offensive was the smell: the water seems to be impregnated with, and to bear into the lungs of him who approaches, all the "*validam mephitin*" of the grotta itself. What may be the effect of these waters on the human constitution, physicians may determine. They form part of the peculiar medical wealth of this country.

A third excursion through the tunnel of Posilippo brought us again to Pozzuoli, where we took boat, intending to go round the promontory of Miseno. Some of our party being unable to bear the motion of the boat, we landed near the Lucrine lake, now in great part filled up by Monte Nuovo, a hill thrown up, in one night, by an earthquake, not quite a century ago. We proceeded to the Lake Avernus and the Cave of the Sibyl. That learned antiquary and amiable man, the Canon Andrea de Jorio, has thrown a radiance of classical and poetical splendour on these scenes, by making Virgil conduct his hero from the Rock of Cuma over the lake to the cave, the entrance of the infernal

regions. The lake is not much like the Styx, and the Grotta del Sibylla is a passage to Baiæ, under ground, like that of Posilippo, but lower and narrower, not being intended for carriages: the Rock of Cuma, however, perforated in every direction, is evidently the "*Aditus centum, ostia centum,*" whence issued the responses of the Sibyl. Every one who, having read the sixth book of the Æneid, shall see the Rock of Cuma, must be struck by the conviction, that the one is the prototype of what is described in the other. The canon traces every step of Æneas.

We walked up a steep precipice to the Stuffe di Nerone, whence our guide brought hot water with an egg boiled in it. The steam that issued from the passage, sufficiently showed the water to be in an aëriform state, without the help of this culinary experiment: but the zeal and activity of these good fellows, the guides, is amusing. One of them, in the boat, begged of me to throw a piastre into the sea, promising to fetch it up between his teeth. We descended to Baiæ. Where is Baiæ?

I do not now ask the question rhetorically, seated at my writing-table; I asked it then, upon the very spot. Two thermal halls in ruins, but called Temples of Diana and Venus, a few

walls of the same date, hardly distinguishable among the scattered cottages and gardens: such are the remains of what once was, and might be still, and may be again the most delicious place in the world. The situation of *Baia*, the moderns have singularized the name, is preferable to that of Naples, being sheltered by Posilippo, which divides the two bays from the north-east winds, which, at Naples, delay the spring.

The country around Baiæ is beautiful beyond that of Naples: it is farther from Vesuvius, and need dread no earthquakes, so abundant are the spiracles of the subterranean fire: custom, indeed, which makes every thing tolerable, reconciles us even to earthquakes: a French priest, an emigrant at Naples, told me that, sitting alone in his room, he was alarmed by a smart shock, which shook his chair under him, and caused a rattling of his tables and furniture; a servant of the house came in, not on account of the alarm, but quietly in the course of his work; the priest asked what had been the matter; the man carelessly replied, "*un terremoto di niente*." This can hardly be translated: as "nothing of an earthquake" is not English, but it is intelligible.

We left the sea-shore at Baiæ and went to

Fusaro, *Palus Acherusia*, where we dined on oysters and other fish, it being *jour maigre*: thus we contrived to eat of these renowned oysters without going from Naples on purpose, as all the stranger world does. I did not think them so good as the Colchester barrelled-oysters that I used to receive per coach at my Lincolnshire farm every Friday morning during three months of the winter.

Our carriage met us at Fusaro, and we prepared to return home; much, however, was to be seen on the road. The Amphitheatre of Cumæ in ruins, and that of Pozzuoli, at so short a distance from each other, suggest an inference that a vast population must have disappeared from this neighbourhood. We penetrated to the centre of the perforations in the Rock of Cumæ, and saw the passages diverging, as radii from the centre to the circumference. The view from the flat top of the *Arco Felice* compensated to us the loss we sustained by not climbing the promontory of Miseno: all the coast with the islands from Sorrento to the Mola di Gaeta was before us; Virgil and Tacitus rose to remembrance. Circe and her syrens—we wanted not their song—the scene before us was enchantment enough.

Yet know you, reader, what is the Syren's song? 'Tis flattery; 'tis nought but flattery.

Δευρ' αγ' ιων πολυαιν' Οδυσευ μεγα κυδος Αχαιων.

To my three excursions to the Phlegrean fields and that to Pompeii, I must add in this place, though it was not made till the spring of the following year, my journey to Pæstum. I was obliged to have a passport which was exhibited at a military post at the outskirts of Naples. We—my son only was with me—leaving behind us Vesuvius, soon came to a delightful country; on the right, high mountains, the barrier of the sea; on the left, beautiful valleys and extensive prospects. We passed through some very pretty villages or little towns and came to Salerno. Where is the once famous school of medicine? Where is the school of law at Amalfi? Where the glories of Magna Græcia? Where is Pæstum itself? We had some difficulty in finding this object of our journey: for after Eboli, where we slept, there is a good road to a hunting-seat of the King, but no farther: a road from thence to Pæstum begun by Murat is now left unfinished, and we made our way literally over a plough track.

We came to a made road, however, at a

little distance from Pæstum, when our coachman stopped the horses on the very spot where, four months before, a young and lately married Englishman and his wife had been shot by brigands: the three murderers had been executed at Eboli but a few days before we came there. The deed had excited due horror both in the English and Neapolitans, and the fresh remembrance of it seemed to add to the desolation of the scene to which we approached.

The three temples of Pæstum rise in the midst of this desolation, defying the changes of human affairs. Hardly a house is to be seen near them, though they are in the midst of a space enclosed by the not yet entirely destroyed walls of a once populous city. The country around looked uncultivated; in the bay beneath, was a single boat, carrying away two foreigners who had come by sea from Salerno on the same errand as ourselves; the sea-fowl screamed around, and claimed the temples as their "ancient solitary reign." The largest of these is popularly called The Temple of Neptune, though the name of the town is a corruption of the Greek name of the god: it is of Doric, and even more than Doric solidity; the pillars have no pedestal; the steps on which they stand are the pedestal of them all, and give an appear-

ance of more unity and massiveness than would have resulted from a separate pedestal to each. These Tuscan pillars, with a diameter great in proportion to their height, do not seem thick; the entablature does not seem heavy, for the pillars support it as a weight not unequal to their strength; a just whole is formed by the due relation of the parts, and this edifice challenges more respectful admiration, if the term may be used, than an assemblage of Corinthian capitals would be entitled to, however polished or lightly graceful.

The building called the Basilica, and the Temple of Ceres, seem to me of much later date than that of Neptune; their proportions are slighter: the pillars of the Temple of Ceres are even too slender; it has the advantage of standing on elevated ground, and at a distance from the Temple of Neptune; the Basilica is near it, and suffers from being seen at the same time; it would be more *respectable* were it farther off; in itself, it is grand and majestic.

But the great charm of these objects of the curiosity of those who come from the remotest parts of Europe to see them, is the situation in which they are found; they seem to subsist without a cause or purpose. If they were ruins, we should say, they and their makers

perish together; but these buildings are entire, at least so far so, as not to have the character or semblance of ruin. Where are those who reared them? Gone, for aught we know,

"Gone with the refluent wave into the deep."

We returned to Salerno, and after viewing next morning some sarcophagi in the court of the cathedral, of which monuments I could learn nothing; and inquiring in vain for a mosaic pavement transported from Pæstum, we resumed our journey; and, having a good portion of a day before us, turned off to the left to Castel-a-Mare.

This is a summer resort and sea-bathing place; for which I could perceive no reason, except that there is a very good inn or hotel. The space of the sea destined for sea-bathing is inclosed by *scoglie* as at Leghorn, and is most conveniently situated just under the windows of the hotel. A high and well-wooded hill rises behind the town. The King has a palace here: he has a palace everywhere. The visitors of Castel-a-Mare are penned up between this hill and the sea, and can have little air but from thence, and little exercise but up a steep and laborious ascent. Some English retire for the summer to the extreme promontory of Sorrento; but this is too solitary:

one poor man complained that he had been three months without, as he expressed it, "seeing a single soul." Why do they not all go to Baia?

One more excursion in the vicinity of Naples—to Caserta. Following for a little distance the road to Capua, we turn to the right, and, drawing gradually nearer to the Apennines, but through a flat country, we arrive at a petty, dirty town, with a very bad inn; let this be a caution lest any one should purpose to sleep at Caserta. The façade of the palace has no beauty to recommend it; and it is approached by a neglected, unplanted, unfenced green-plot. We enter and find four courts, since the inside of a great square is crossed by two lines bisecting each other at right angles. One of these lines leads from the entrance to the middle: the right hand line of building contains the staircase: such is the plan of this enormous palace, built by Charles III. of Spain, and of which one quarter or fourth part only is even now fitted up and habitable.

At the bottom of the staircase, with his back to the wall, is the Farnese Hercules, a very fine statue, deserving an owner of better taste, and a better place to be seen in: such a production of the sculptor's chisel ought not to be set as an ornament to a staircase or passage,

however royal or majestic: it ought to be where it is itself the chief object of admiration, or in company of other statues, equally admirable: even if there were light enough here for it to be seen well, the place is unworthy of it; but Charles the Third is himself riding a cock-horse upon a lion on the stairs, so, probably, he thought that Hercules might wait at the bottom.

The staircase is indeed splendid beyond all compare with any thing of the kind: it has but one return, and ends where the four lines of interior building meet, and where from windows may be seen the four courts. The chapel is like that of Versailles, but better proportioned, being longer. And now we had seen the Palace of Caserta. We went, indeed, through the rooms of the furnished quarter; but in these, there was absolutely nothing remarkable. There was, in the other front quarter, a beginning of fitting up a hall of the throne; but an arm-chair and a canopy is all that is required in such an apartment, anterooms included. We went to the end of another quarter, the walls of which were in the state that the masons had left them. There was a cascade issuing out of a round hole in the side of a hill, and the Apennines rose above, bare, dreary, and savage. Nothing

could have been worse chosen than the situation of this palace.

We were going away, when we were told of the theatre; and a very pretty little theatre it is, sufficient to contain those attached to the court; one in which the actors may be seen and heard with ease to all parties. There is a royal manufacture of silk at San Leucio, three miles off; but to see this, we must have slept at Caserta. There was an aqueduct of brick, about a mile out of the road, to take water to the royal mansion; but we had seen aqueducts at Rome. I returned home happy in this, that I should never again wish to see Caserta.

Naples, the third city in Europe, has a population of between five and six hundred thousand souls. The town itself, independently of the beauties of its situation and its environs, affords few objects worthy of the notice of a visitant. There must also be excepted from a comparative estimate of Naples with other great towns, its peculiar riches; the treasures of antiquity, buried by the convulsions of nature, and now at length brought forth. These are preserved in the Palace of Portici, and in the Museo Borbonico, or Studii, at Naples. They consist of al fresco

paintings, arms, utensils of every sort, culinary, or otherwise domestic, dress, jewellery, food, fruit; what was in its own nature perishable, having been calcined; as, for example, the ear of a female, with a gold ear-ring still remaining in the usual place of such ornaments.

The process of unrolling the papyri is known to the public. I saw but one man at work. Two thin printed folios were shown, with three columns on each page: first, the fac-simile of the MS.; secondly, the text with the *lacunæ* conjecturally supplied; thirdly, a translation.

The rest of the Museum of Naples consists of a few fine statues and paintings in a collection not very numerous, and a handsome but moderately sized library. There are models in cork of the Temples of Pæstum and of the ruins of Pozzuoli. Since the late violent eruption of Vesuvius, in 1822, Portici has been considered as an unsafe deposit for the treasures found in the buried cities, and it was in agitation to remove them to Naples. But the Museum of Naples is full: nay, there were said to be several chambers filled with objects not yet unpacked. There is plenty of room at Caserta.

The heights above Naples command, as may be supposed, a most delightful prospect. The

Palace of Capo di Monte has, in all its four sides, a balcony wide enough for two or three persons to walk abreast: thus shade, according to the time of the day, and air, and a fine view, may always be enjoyed. On the Vomero, is the Villa Floridiana, belonging to the Duchess of Florida, wife of the King: a charming palace, with a pleasure-house a little lower down. The Vomero is the hill above the Chiaja; a narrow strip of land being between it and the sea; by no means a healthy situation, and made less so by the drains which pass to the sea under the Villa Reale. The Vomero is crowded with villas. The picturesque of Posilippo is spoiled by them.

The Botanic Garden of Naples is extensive and neatly kept: I have not science enough to judge of its merit as a collection. Let us hope that the advantage of climate is not lost here, where the plants of the tropics may almost find themselves at home.

Of the churches of Naples, five or six principal ones were indicated as especially worthy of being visited: the churches, generally speaking, are handsome. The cathedral is a very venerable pile: three great churches are united by a vast nave: in the eastern church, are the much-spoken of busts of the twelve Apostles

in silver: in the transept on the hight hand, is the precious treasure, or precious trickery, as faith or incredulity may decide, of the blood of St. Januarius. Kneeling at the rails of the altar in this church, I touched with my lips, and by consequence, had very near to my eyes, a phial, in which was a liquid substance resembling blood. Persons of my family testify to having seen this substance in a solid state a few minutes before, when the phial was turned in every direction by the hands of the priest.

CHAPTER XX.

Death of the King of Naples.—Political reflections.—Christianity professed from other than Christian motives.—External respect for Religion diminished during the domination of the French in Italy.—Custom of Italian servants.—Reverse of Mahomet's doctrine.—State Religions.—Morality of the Italians.—Attempt to see the body of the King of Naples lying in state.—Magnificent procession.—Token of vassalage from the King of Naples to the Pope.—Lent at Naples.—Mount Vesuvius.—A French punster.—Accession of Francis the First.—Cemetery of the non-Catholics.—Preference of Naples as a winter residence in Italy.—Departure from Naples.—Reference to "Transalpine Memoirs."

On the 4th of January, 1825, I returned at about three in the morning from a ball at the Academia de' Nobili, where had been present the Duke of Salerno, second son of the King. At ten o'clock, a young officer of His Majesty's ship Revenge, then lying in the Bay, came into my breakfast-room with a very business-like look, and said, without any farther preface,

"Sir, do you know the news? the King is dead!" "What king?" said I; for he had forgotten that between two fellow-subjects another king than the intended one would have been styled thus. He replied, "the king of Naples." —"I am glad it is no worse," said I.—Ferdinand the Fourth, or the First, had expired at six in the morning, of an apoplectic fit, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his reign. The cause of his death was known by a dissection of the brain, and his body was embalmed by a process of cutting, gutting, and flaying, which, though dreadful to a criminal left for execution, had it been anticipated as a part of his sentence, was honourable to a king.

While governed by his queen he fled, but he did not yield: in the last Revolution, he yielded, and then fled. If his kingdom has not the fate of the horse that desired the man to ride him against the stag, th. Austrian ministry are less astute than they are supposed to be. Whatever may be the fate reserved for his kingdom, this king was fairly dead, or, as the young sailor expressed himself, "dead as a door-nail;" and the blue jacket, which, as I told the jolly tar, would be no protection to him from the consequences of *imagining* the

death of the king, were the king really alive, this honourable uniform was in no danger. When alive, this king had first proclaimed and accepted a Constitution, and then brought his allies to suppress it.

The English Protestants, without blushing at the remembrance of the treaty of Limerick, accuse Catholics of holding that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Is there any where such a tenet received as this, that kings need keep no faith with revolutionists? I should be sorry that such a notion should get abroad as that kings arrogated to themselves so whimsical a prerogative, as this persuasion might provoke the inversion of the proposition, that revolutionists need keep no faith with kings. In justice, however, to other sovereigns circumstanced as was he of Naples, it ought to be observed, that neither the King of Sardinia nor his brother, would listen to the proposition of a Constitution; and that Ferdinand of Spain, who boldly tore in pieces the parchment or paper offered to him by the Cortes in 1814, was no doubt delivered against his will from the Liberals, by the arms of his august cousin of France. From the little surprise manifested at the measures pursued by Ferdinand of Naples to free himself from thraldom, it should

seem that such conduct was deemed in him to be natural and ordinary.

It was the Constitution of the Cortes that had been demanded at both ends of Italy. Of this Constitution, I know nothing, except that I have read of much ridicule thrown on one of its minor provisions, that school-boys should no longer be punished as had been usual: it seems to me that the rising generation, and hopeful youth of future times, were much obliged to these legislators for relieving them from a treatment at once indecent and degrading; but nothing could be right that was done by Liberals. When Genoa was to be united to the dominions of Sardinia, the Deputies of the Republic at the Congress of Vienna, intreated of the British Minister that, if their independence was thus to be merged, they might at least have a Constitution; urging, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, that the English had a Constitution; to which Lord C——, very blasphemously, no doubt, replied, "*ce n'est pas ce que nous avons de mieux.*"* Yet Lord C—— was as well acquainted as any man with the British Constitution and its practical working: he might think there was some absurdity in

* That is not the best thing we have.

allowing a journeyman barber in one town to be an elector, and refusing the elective franchise to a journeyman barber in another town: he might have read what has been written by the Abbé de la Mennais, that "*le droit que s'est acquis l'Angleterre de se taxer elle-même lui a valu le privilege d'être la nation la plus imposée de l'univers;*"* and he might doubt whether such a privilege were really desirable. Lord C—— had held a high official situation in Ireland, and the question might have been brought home to him whether a Constitution, of a right in which, one-third of the people is deprived, were really a just object of envy to the Genoese: he might doubt whether, since parts form the whole, it were a benefit that the good of the whole should be sacrificed to the cupidity of a part.

But the theories of De Lolme and Montesquieu, and, in later times, the declamations of Madame de Stael and others, had made all Europe Constitution mad; the fact, that under all representative governments, factions prevail, and the people are too much governed, was lost

* The right which England has acquired of taxing itself, has obtained for it the privilege of being the most heavily taxed nation in the universe.

sight of, and the *œcumener*, or universally applicable principle of restraining the action of all governments within its proper sphere,—this principle, which would make every supreme rule a blessing, was not apprehended.

But the chief cause of discontent throughout continental Europe, was the same as that which distracted the Roman Republic, from the last of the kings to the dictatorship of Julius Cæsar, the division of the people into Patricians and Plebeians; the nobles were a *caste* apart; the *roturiers*, (the principal persons, or *notables* of which class, were superior to the *noblesse* in intelligence, in morals, and in wealth,) desired to relieve themselves from the superiority of the nobles, by obtaining weight and consideration in the state. Hardly can an Englishman form to himself an idea of the strength of the line of demarcation drawn between the two orders; no talents, no merits, enabled the *roturier* to pass the line; he who was not born noble, was compelled, like a Chinese, to inherit the state and condition of his father; lawyers, whether *avocats* or *procureurs*, or, as we should say in England, barristers or attorneys, were below the line; physicians, in contempt of science, were below it also. Military glory and command were reserved to the *noble*; the rest

were "*inops inhumataque turba.*" The dignities and honours of the ecclesiastical profession, were the portion of the *cadets* of noble families; a *roturier curé*, however great his talents, however exemplary his piety, was to continue *curé*, because *roturier*. In society, a noble would converse with one not noble with dignity or familiarity; this or that mode would depend on the character of the noble; but the difference in the quality of the blood that flowed in the veins of each, was taken for granted; and indeed with great reason, since so much care was taken to keep the streams in which these two sorts of blood flowed, distinct and unmixed from one generation to another. Ladies wrote on their visiting-cards the name of their family as well as their name in marriage; and "*Milord n'est pas donc noble par la mère,*"* was said of the son of a man who ranks somewhere about the fiftieth, (one would not be too precise) in the noblemen of England.

The *tiers état* of France revolted against the aristocracy, and succeeded to their heart's content; the democratic spirit penetrated into Italy, and into the other countries where victory led the French armies. But it should

* Milord is not then noble by his mother.

seem that the people cannot govern themselves: when they have got rid of many lords, they submit to one: the plebeians of Rome to Julius Cæsar; the third estate of France to Napoleon Bonaparte.

This last was an aristocrat in feeling; he tempered the democratic working, but he did not annihilate it;—nay, the spectacle of so many soldiers of fortune, or fortunate soldiers, elevated to high, some of them to the highest, place; the phenomenon of so many new stars in the political horizon, tended to confirm these energies, which, since the fall of Napoleon, have been projected in several unsuccessful attempts at constitutional revolutions.

Infidelity, by which is meant a disbelief in the truth of the Christian revelation, had prevailed much among the *noblesse*. At the first preaching of this religion, the higher orders were the last to receive it; and in these times of the "great falling off," they have been the first to renounce it: thus do they confirm the declaration of its Founder respecting the difficulties that impede the rich in the accomplishment of their vocation. Infidelity gained ground, however, in every class of society; it became the mode; it therefore showed itself boldly; the corporate body established to teach

Christianity, was supported by all the authority of the state; the civil power did not indeed, in Catholic countries dictate to the people a religion of its own, but it made the Catholic the religion of the state. Those, therefore, who wished to get rid of that religion, and to be relieved from the galling necessity of acting hypocritically, became hostile to the state, and, in the result, ecclesiastical revenues were applied to the uses of the new governments. Here, too, Napoleon temporized: he made a Concordat with the Pope, because the great mass of the people were unwilling to lose the consolations of religion; and he pensioned the ecclesiastics: but he allowed the sacerdotal population to go on diminishing, and, within a few years after his Concordat, dethroned the Pope.

On the fall of Napoleon, Pius VII. returned to Rome, and church affairs returned as nearly as might be to their former state. Church lands had been sold to pay off the debts of the States of Italy, by which operation the people had been relieved from taxes imposed to pay the interest of those debts: now, taxes were again imposed to compensate to churchmen the loss of church lands. This has been done in the Roman State, and such has been, in dif-

ferent measure, the proceeding in other parts of Italy; much having depended on the different degrees of activity in the local administrations under French dominion, and on the length of time each portion of Italy was occupied.

Ever since Constantine gave peace to the Church, and connected it with the state, Christianity has been professed from other than Christian motives; not by all—God forbid—but by the multitude, who in all countries take up with what lies in their way. Among these indifferents, there is every shade and gradation; so that, in future contests, some of these may range themselves with the defenders of state religions, while others may join the party of the assailants. But the number of sincere, pious and well-instructed Christians is far exceeded by that of unbelievers and enemies of religious establishments; while the politic designs of courts, and the double-dealing of courtiers, in this matter, disgusts the friends of religion, and gives ground of triumph to its enemies: many of its friends wish it to be separated from the state; its enemies, were this accomplished, would carry their enmity no farther. It were better that a partnership should be dissolved which causes the disinte-

restedness of one of the partners, and the sincerity of the other, to be suspected, and draws on both of them the enmities of each.

The external respect for religion was very much diminished during the domination of the French in Italy. Shortly before that time, it happened that the *Angelus* sounded near a crowded square, or market-place: immediately all were on their knees; and the men, with heads uncovered, except two, who on the opposite sides of the square were seen upright and with their hats on, amidst this kneeling and bare-headed multitude. These two men were Frenchmen; who, though the *Angelus* still sounded in their own as in other Catholic countries, to call to the repetition of the short prayers to the Blessed Virgin at morn, at noon, and at evening, thought fit to distinguish themselves from the suppliants around them. I have frequently passed in the streets during the sounding of this bell, and can bear witness to the inattention with which it was generally heard. Others besides Ferdinand the Fourth or the First, made the sign of the cross on mounting into a carriage; but I am afraid his example did more harm than good.

My Italian servants made the sign of the cross on lighting a candle, an occasion of mak-

ing that sign never omitted in the early ages. Perhaps my countrymen may not have observed the practice: my servants knew I should not disapprove of it. He who brought in the bougies or lamps for the evening, on setting them on the table, accompanied the action by "*Felicessima notte à sue Excellenze:*"* to which, as it had more the feeling of a prayer than the nature of a mere civil speech, it was decorous to reply, "*Ed a voi anchè.*" This was but a trifling instance of a regard for piety amid so many alarming symptoms of its decay.

Mahomet is said to have taught, though the fact of his having so taught is contradicted by Lady M. Wortley Montague, that men have souls and that women have none. An opinion seems to have become prevalent among Christians, the very reverse of Mahomet's doctrine, namely, that women have souls and that men have none. From the attention paid to the affair of salvation by women, and the neglect of all such care by the stronger sex, may be inferred the fatal prevalence of such an opinion.

The supporters of state religions are shrewdly suspected, too, of holding that one religion is

* "A very happy night to your Excellencies!"—"And to you also."

as good as another, and that it is the duty of a good subject to be of the religion of the prince, or of one of those which he pays, for he sometimes pays more than one. In Italy, the separatists are not strong enough to have put forth pretensions to a separate maintenance; but in France, it added great brilliancy to the liberality of the philosophers, who persecuted the Catholics, that they placed Lutherans and Calvinists on an equal footing with themselves.

Thus, in France, that abstraction, THE STATE, does what to an individual Catholic would be a sin against his conscience;—it pays men for teaching heresy and schism. This is not a case similar to that of the Church and the Kirk in the Island of Great Britain; for *there* was an union, by treaty, between independent parties under one head. Neither would there be any absolute, inconsequence in the payment of two or more religions by a Protestant; since, not being infallible, he can only believe his faith to be *probably* true, and must allow that of others to be *possibly* so: it may therefore be worth while to pay for the chance. I hail this triple payment in France, however absurd, as a good omen. Statesmen are beginning to find out that theological questions

are not of their competence: they will be quite right in time.

I said to a young Italian, "If I were to ask any grave, responsible, elderly gentleman concerning the state of religion in Italy, it is clear, beforehand, what sort of an answer he would give. I beg of you to give a sincere and popular estimate." He replied, "Those who go to court, have, of course, a great deal of religion; but no one thinks about it of those who belong to good company." "And the people?" "It amuses them, and they make no question of its truth." It is a cause of joy, that this may suffice for the salvation of the people: as for the good company, my friend underrated the number of the pious among them; there are many: though "the world become Christian, is still the world,"* there is still "the little flock." It is with them, in the present age, a duty of charity to make themselves known as "lights of the earth."

The morality of the Italians is represented by English writers as depraved, in a degree that would be utterly inconsistent with the decencies of society, or the relations of do-

* "Le monde, devenu Chrêtien, est encore le monde."—*Abbé Fleury. Mœurs des Chrêtiens.*

mestic life. If we were to believe these writers, it would be necessary for Italian proprietors of land to adopt the precaution of the Jolliffes, a nation of Interior Africa, among whom the family estate is left to the daughter, to assure its descent to the grandchild. Distrust these extravagances, my countrymen! your virtue wants not the foil of perversity in others: you have your actions in *crim. con.*, and your newspaper reports, to secure your own conjugal fidelity, and scandalize all Europe.

A *cavalier servente* is simply what the name implies, a gentleman in attendance. The person whom he attends, is a married woman: his service is approved of by her husband; it is rendered to her in all societies. Can we rationally suppose confidence to be abused, and the decency of good company to be insulted, to the point which it pleases the flatterers of English purity to imagine? Whatever is essential to order, is substantially the same in all polities constituted on the same principles, and leading to the same results. Married women on the Continent do not lead about their paramours in defiance of their husbands and of the world, whatever may be the pious belief of the good wives of England. The people of

the Continent are unjust, if they do not believe that the daughters of England are as modest, and, to every good purpose, as well superintended, as those of the Continent: their power of choosing husbands for themselves is, as it ought to be, illusory; they are not in general so silly as to exert it without reference to their parents: the daughters of the Continent are not oftener sacrificed, than are those of England, to matches of mere convenience; they are not oftener betrayed by their parents into marriage with men whom they cannot love or respect, than are the daughters of England by the judgment which in this business they are generally allowed to form for themselves.

The death of the King of Naples happened at the very beginning of the Carnival: this was unlucky for strangers; but the hope of better times kept up the spirits of the natives. I made an unsuccessful attempt to see him lying in state: the grand staircase of the palace was crowded; at the moment when I had got up about one-third of it, the guard thought proper to menace with their bayonets those who had attained the top: this military movement caused the throng to rush down the stairs; fortunately it was so dense that no one fell; whoever had

fallen must have been trodden to death. I was borne up off my feet the distance of some steps, and escaped as soon as possible.

I had seen, on the 8th of September, the magnificent procession to *Santa Maria di piè di grotta*, a church at the end of the Chiaja, when 30,000 troops on land, and all the vessels between Sorrento and Posilippo, saluted this King as he passed. I did not see his funeral procession, which for splendour was not equal to the rank he bore among kings. Neither did I see the entry of Francis I.

The King of Naples is said, on his accession, to present a horse, some say a white horse, to the Pope, in token of vassalage. Now, twelve coins, called *cavalli*, make a *grano*, ten *grani* make a *carlino*, ten *carlini* make a *ducato*, and six ducats, when the exchange is a little above par, make a pound sterling: so that this pepper-corn rent is about the seven-thousandth part of a pound. It is remarkable that the exchange fell, in twelve months, from 64 to 52 *carlini*; but this was between Naples and England: the admission fee to the Pope was not affected by it.

The rules for the fast of Lent are promulgated at Naples in the spirit of primitive mortification: *lactiunia*, or preparations of milk, are for-

bidden. I applied for a dispensation to eat this food, and received a printed formula, by which the good work of fasting, in this exhibition of it, was exchanged for another good work, the good work of defending Christendom against the Infidels. Formerly, the sums contributed for these dispensations were employed in fitting out vessels of war to cruise as auxiliaries to the Knights of Malta: now, they are destined to the redemption of Christian captives from slavery in what are called the States of Barbary.

The existence of these nests of pirates is a disgrace to the civilized States of Europe: it is still more disgraceful that this piracy is suffered to fall on the little States, and the commerce of the great maritime powers is protected, and even benefitted by the injury and insecurity sustained by their weaker neighbours. It is to be hoped that the Italians will now have leisure to take this matter into their own hands, and form a fleet, under the auspices of Austria, that may at least be sufficient for the purpose of securing a safe passage to their traders along the Mediterranean Sea. England might laugh at an Italian fleet, but could not for shame, refuse to co-operate with it: while the revival of the order of Malta of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, should such

a measure be contemplated by the Cabinet of Vienna, would throw a chivalrous radiance over the whole enterprise, and animate it by glorious recollections and high inspiration.

I have said nothing of Mount Vesuvius: the truth is, Mount Vesuvius said nothing for itself; during the whole year that it was in view from my balcony, not a puff of smoke issued from it: it seemed to have spent its force in the great eruption of 1822, and to want *pabulum* for intestinal commotion. My dread of the labour of ascending this mountain, found its excuse in declaring, that, from the Arco Felice, I had seen as fine a prospect as could be enjoyed from Vesuvius, and that, at Solfatara, I had walked in, and upon a crater, which at Vesuvius could not be done. By arguing in this way, I persuaded the females of my family not to risk the effect which the fatigue of such an ascent might have on their health. The varied views, at different heights, the changes in the state of the atmosphere, the continually diversified effects of light and shade, of cloud and sunshine, are all that makes the charm of ascending and descending Vesuvius.

The envoy of his Majesty, whom we had found on our arrival at Naples, had retired, and his successor had not yet come from Turin.

The minister of Middle Italy was sent on an extraordinary mission to congratulate Francis I. on his accession. ' On the passage of Mr. Hill through Rome, a French punster took the liberty of playing with his name. " M. Hill, doit être parent des Cardinaux; puisque il est *une colline*, et les Cardinaux sont *luer Eminences.**" Meantime, tears for the death of Ferdinand no longer bedewed the pages of the journal of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies—there is but one journal; for if people may not read what they like, they will not read at all. Francis I. arrived from Capo di Monte, and not long after set off for Genoa: all things seem to be going on as usual; but if they continue to go on as usual, Ferdinand I. will indeed have reigned in vain.

We had seen at Rome, the Protestant burying-ground; it is situated near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and is a perfectly decent inclosure; its occupants are becoming daily more numerous. The cemetery of the non-Catholics at Naples, is a garden, of which the property is not vested in them, but belongs to the gardener, who, for a small fee, elbows a space for

* Mr. Hill must be related to the Cardinals, since he is a *Hill*, and the Cardinals *their Eminences*.

a grave, and a monument raised against the wall. It would be easy for them to purchase what might be sufficient of this inclosure, and create a trust in which the little might be vested: the whole garden would be too large for the purpose, but a breadth of fifteen or twenty yards from the wall on every side, divided from the garden by a row of funeral yew or cypress, would prove at once the good taste and the piety of the patrons of such an undertaking, and their care for the burial of the dead, which, according to the Douay catechism, is one of the seven *corporal* works of mercy.

An outcry has been raised, and is still sustained, against the uncharitableness of those who, in Catholic countries, refuse to non-Catholics a place in their cemeteries: poetry has been called in aid of our sympathy with domestic affliction; and the superior liberality of Protestants in this respect has been vaunted. The cases are not parallel: it was perfectly simple that those who, in Catholic countries, invented a new religion, should lose the privileges attached to the old one. Certainly Queen Elizabeth and her government, who, in despite of the bulk of the people of England at that time, changed the religion of the country, ought to have due praise for their forbearance:

they contented themselves with merely transferring the churches and ecclesiastical revenues to the use of their new modification of Christianity, with exiling the Catholic clergy, and instituting a bloody persecution against the adherents of the ancient faith. "Dig my grave two feet deeper than usual," said the French general who died in Holland at the beginning of the last century, to his friends who wished him to give order that his body should be carried into France; at that depth I shall rest among Catholics." I will quit this painful topic, by citing that beautiful sentiment of Milton:

> "While yet we live—scarce one short hour, perhaps—
> Betwixt us two let there be peace."

Since my return to England, I have more than once been called on to say what part of Italy, Nice included, was to be recommended to invalids as a winter residence. Florence is in this respect out of the question. Rome, though perfectly healthy, after the autumnal rains, is cold during the winter: we even experienced eight or ten days of frost. By those who have wintered at Pisa, it is commended for the mildness of its climate, and, no doubt, deservedly so; but the Temple of Hygeia is not in the Fens of Lincolnshire, nor in any

country resembling that ill-reputed plain. A comparison between Nice and Naples can hardly be made from a trial of one winter only in each place: let the oranges settle the question: they are better at Naples than at Nice. In the same manner, the lemon, a hardier fruit than the orange, may enable us to decide between Rome and Pisa: in Tuscany in comes to perfection, but not at Rome.

Thus far in regard to climate. There are many invalids to whom a long journey by land is both painful and dangerous. The voyage by sea to Naples is somewhat shorter than that to Leghorn or Nice: probably, too, for I have no means of ascertaining the question, more accommodation may be found in the ships sailing to a great city like Naples, than in those that trade to Nice, or even to Leghorn.

As to social intercourse with the Italians, from what has been already written, the reader may form an opinion how far this is practicable, and in what part of Italy it is most easy, or, to speak more clearly, least difficult. The government of Sardinia and Tuscany pay civil attentions to foreigners, but in no part of Italy are the English beloved. This has been accounted for.

Whatever they themselves may think of the matter, their separation from Catholic unity at the bidding of a bloody tyrant, a boy, or a profligate woman, is not considered by impartial judges as a symptom of magnanimity; nor the insult and degradation inflicted on the Catholics of our *united* kingdom as a proof of justice or good sense.

I was told at Nice, "if you pass the summer here, you will have society." An unwillingness to meet English company could not have been more clearly expressed; and such is the sentiment *general* prevailing throughout Italy. An Englishman, or an English family, alone, in a provincial town, would doubtless be hospitably and cheerfully received. From my intercourse with the Italians, I am qualified to pronounce that the want of such intercourse must be a great privation to the English traveller or resident.

Of the state of society at Naples it is hardly fair to judge from an experiment during the reign of Ferdinand I., and under the system of *espionage:* the literary men had been cut short, not metaphorically but literally shorter by the head. The Neapolitans are by no means inferior to the other Italians: they are less listless than the amiable Florentines; less

reserved than the high-minded Romans: simplicity, intelligence, benevolence, such are their characteristics as well as those of Italians in general.

To some it may be a recommendation of Naples, that it is by far the most economical place, even of Italy, for the residence of a family. House-rent alone is expensive; at Palermo, no longer the capital of a separate kingdom, houses are not much more than half so dear as at Naples; and Palermo is probably cheaper than Naples in other respects also. I knew some Sicilians who spoke most favourably of Palermo.

On the sixth of May, the third anniversary of the day on which we quitted Nice, we left Naples: my heart sadly sunk within me when I saw the sun set behind the walls of Capua: I was to go still farther and farther from its cheering ray. On the morrow of the third anniversary of the day on which we descended the Tenda, we received the Papal benediction within the colonnade of St. Peter's. Here, then, on this spot, will I take leave of the reader, with a prayer that the blessing given from this superb balcony, may be conveyed, according to the intention of him who gave it, *Urbi et Orbi.*

For an account of my journey through Civita Castellana—the ancient Veii, by the Portiuncula of St. Francis of Assizium, by the Falls of Terni, the Thrasymene Lake, and the Gulf of Spezia to Genoa, where we passed one month; thence, over the Plain of Marengo, by Mount Cenis, and through Savoy to Pont Beauvoisin, I refer to "Transalpine Memoirs," the work of a writer who travelled the same route with me at the same time; a work that has been spoken of with decided approbation by some impartial critics in this country, and which has met with favourable attention in Germany; a new, because a true exhibition of "the actual state of Italy and the Italians."

Torquay. Chiaja della Torre, Devon.
23, October, 1827.

THE END.

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